JANUARY

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
THEODORE DREISER
HENRI BARBUSSE
EZRA POUND
JAMES M. CAIN
ISAAC GOLDBERG
JOHN GUNTHER
LAWTON MACKALL
MAJ HOWARD S. REED

FICTION
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
ERSKINE CALDWELL
WALDO FRANK
THOMAS BURKE
MANUEL KOMROFF
OLIVER LA FARGE
LANGSTON HUGHES
LIAM O'FLAHERTY
L. A. G. STRONG
KONRAD BERCOVICI
EDW. L. McKENNA
GEORGES SURDEZ
LOUIS PAUL
NORMAN MATSON

SPORTS
HENRY M ROBINSON
DICK CULLUM
CURTIS OGDEN

HUMOR
ROBERT BUCKNER
EDW P. BORDEN
R. J B DENBY

POETRY
EDGAR LEE MASTERS

DEPARTMENTS
GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
MEYER LEVIN
A de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS
JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
R. VAN BUREN
GILBERT BUNDY
SIDNEY HOFF
D. McKAY
RODNEY de SARRO
HOWARD BAER
ABNER DEAN
PAUL WEBB
EVERETT SHINN
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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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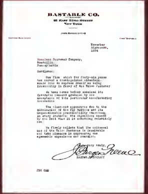

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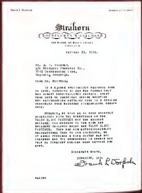

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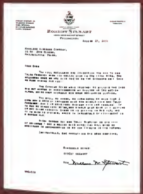

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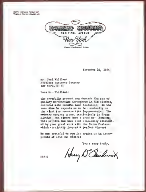

New York

Yours very truly,

In such establishments as those from which these letters came, are determined the refinements of detail in men's dress which the world calls distinction in tailoring.

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Edited by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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Art Directors JOHN GROTH, MAURICE FREED

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly

As for the endings of our stories In our January, 1934 issue we said that ESQUIRE "hates to fall into the old ruts that have been worn so deep by the formula-type stories that comprise the bulk of the fiction in the so-called slick paper magazines. This is a man's magazine. It isn't edited for the junior miss It isn't dedicated to the dissemination of sweetness and light. It is addressed to an adult male audience, and feels that its stories ought, therefore, to be allowed to depart from the beaten track."

Well, okay, says you, but how about the goofy endings? We're coming to that. There are various levels of magazine fiction. The lowest is the straight formula stuff or Type I, meaning, for the most part, re-writes of the story of Cinderella. The general pattern runs like this: a, bring 'em together, b, tear 'em apart, c, bring 'em together again.

A cut above this level is the manufactured or synthetic story, with stock characters put through the paces of routine plot situations. This is Type II. The pattern, in this case, is slightly more complicated, running like this: a, the narrative hook, meaning a beginning in the middle of things, usually with the characters in an odd, surprising or awkward situation, b, the exposition which goes back to the beginning and explains how the characters got into the situation in which you met them, c, the "sock-spot," being the climactic portion of the opus, where the author (or chef or manufacturer—as you prefer) puts in the element of suspense, or the aphrodisiac, or other plot complication, d, the trick ending, running directly counter to the expectations raised, or implications given, by part c. The leading manufacturer in this field at the moment, is Mr. Damon Runyon who knows a good thing when he's got it.

Now above these two levels of machine-made formula fiction lies the field of Type III, the character-integrated story, in other words the story whose plot, or lack of plot, is an integral and inevitable outgrowth of the honest depiction of individual character. This is the best story, in that this is the type that appeals to the mature and cultivated taste. But this is the kind of story, alas, whose ending is as inconclusive as that of life itself which ends, much more often than not, with little accomplished and nothing proved.

If ESQUIRE were a literary magazine, it would run nothing but Type III. If it were a women's magazine, it would run almost nothing but Type I. But being what it is, a magazine for the literate but not necessarily the literary, for the intelligent but not necessarily the intellectual, it must try to provide, every month, a balanced bill of fictional fare made up of the best available selections from Types II and III. And inevitably in a magazine for intelligent adults the selections from Type III must predominate.

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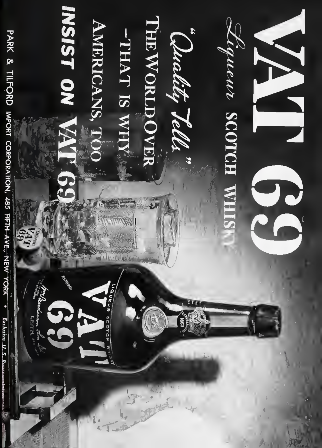

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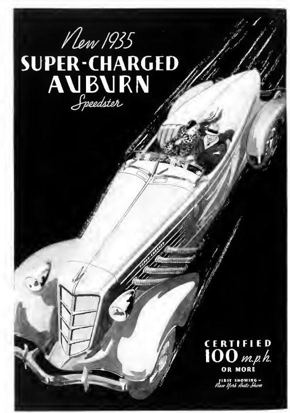

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

LULLABY FOR IDLE RUMOR

An enquiry.

In your October issue you printed a story of mine—Call Me Up. In November a guy from Philadelphia had a letter in your dept. telling you how good I—or dirt—was, or were, or had been. Though he expressed himself somewhat in the manner of the old Yellow Book, I liked it (really, etc.)

In your December issue (another half-buck?) another guy from Philly tells me I'm a moral leper or something and am undermining marriage, etc.

Now, this is my puzzlement. Why is my articulate public segregated in Philadelphia? Or is the secret this: Esquire is published not in Chi., but in Phil.?? Please enlighten me, do!

In answer to that, and a couple (you see, I'm modest) fan letters:

I am not a moral leper.

I am married. I believe in marriage, the gold-standard, ripe Camembert, hard-cider, Persian tapestries, and midnight burlesque shows. I have never voted, but I have my first papers, my second papers, and my final papers. I also like black coffee.

I hope that puts all idle rumors to sleep!

Sincerely,

New York City — Rion Bercovici

IN DEFENSE OF BIG NAMES

The December number—your best so far—kept me up till two A. M. and that is a dissipation for a plugging salesman these days. But before I go to bed I would like to ask if Lynn Montross is as good at raising babies as he is writing about it? I doubt it, after "batching up" two of my own, but I allow that *Care and Feeding of Fathers* is the best parental humor you have printed in a coon's age.

Right here I disagree with the customers who think that new authors, if they just had a chance, could write rings around the established ink-slingers. You have given the novices a big break, and with a few exceptions they are inclined to get precious and arty as compared with the boys who make their coffee and rolls at the trade. The newcomers deserve a chance, of course, and you are to be applauded for giving it to them, but my hunch is that experience counts in writing as heavily as in any other occupation. Anyhow, writers like Fitzgerald or Montross seem to click wherever you find them at whatever they tackle. Give us more of them.

I have a few healthy knocks too, but what's the use when I seem to be coming across with my four bits regularly every month? My best wishes for 1935!

Very truly yours,

Laconia, N. H. — L. R. Rogers

BUT ESKIE CAN'T EVEN WALTZ

I have read religiously every page of Esquire and now I feel it my bounden duty to confess to you that I consider myself a better man for having done so. My clothes are not the pressers they once were, waiters say I have a pretty taste in foods and wines, I am completely at my ease in some isolated novel or the Carnegie, at a marathon or at a fashionable salon, and now, people do not laugh when I sit down at the piano. I could go on like this for pages but for the more present realization that one aspect of the perfect gentleman, whose manners leave him a gentleman at all, has been neglected by Esquire, that mother of men. What good to me is my lovely new tuxedo and all the other accoutrements of pleasure bought at your instigation when the only dance steps I know are those taught to me many years ago by a dancing teacher who knew only the waltz? I am much too busy in my college preparing myself to earn enough money to buy more Esquires to pay much attention to dancing and now, with no mother or sister to guide me, I turn to you to help me once again in this, my hour of need. Having neither the time nor the inclination to go to dancing school again, I believe that it might be a long awaited and grand service for you to give us a sound article with diagrams and illustrations on some of the more modern *pas de deux* such as the tango and others less intricate. However funny I may look capering madly about the living room with Esquire fondly clasped in my arms, I am quite sure that the end will be more than adequate recompense for a small loss of dignity.

Grant me this one request and I shall pour out libations at the feet of Terpsichore in your behalf and sacrifice a hecatomb to Esquire on the 17th of every month.

New York, N. Y. — E. L. B.

TO ARMS, S & F.

Feeling that the many geniuses making their journalistic debut through Sound and Fury really deserve congratulations, I send this hailing them master critics, bristling with literary ability, cleverness, and a background of broad education.

And may I suggest that you print the names of the writers of the many wonderful letters you do not have space for, using some sort of type to denote the degree of their cleverness. I believe that this will, in most cases, satisfy their idle minds, as improving Esquire is not the purpose of their lines.

I am sure that the majority of your readers do not go in for seeing their names in such a column as this, but rather trust the editors' judgment in keeping every part of Esquire done creditable. When your magazine fails, this majority of readers will discontinue without sending regrets.

Your cartoons certainly aren't improving as far as interest goes. And your fashions neglect the men who must wear something for two years, rather than being bothered with a monthly change, as required by Fashion.

Having started almost every page in all issues I have discovered many of the most outstandingly miserable poor lines in existence. Many of your pieces, however, do contain something and are done well, being in some instances almost representative of the well-known authors.

Your periodical, especially the December one, is colorful with many interesting cartoons, ads, pictures, and illustrations, making a very entertaining thing to turn through.

Somewhere there is a sissy and pansy-like influence. And there has crept in a censor board. S and F journalists, stamp out those influences!

Osceola, Arkansas — C. M.

OUR BUSINESS IS PLEASURE

I am coming out from a monthly retainer of 50-cent lure per paper (pardon, Magazine), and using one of those perennial cards as an entree, wish to be entered in the Hall of something or other as a regular subscriber starting December.

My reasons are many and ample for my wishing to insure myself of a new copy of that literary man thunder Esquire. First, that movie critic Mr. Levin has saved me untold torture mentally by taking the rap and having to see some of those extravaganzas, your cartoons are just the laugh, from all the mug in general has disclosed that several feminine friends of our acquaintance are in disguise and to judge from their preference for Esquire, are men. Well life is full of these things and outside of leaving the mater with the humour whiskers used on your covers pull on me with his Eddie Cantor eyes, I have my money, further praise them is needed and besides is a time saver for you and having forward a bunch of mug that you would never take were it not for the fact that Business is Business.

Your new Esquire Boy,

Baltimore, Md. — S. Greenspan

MORE ON PAGE 69

A couple of months ago in your grand mag there was a story. Having since lost (?) my copy, I can't tell you by whom it was written, but the name was, I believe, *Old Trouble Toe*. That story should be awarded a place in the hall of fame, I think. May we have more?

Congratulations on your first birthday. You've done much to add to the "joy of living" of thousands of us, and every bit in that direction is appreciated. May you enjoy many more.

Can't think of a single knock—(is *that* unusual?) Let's have more Hemingway and Trout. That ye close!

Sincerely,

Minneapolis, Minn. — Graham H. Gower

VERY GOOD—•—THANKS

Some time ago I wrote you complaining that some of your stories were difficult to finish because being of a rather dull nature I couldn't seem to find any more on the next page. You didn't take the hint. You almost accused me of something or other I won't call myself.

Do I have to invent a little mark that will take about one-tenth of a gram of printer's ink? Or will you supply the idea? Just this —•— or something like it at the end of your stories and articles would save a bit of wear and tear on finger tips when a fellow is just about to snap out his light and go to sleep, but if he has to turn the page to see if there's any more—think of the terrible loss of sleep.

Now that I come back at you and tell me to go to bed earlier so I'll get my proper sleep, just take the tip and spill the extra ink.

—•—

That means that part is finished. Now to praise.

Your magazine is getting better all the time. Its color is enough to make a poker face smile with glee, and regardless of what Mr. Jack Millikan thinks I managed a laugh at Mr. Knight and cared it.

And now I am going to follow the example of Mr. Milton Donald (who spoke so something none of us could know we are, the women have to judge that).

If all the ink in this old land were suddenly
destroyed,
And all the paper had to burn to warm the
unemployed,
I'd only pray for one small thing, that would my
heart, desire
Enough stuff saved from out the ruins to pub-
lish one Esquire.

Sincerely,

Dallas, Penna. — Roswell T. Murray

NNNNNNNNEVER!

Your letter from Charles W. Leinber, M.D., in last month's edition on "The Sound and the Fury" page amused me greatly. Quote: "It is a pleasure to see half-a-dozen patients in one's waiting room each with a copy of Esquire and the other contemporaries deserted on the table."

I'll bet the "other contemporaries" were nickel magazines—and I'll bet five to one that the doctor didn't pay for the half-a-dozen Esquires the patients were reading. Hell, no doctor takes in enough cash to put half-a-dozen on his reading table. Well, maybe the local Esquire distributor owes him money—I don't know.

But—your magazine is super-grand. Enjoyed the December issue immensely—but wish you had left pages 86 and 87 blank. You make prevaricators of yourselves when you let one thing written by Raymond Knight under "Humor." What kind of humor is this? Or am I nuts? Your guess is as good as mine—but I think I am right. Please pay him off and throw his articles in the waste basket—they are lllllllousy.

Most truthfully yours,

Cleveland, Ohio — P. H. Bonsall

ALL REACTIONS INTEREST US

While I have not been a subscriber to your magazine I have bought it each month and I find the last number most offensive.

It seems to me that there is an increasing tendency on the part of your magazine and other magazines published, for instance the New Yorker, to become more and more bawdy.

Perhaps American men are becoming more and more sex conscious from the sentimental point of view, and if that is so, I think it is a shame to refer to it. If your magazine wishes to have a place in the average American home where people are ordinarily clean minded, I should think it would be worthwhile to take an entirely different tone in your articles, most of which are not worth reading anyway. It seems to me that the last number was particularly offensive. Vulgarity associated with humor occasionally gets by, but plain vulgarity, without the saving grace of humor, there is no excuse for. In the future I shall stop buying the magazine.

I thought you might be interested in my reaction. If you are not, of course it makes no difference.

Very truly yours,

Boston, Mass. — James Warren Stern

Continued on page 12

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

MAY ALL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE

May I offer the following prayer? Now I lay me down to read Esquire, I pray the Lord that I may find within its glossy pages an article by Hendrik Van Loon, who observes mankind so keenly, and writes so graciously thereof, who tells us things of ourselves which we know, but know not that we know, until he prods us a little.

I pray that Ernest Hemingway may be upon the pay roll this month, so that I may get excited with him about something—or other—anything will do. I know his stuff won't be milk-and-water. He means to rip and snort and kick up his heels—and perhaps start a controversy. I hope so. All the world loves an argument—from the sidelines. And please may Thomas Beer be among the performers on this very brilliant show of the literary stage, and may the cartoons be as red-blooded, rich and racy as ever.

I thank thee for Howard Vollmer, whose story was like a snap-shot, taken when the subject wasn't looking, so natural and unposed. God bless the editors, the publishers, the advertisers, contributors, et al., who for the paltry sum of fifty cents make it possible for me to forget for a time each month that "Life is woe!"

Sincerely yours,

Ulegia, Texas — Mrs. Paul Baylor

COULD HE BE SHERLOCK?

I note in the papers (your paper), that a certain Mr. Milton Holmes calls me "mildly cynical," "viciously masculine," "grossly misinformed," "deliberately fallacious" and several other double-barreled adjectival names.

The fact is that Mr. Holmes is a careless reporter. Had he taken the trouble to go to three sources of mine to whom he refers in his article published in your December issue, he would have got the low-down. But there is one thing of which neither he nor they could accuse me. I write my own stuff.

Wasn't there a Mr. Milton Holmes who "collaborated" as we writing gents say, with a Mr. Mercer Beasley on a book of tennis several years ago? Come out from behind that beard, Mr. Holmes, now I recognize you. You're Alice B. Toklas, that's who you really are.

Faithfully yours,

Rowayton, Connecticut — John R. Tunis

CONFIRMING MR. NATHAN'S CONTENTION?

That you actually used my reply to Mr. Nathan's article sent me into a sort of ecstasy.

Probably you have already guessed that my letter was written under my husband's—or perhaps anyone's husband's—name. I don't believe any man would have bothered answering George. Least of all my own dear Bill—who sweats blood over writing a letter and then achieves a St. Ignatius essay of the vintage of nineteen hundred and six.

Would you mind very much if William writes and sends in to you an article entitled "Big Bodies and No Brains"—or something along those lines. Willie will write it—but I'll tell it to him. All you dear souls in the editorial department can have a good laugh over it even if you never use it. I just love getting "fellas" with great, big Editors!—There you all sit—muffled to the teeth in your winter woolens—whilst I sit under an orange tree with nothing on but shorts and a "bra"—waving my legs in California sunshine and wondering what next I'll send in to the Sound and Fury. I knew I'd make a damned good contributor to a men's magazine because my sympathies have always been with the male—in his relation to the female—and believe that "sex" should be laughed at uproariously. I have been able to do this very thing throughout my best life although I admit sagaciously covering my Rabelaisian guffaws with a thin veneer of Romance—thereby convincing many fine gentlemen with urgent tassels that I was unapproachable.

It's about time I cashed in on some of my experience with and knowledge of the male at home and abroad. Besides, some of your contributors are—not so hot—look at (Editor's Note. Uh uh, Carol, lay off him—we've just got him quieted down from last month!)—he is most certainly resting on his laurels—and a pile of old empty gin bottles. And God knows you actually published the droolings of that pseudo-sophisticate, than whom there is no greater [illegible]—(Madame! Such language shall not pass in a magazine for men.)

We'll have such fun—Gang—and I'll try hard not to say any of the more shocking words—although they are really the only good things about our limited English language.

Don't answer this with a nasty blow between the eyes—you never can tell—you may be striking a minor—or another woman in—(Lady!)

If you think I'm not an "Esquire" enthusiast—I've been sending the damned thing—every month—to an aviator in Mexico—postage twenty-two cents.

How's about getting Mahlon to do a few more drawings with the breasts popping out—Bill loves them so!

With love to all,

Santa Barbara, Calif. — Carol Divan

PAGING YOUNG FRANK SHAY

Encouragement of young writers is an excellent feature of your editorial policy, but aren't you getting a little careless in your assignments? After reading about the *Ten Outstanding Cocktails* I rather expect to find in the January number an appraisal of the various types of Woman, written by a freshman who has just acquired a roadster.

The Young Writer of this article is to be congratulated on his appearance, his temerity and on the self-evident fact that he has never been—I won't say, a slave, but even a nodding acquaintance—of the Demon Rum. After a first reading I thought it was a deliberate spoof, but later concluded that it got by because your staff, while brilliant, probably dates too recently to possess the personal experience requisite for adequate copy reading and censorship of this topic. I wouldn't bring this up at all, were it not that in my high regard for Esquire I apprehend that you might be impeached for misleading youth if your growing 200,000 did not receive an immediate correction of this terrible effort.

In this detailed treatment of ten "old-time cocktails which have triumphantly come through," the composition of one is passably correct, three are wrong, two aren't cocktails at all, two were, and are, not in the first fifty, and two are probably fictions of a disordered imagination—they're certainly not "old-timers."

Specifically—An Old Fashioned may be either Bourbon or Rye, either is correct, it's merely a matter of individual taste. Why does the Writer disdain stirring? Of course the drink is stirred. If you didn't you would have two gulps of straight whiskey and one of sweetened bitters. That's why it is always served—in civilization—with a bar spoon or a swizzle-stick. Your author bestows a curious word of praise on his expert barkeep for "Never adding seltzer (!)." He might, with equal propriety mention proudly that he never adds kounyas, or tomato juice.

—He is right, that in the old days the proportions of a Dry Martini were three—not two—for one. But this does not hold now, the myriad brands of gin now in circulation vary greatly, you may have to go to 3½ or 4 to 1 to hit the right blend. I do not defend the olive, it's again a matter of taste, in the old days it was customary, like the maraschino cherry in the Manhattan. If, in time the Writer learns that a dash of absinthe (Ojen will do) is far better than orange bitters, he will have a real cocktail.

—I have a thirty year acquaintance with intelligent and bibulous Bostonians and never yet met or heard of one who voluntarily mixed rye with grenadine and orange juice. This sounds a little like one of those Hi Hat terrors mixed in early prohibition days by Eager Experimenter out of What's-in-the-house.

—Vodka, if you wish to parade your acquaintance with it (Did you ever hear of an American with an unaffected taste for it?), is certainly more palatable mixed with vermouth than raw. Called for, possibly, once in a thousand times.

—The furthest south is reached in the disquisition on Champagne Cocktails. Here nothing is right but the spelling. This drink is made by putting a lump of sugar soaked with angostura, in the bottom of a big tumbler, or long glass, and filling with champagne. It was—and is—the king of morning bracers, never an aperitif or appetizer—it's too big—a quart will make about three good ones. Champagne is always served frappe, I never put ice in it. You can of course rub the sugar on a lemon—or an apple, if you want, neither is called for. An ordinary grade of wine is always used—it would be barbarous to order a vintage and then taint it with angostura. Maybe Mr. Scott of Death Valley or Coal Oil Johnnie bought vintage wine for this purpose, I wouldn't know about that. Of course the drink cannot be concocted successfully from the aerated and needled cider which used to cost the younger generation $20 at a night club. To put an impregnated lump of sugar into only as much wine as is held in an ordinary champagne glass would be as disproportionate as to make a cocktail half gin and half vermouth. "Triumphant comeback" for that nauseous little mess?

—Vermouth, straight, as the Writer naively says, "goes with the kind of mind that goes for sidewalk cafes," over here—possums. In the first ten? Not in the first fifty.

—An "Old Fashioned Dutch" must be his own brain-child. If he's thinking of the English gin-and-bitters, it isn't made that way. Dutch gin or Hollands, would certainly be improved by any mixture, but he doesn't call for that. You could of course make such a drink, but you never saw it before prohibition between New England and New Orleans.

—His "Harvest Home" is not new, it is approximately the Jack Rose, which was a stand-by as long as you could get the old applejack. The new, raw stuff turned out during prohibition was not suitable.

—A Daiquiri is always frappe. Therefore you use either bar sugar or rock syrup. Disintegrating lump sugar in a shaker is simply extra work.

I grant him that in his last "Pansy" ten (he doesn't specify them as cocktails but they would qualify for the title as well as his "outstanding" ten) he names four of the worst cocktails that were ever pushed over a bar. He includes also a Pousse Cafe, which, I fancy, antedates his experience. This is of course a composite liqueur which when skillfully floated, and intelligently drunk—slowly by layers—is a good after-dinner cordial. Possibly your Writer shook it up with ice and drank it before the oysters.

Yours very truly,

Philadelphia, Pa. — J. L.

Editor's Note: Frank Shay, who wrote *The Ten Best Cocktails* in the December issue, and whose picture appeared in the Backstage for that issue, is forty-six years old.

COCKING POSTE

The greatest trouble with your *Pit Your Birds* article is the classification. If it had been labeled fiction well and good. I doubt if Mr. Parmer ever saw a cock fight in the United States. Certainly he is woefully ignorant of the customs and vernacular of the cock pit.

He says, "21 separate fights usually comprising a main."

A main is simply a series of fights between two owners or two groups of owners as distinguished from a "hack" or "tournament." It is not usually 21 fights. Now a-days that would be an extremely long main.

"Until eight months old when they graduate from stagdom."

A rooster is generally considered a stag until his second year.

"They seldom kill with their natural spurs."

Oh yeah! They can and often do kill with natural spurs. In some foreign countries many fights are staged in natural spurs.

"He (the handler) handles the bird the day preceding the fight."

The handler does not necessarily see the bird before it enters the pit. He simply handles it during the fight. The one who "conditions" the birds for the battle is the "feeder." Of course the same person may be (and often is) the breeder, feeder, and handler.

"If his bird is stuck."

A cocker would say "the bird is hung."

"One dollar standard price since 1812."

Admission to a high class main may run from $2 to $5.

"Handlers set their birds down and leap from the pit."

Handlers remain in the pit ready to pounce on the birds when they become hung.

"A one-stroker."

Mr. Parmer means a "single-stroker."

"Time out."

The referee says "handle!" not "time out."

For the past fifty years my father has bred and fought his own cocks and I have been literally raised on game chicken.

Sincerely,

Taylorville, Ill. — H. P.

COCKING RIPOSTE

(An answer to a criticism of my article, *Pit Your Birds*—Esquire, November issue—which the Editor courteously forwarded to me.—P.)

Hell's bells! You quibble over semantics, my dear man. And you say you doubt whether I ever saw a cock fight in the United States. Want me to brag about the cock fights I see—and invite a visit to the hoosegow? In this neck of the woods we have stringent laws against the sport. Our sheriffs work on a fee system. (They read Esquire, too.) Understand?

Perhaps this statement may cool your wrath: my article was not written in a Greenwich Village garret between swigs of gin, but on my family place, Belle Meade Farm. For more than one hundred years thoroughbred horses and fighting birds have been raised here. (I haven't been here that long!) As I answer you there are seventeen Irish Games strutting under my window. (There were twenty-three, but a police dog visited us several mornings.) I assure you they are not being kept for the table, either.

Your objections are dismissed on two counts: (a) differences of opinion and knowledge, (b) differing customs in various sections.

Surely you know that cock fighting is an under-cover sport; that it is not standardized, as is horse racing. May I remind you there is no governing body—analogous to the Jockey Club—which lays down regulations which must be observed in all sections.

Each cock fighting community has its own customs and traditions and rules. A general agreement is made governing procedure, etc., when birds from different sections clash.

I purposely generalized in my article, else it would have been cluttered with exceptions and explanations. Answering you specifically:

For years the big mains have been 21 fights—usually. But in some sections they are 7, 9 or 11 fights.

In many sections a bird is said to "graduate from stagdom" when he moults, which is before he is a year old. In some sections they say "yearling stag."

I said they seldom kill with their natural spurs. I stand by it.

Any man who handles a bird for me is going to see it before he enters the pit.

We say a bird is "stuck" whether he is merely scratched, or the gaff stays in the bird. Some sections say "hung" when it stays. Pay your money and take your choice!

According to cock fighting tradition one dollar has been the standard admittance fee to fights since 1812. (Or was it the Revolution?) Of course a higher price is charged at large tournaments. I didn't say it wasn't.

In some sections handlers do remain in the pit. In some they do not. Again a difference in customs.

I say "one-stroker." You say "single-stroker." What is the difference, my learned friend? Our referees—and other referees, too!—say "time," or "time out." Yours, "handle." What's the difference when it is agreed which term shall be used?

I am, sir,

Sincerely,

Nashville, Tennessee — Charles B. Parmer

COCKING: STROPHE

Yesterday, a good friend of ours in the advertising agency business said that he and some of his pals who are interested in cocking had a great laugh over the *Pit Your Birds* article by Charles Parmer in the November issue. This chap said that he and his pals would love to have a look at some of the birds that were trained the way Parmer said they should be and he went on to tell about a $1600 main which he expects to attend this week over in Queens.

The reason I am writing to you about it is that he was very enthusiastic about Esquire taking up cocking and suggested that it be a good idea to run more material in the future. He seems to think that we could get authentic and interesting material from two publications which he reads regularly. They are *The Feathered Warrior* and *Grit and Steel*. The latter is published in Gaffney, South Carolina, but he couldn't remember the address of the former.

New York City — A. M. Dinewall

COCKING ANTISTROPHE

We note that in November Esquire, beginning on page 74, you printed a story by Charles Parmer entitled *Pit Your Birds*. We are writing to obtain your permission to reprint this story, assuring you that it will give us pleasure to give both Esquire and the author proper credit.

Yours truly,

Grit and Steel,

Gaffney, S. C. — By Ed. H. DeCamp, *Publisher*

Continued on page 170

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

There is no whisky like Scots whisky and no Scots whisky like McCallum's. It is "Perfection" itself—a genuine whiff of Auld Scotia's hills and glens—brought to you direct in taped, sealed, tamper-proof, distinctively labelled oval bottles.

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One of the better known gentlemen's furnishers has brought out a green rough felt hat that resembles in style a typical Tyrolean hat, even to the half inch hat band that is of the same material—and it proudly possesses a bird's plumage at the bow.

Speaking of hats, the newest hats have a leather sweatband that has an elastic insertion to insure a perfect fit.

A long famous tobacconist has a pipe that is actually feather weight, this is caused by a section of holes running vertical with the bowl.

This being the travel season, travel agencies have gone out of their way to create cruises for all purses and desires.

The brown buckskin, monk front shoe is being worn by Princeton undergraduates, so is the woolen cashmere bowtie.

The new high wing collar, with wide wings, as worn in London, is now being shown by many of the well-known men's shops.

For those ardent golfers who play despite the weather, we've found a silk and wool knitted shirt with separate soft striped collars: they come in blue and tan; the same shirt may be worn ideally for riding with a silk or wool stock.

For southern wear many of the smarter shops are featuring dark brown leghorn hats with white silk puggaree bands. This fashion started in the West Indies and then traveled to Palm Beach.

A last minute gift suggestion for the one and only is a miniature wrist watch that is encased in very light weight Thoya wood and is an ideal accessory with sports wear. To go with this is a large flat powder compact made of the same wood.

For the perfect weekend gift for one's host or hostess is the hors d'oeuvres basket with everything packed in it ready to serve—including such tasty delicacies as meat pastes of wild duck, partridge, turkey, and so on.

One of the well known furnishings shops is showing ties for sports wear made of actual Scotch wool tweeds.

This same shop is showing slippers of camel pile which are very thick and woolly. This fabric is similar to the camel pile overcoats that were popular a few years ago—a grand Christmas gift.

The coat that is quickly becoming a staple with undergraduates at leading Universities and prep schools is the reversible balmacaan, one side of which is a definitely patterned Harris tweed and the other side of waterproofed gabardine. This coat originally came from England, where it was worn by sportsmen and, as a matter of fact, still is.

A well-known clothing establishment is featuring black and midnight blue double breasted dinner jackets with satin lapels: this is an interesting note because satin lapels have been out of the fashion picture for some five years.

Leaf honey flavored in mint, ginger, rum and bourbon and cut in various shapes is appearing on the tables of some of the smartest hostesses.

In an earlier issue we mentioned the use of side vents with one's country clothes; however, since then side vents are seen on as many town suits as country ones, and a recent report from London states the same thing. In a recent motion picture, the star, a well-known dancer, also known for his fine taste in dress, wore a suit with side vents. (Editor's Note: you couldn't mean Fr-d Ast-re could you?)

The cocktail hour, at many of the smartest hotels, sees many men dressed in black jackets and striped trousers, and on Sundays we've even seen the cutaway coat worn with striped or checked trousers.

Speaking of traveling, many of the better shops are featuring luggage of genuine rawhide in its natural color; for wear and style we know of nothing superior.

ENTERTAINMENT

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BREVOORT CAFE

For those who plan to spend some part of this Winter under Southern skies, may we recommend the rope or leather soled twine beach shoe: this is ideal for the beach or Cabana and had its origin at the French Riviera.

One of the most famous establishments that devotes its business to smoking, has just brought out a new cigarette, packed in a stream-lined cigarette box.

One of the better food specialty shops has procured a shipment of a specially cultured East African crop of coffee of which only a limited amount is exported. In color it is a dark amber and the aroma is magnificent. If you are fussy about your coffee this is a brand that will suit you. While on the subject of coffee, for those who for some reason or other are not allowed this mild stimulant, there is a new coffee substitute on the market which is made of coffee flavored vegetable extract. This is pleasant and easy to take.

For the cocktail hour there is a new stuffed jumbo olive, and in its heart rather than the stony pits or pimentos there is a stuffing of stilton cheese aged in Port wine and as a variation there is also a stuffing of fresh caviar to add zest to one's appetite.

The better music dealers are showing a new portable phonograph that works on either alternating or direct electric current.

The last bales of Dubec tobacco, which was the favorite brand of the last Sultan of Turkey, are now in this country and can be had in made-to-order cigarettes.

Up and coming liquor shops are offering attractively boxed Christmas packages containing well-known brands as the answer to difficult Christmas gifts.

At recent football games we saw many spectators wearing heavy tweed overcoats with fur collars. These, of course, were evidently fur lined. We did not realize at the time but now that some of the better shops are showing these coats we feel almost certain that prosperity is just around the corner.

Recent photographs from London showing pictures of the Duke of Kent (formerly Prince George) and Princess Marina of Greece invariably show this young nobleman wearing a double breasted suit with the lapel rolled to the bottom button. If you will think back a few issues you will recollect that Esquire was the first to notice this long roll effect and since then many of the better retail men's clothing shops as well as exclusive custom tailors are showing their double breasted suits worn in this manner.

One of the most unusual pocket knives we have seen in many a day, besides the usual two blades, nail file and scissors, also has a button hook in it which is ideal for collar buttons, particularly when putting on a wing collar.

At last we have found a place where one may secure a real shoe horn. One of the higher priced shoe establishments is offering for sale a shoe horn actually made from steers' horns.

The new backless evening waistcoats carry a black elastic band across the back replacing the white material one that was used up to the present time. This insures a trim fit at the waist and just in case you reach too high while wearing a tailcoat, the white band will not show.

Many of the better department stores have white ash canes that unscrew at the bottom and produce a leather dog's leash: a grand gift for the country gentlemen who like to walk their dog.

Esquire's keen eye saw several Princeton students wearing Norwegian patterned mittens at a recent football game.

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And also embodied in this majestic new President are those two other great Studebaker contributions of 1935 — an exclusive independent planar wheel suspension and specially designed new compound hydraulic brakes of super strength.

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THE BIGGEST THRILL IN THE WORLD IS TO OWN A CHAMPION

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Louis Paul

It seems we never agree
Editors and me
Jedwick, which won the prize
To my mind isn't the [illegible]
And doesn't make me feel as puffy
As the present *Cup of Coffee*
However, I am a ham
If I confess without ire,
Though editors and me
Don't seem to agree
On the luck that there is
In winning prizes
So long as they send 'em
And take 'em and print 'em
I'm just sappy
Enough to be happy
And glad I didn't make a liar
Out of Esquire.
That's all
Louis Paul

•

Henri Barbusse, whose greatest fame came from novels on the last war, is now best known for his efforts to prevent the next one. He is one of the founders of The League Against War and Fascism.

•

Lawton Mackall lives on Staten Island and we suspect writes his articles on the ferry boats that ply between there and the Battery. At any rate, he delivers them by hand to our New York office—usually about three paragraphs at a time.

•

James M. Cain has contributed to magazines for years, has done considerable motion picture work and is now living in Hollywood. He used to be on the staff of *The New Yorker*. He is the author of *Our Government*, a satirical survey, and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, hard boiled best seller, both published by Knopf.

•

Erskine Caldwell has completed a new novel *Journeyman* to be published in the spring of 1935.

•

Robert Lathrop Bacon says:

Born Chicago. Long time ago. Kicked out of High School. Wanted to study advertising. Sent to [illegible] College. Kicked out of E. C. Worked in steel mills (ambition). Too hot. Worked as day laborer shoveling sand (Waukegan, Ill.). Too cold. Went to Florida. Floated around Florida Keys and West Indies for six years. Surveying, hunting alligators and snake skins, trapping and fishing. Tried to write for movies, N. Y. Had dengue fever. Nearly died. Went to New York. Been there ten years. Washed automobiles. Worked as estimator in building business. Went into building business. Depression. Business goes to Hell. Wrote hunting and fishing articles. Wrote horse articles. Editor horse monthly. Fired when wanted pay for it. Wrote more fish and horses. Sporting [illegible] for that mag. Feature writer and make-up on N. Y. tabloid paper. Lasted two months. Fired. Editor horse monthly. Edit two weeklies, same firm. Now editor of still another sports and Broadway weekly. Esquire has *One Shot of Tin Pan Alley* across at last.

Hanson W. Baldwin is the naval expert for one of the New York newspapers. *These Too Shall Live* on page 53 is the first of a series of accounts of marine disasters, much of the material for which he has uncovered in the navy archives in Washington.

•

F. Scott Fitzgerald thought about *The Fiend* off and on for five years, then finally wrote it under deadline pressure and in response to special pleading in time to catch this all star fiction issue of Esquire. It will be included in his new collection of short stories to be published by Scribner's in the spring.

•

Waldo Frank's latest book is *The Death and Birth of David Markand*. His first, or at least the first that we remember back in the early twenties, was *City Block*.

•

Henry Harvey says: "This guy has lived with cows and horses too long to have any proper human rating. That's because they are the only ones who would put up with him. His biography would read about the same as one of any mustang or mossy-horn steer roaming the juniper ridges—if you can catch him—and you'd have to talk Esquire and Bovine to get it."

•

Joseph H. Cole, whose first published short story is *From Scum to Shock* on page 73, says: "He is twenty and not at all sensitive about it (has been much younger in his time) ... working for a B. A. at C. C. N. Y. (and he means working) ... is even taking a course in the short story but Esquire doesn't appreciate the results ... thinks an egg can [illegible] but only real [illegible] duplicate the truth ... wishes he were a little worse ... still thinks a pleasure [illegible] ... has both hammers but can use only one at a time ... diplomatic to you—the rest is too unpleasant to be credited—so he squeezes stories out of it."

•

D. A. Davidson is a reporter on *The New York Post*. A native of Manhattan, he was on the late *New York World* and wrote a chapter for *End of the World* when it unhappily suspended in 1931. Thereafter he spent a year in Europe working off and on with Universal Service, then a year in Baltimore (see *The Ice-Breakers*) and then back to New York again. His first published story appeared in *Manuscript Magazine* last June.

•

Meyer Levin writes novels and short stories, makes puppets and puts on puppet shows (two of the World's Fair last summer), sees, hears and smells the movies for Esquire and in his spare time, reads manuscripts for same. He was born in Chicago in 1905, began working for the *Chicago Daily News* while he was still a student at the University of Chicago, furnishing the News with a daily column called, by himself, *A Young Man's Fancy*, but called by most of his contemporaries *The Fancy Young Man*.

Meyer Levin

John Gunther

John Gunther is the Vienna correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*. By the time this sees print he will be on his way back to Vienna, after his first visit to Chicago in four years. He has written one novel, *Red Pavilion*, and many articles for *Harper's*, *Vanity Fair* and *Foreign Affairs*. His wife, Frances, sends his despatches whenever he is out of Vienna. They have a curly headed blond son, four years old, who can't speak a word of English and is inclined to high-hat his parents for their occasional lapses from perfection in their German.

•

One whole room in **Manuel Komroff's** apartment in New York is filled with books pertaining to a brief period in Napoleonic history. He has read several hundred books already in preparation for his new historical novel and still has a couple hundred to go. That's one reason why we find it so hard to pry short stories out of him, although he has promised to do several for us in 1935.

•

Liam O'Flaherty is the well known Irish novelist. As this is written he has just returned from Hollywood upon the completion of a dialogue contract, and is in New York. Most of his writing is very strong stuff pertaining to the Sinn Fein troubles in Ireland.

•

Gilbert Seldin, whose first published story is *Life In Reverse* on page 104, is twenty four years old, lives in Brooklyn where he is one of the unemployed in the daytime, law student in the evening. He was one of the editors of the ill-fated *Leonardo*, a literary magazine which went on the rocks after two glorious issues.

•

Robert E. Hont works in a Milwaukee advertising agency. He says of himself: "Age 25. When not writing advertising copy about everything under the sun, I've found time to write articles on an equally diversified group of subjects for almost every kind of magazine. Having played tennis—both lawn and table—for as long as I can remember, a story on these two great sports was inevitable."

•

Dick Cullum is a sports writer on the *Minneapolis Journal*.

•

Oliver La Farge is something of a chronic prize winner, having knocked off the Pulitzer Prize one year and the O. Henry Memorial Award another.

•

Simon & Schuster are thrilled over the first **Dreiser** manuscript to be delivered to them since they became Mr. Dreiser's publishers. M. Lincoln Schuster calls the new book "an outpouring of selfhood." It will be published in the spring.

A REGAL GIFT—yet moderately priced. These superbly mellow Crown Whiskies are blended by the house that holds the world's largest treasure of fully aged Rye and Bourbon whiskies . . . Say Seagram's and be Sure.

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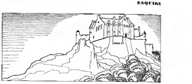

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Notes on Life and Letters

Or a manuscript found in a bottle

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

• ARTICLE •

THE magazine, it seems, is coming out early: a break for all of us who can not wait a whole long month to get another shot of Gilbert Seldes. (*It's a vice with me. I tried to break it off. They said all it would bring was blindness, insanity and death but I said no, I'd paid the fifty cents. I could take it or I could leave it alone. Besides I knew his brother George and he was a damn fine newspaper man. Go on. Leave me alone. Let me read Seldes if I want to. It's no worse than a bad cold and if you get it at the start you can knock it with this stuff I'm going to give you. No man need fear Seldes any more. Come on out from under those wheel chairs. Throw away your crutches. There's no danger now as long as old Doc Hemingway is in the magazine. Just take it in your stride. Don't let it bother you or cause you even one sleepless night. You need not even miss a day at the office. Now you know freedom from fear.*) but hell to write one in a hurry to catch the air mail.

Let him write it and send it. It's hell for us both. That's fine. I knew you knew Kipling. So it's all right? Fine. What's it going to be about?

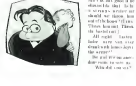
If it was Woollcott now he could tell you one of those devastating anecdotes. Wouldn't it be swell if it was Woollcott? God if it was only Woollcott. Well it isn't Woollcott but what about a story about Woollcott himself? Yeah, he's going to tell one about Woollcott. Come on listen. This is going to be good.

Is it just a little off color? asks the Old Lady, hopefully. (Thank God that Old Lady's turned up. She's what we've been needing here for months.)

No Madam. It is not. For we are writing for a magazine of almost two hundred thousand circulation and you will find nothing off color as you call it in what we write here.

Old Lady: I am sorry.

Well once upon a time General Pershing came around to inspect the staff of the *Stars and Stripes* that famous paper of the A. E. F., in Paris. Everyone was lined up including Alexander Woollcott who wore upon his sleeve the chevrons of a sergeant. (Have you ever seen Woollcott? It's better if you've seen him. Sure a picture will do. That's right. That's Woollcott! Yipee! No that's not Woollcott. That's Durante. The one with the nose is Durante. Yeah Schnozzle! The one with the belly is Woollcott. There he is. That's Woollcott. Yipee! God, isn't it great to see them in the flesh?)



Well anyway I'm glad everybody is having such a wonderful time. Oh yes, sure the story. What story? The story about Woollcott and General Pershing. Oh you mean *that* General Pershing. Sure. Why not?

Well General Pershing stopped in front of Alec and he said, "Sergeant Woollcott?"

"Yes General Pershing," said Woollcott.

"Very soldierly," said General Pershing. "Very soldierly," and started to go on.

"General Pershing," said Sergeant Woollcott in no higher a voice than lots of people have, and he felt soldierly too for every button was buttoned (shouts Keep it clean! Keep it clean!) "that's the finest thing that anybody has ever said to me in all my life!"

Of course it's much better if you hear Boz Hawley tell it because he imitates Woollcott, you know, actually sounds like him, and imitates General Pershing too. But the last I heard of old Boz he was in Rome; so that makes it awfully difficult to ask him to help me out with the story now. That is if you didn't like it the way it was. If you liked it, why then it's all right. It's fine. But you'd like Boz Hawley. He can imitate Woollcott so you'd think it was Woollcott in the room with you. Wouldn't that be something? I wonder what would happen if he actually was in the room.

Now you stop crying little girl. We won't let him in. He stays out, see? We won't let him come and take you off to see no horrid nasty Alice in Wonderland. You're safe here, kid, nothing can harm you here. The editor has got children of his own. And then they said he had off color stuff in his magazine. Hell, nobody's safe these days.

Listen Hemingway can't be any good if he clowns like that. Is he a serious writer or should we throw him out of the house? (Cries: Throw him out. Throw the bastard out.)

All right. Listen baby, were you ever drunk with James Joyce the writer?

By god it's an anecdote come to save us.

Who did you say?

"James Joyce."

"What about him?"

"I've been drunk with him."

"Oh."

"Don't you believe it?"

"Sure. Why not? Don't he drink?"

"That isn't the point. The point isn't does he drink. The point is who he is."

"All right. Let's get out of here and go somewhere else. Every time they put a nickel in that goddam machine some guy turns on that man on a flying trapeze till it drives me screwy. They play that flying trapeze one more time and I'll go nuts."

"Okay. We'll go somewhere where they haven't got one of those machines and I'll tell you about my pal James Joyce. I've been drunk with him more than eleven times."

"All right. Just so long as they don't play that flying trapeze. It's driving me nuts. I heard it too much."

Which brings us to ta-ta-ta-ta (music) William Saroyan, who tells the boys in his stories how he can write like, or better than other people if he wanted to try. Whoopee! What's his name! William Saroyan is his name and we don't charge him a nickel for this.

The answer is: there was another bright young Armenian and he turned out to be Michael Arlen.

Anybody can write like somebody else. But it takes a long time to get to write like yourself and then what they pay off on is having something to say. Listen Mr. Saroyan maybe I'm a little drunk but this is all right. See? We were all hungry, see? We all hocked our typewriters, see? Only we had something else to write about at the time besides ourselves. Now a lot of us weren't as bright as you Mr. Saroyan see. I'm giving you a break. You're bright. So don't get sore. But you're not that bright. You don't know what you're up against. You've only got one new trick and that is that you're an Armenian. Now you see us, the people you can write like and better than, have some of us been shot and some of us been cut and all of us been married and we've been around a long time and we've been a lot of places and seen a lot of things that you haven't seen, Mr. Saroyan, and that you won't ever see because the things are over and lots of the places aren't there any more. And we've seen them come and go. Good ones too. Better ones than

Continued on page 159

"Duchess, you don't mean to sit there and tell me — —"

The Fiend

A story of irony without pity, of deep-reaching implications, about minds twisted by tragedy

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

On June 3, 1895, on a country road near Stillwater, Minnesota, Mrs. Crenshaw Engels and her seven year old son, Mark, were waylaid and murdered by a fiend, under circumstances so atrocious that, fortunately, it is not necessary to set them down here.

Crenshaw Engels, the husband and father, was a photographer in Stillwater. He was "a great reader" and considered "a little unsafe," for he had spoken his mind frankly about the farmer-versus-railroad struggles of the time—but no one denied that he was a devoted family man, and the catastrophe visited upon him hung over the little town for many weeks. There was a move to lynch the perpetrator of the horror, for Minnesota did not permit the capital punishment it deserved, but the instigators were foiled by the big stone penitentiary close at hand.

The cloud hung over Engels' home so that folks went there only in moods of penitence, of fear or guilt, hoping that they would be visited in compensation should their lives ever chance to trek under a black sky. The photography shop suffered also: the routine of being posed, the necessary silences and pauses in the process, permitted the client too much time to regard the prematurely aged face of Crenshaw Engels, and young high school students, married couples, mothers of babies were always glad to escape from the place into the open air. So Crenshaw's business fell off and he went through a time of hardship—finally liquidating the lease, the apparatus and the good will and wearing out the money obtained. He sold his house for a little more than its two mortgages, went to board and took a position clerking in Radamacher's Department Store.

In the sight of his neighbors he had become a man ruined by adversity, a man manqué, a man emptied. But in the last opinion they were wrong—he was empty of all save one thing. His memory was long as a Jew's and though his heart was in the grave he was sane as when his wife and son had started on their last walk that summer morning. At the first trial he lost control and got at the Fiend, seizing him by the necktie—and had been dragged off with the tie in such a knot that the Fiend was nearly garroted.

At the second trial he cried aloud once. Afterwards he went to all the members of the state legislature in the county and handed them a bill he had written himself for the introduction of capital punishment—the bill to be retroactive on criminals condemned to life imprisonment. The bill fell through; it was on the day Crenshaw heard this that he got inside the penitentiary by a ruse and was only apprehended in time to be prevented from shooting the Fiend in his cell.

Crenshaw was given a suspended sentence and for some months it was assumed that the agony was fading gradually from his mind. In fact when he presented himself to the warden a year after the crime the official was sympathetic to Crenshaw's statement that he had had a change of heart and felt he could only emerge from the valley of the shadow by forgiveness, that he wanted to help the Fiend, show him the True Path by means of good books and appeals to his buried better nature. So, after being carefully searched, Crenshaw was permitted to sit for half an hour outside the Fiend's cell.

But had the warden suspected the truth he would not have permitted the visit—for far from forgiving, Crenshaw's plan was to wreak upon the Fiend a mental revenge to replace the physical one of which he was subducted.

When he faced the Fiend in his cell Crenshaw felt his scalp tingle. From behind the bars a roly-poly man, who somehow made his convict's uniform resemble a business suit, a man with thick brown-rimmed glasses and the trim air of an insurance salesman, looked at him uncertainly. Feeling faint Crenshaw sat down in the chair that had been brought for him.

"The air around you stinks!" he cried suddenly. "This whole corridor—this whole prison."

"I suppose it does," admitted the Fiend. "I noticed it too."

"You'll have time to notice it," Crenshaw snarled. "All your life you'll pace up and down stinking in that little cell, with everything getting blacker and blacker. And after that there'll be hell waiting for you. For all eternity you'll be shut in a little space, but in hell it'll be so small that you can't stand up or stretch out."

"Will it now?" asked the Fiend concerned.

"It will!" said Crenshaw. "You'll be alone with your own vile thoughts in that little space, forever and ever and ever and ever. You'll itch with corruption so that you can never sleep, and you'll always be thirsty, with water just out of reach."

"Will I now?" repeated the Fiend, even more concerned. "I remember once—"

"All the time you'll be full of horrors," Crenshaw interrupted. "You'll be like a person just about to go crazy but can't go crazy. All the time you'll be thinking that it's forever and ever and ever."

"That's bad," said the Fiend shaking his head gloomily. "That's real bad."

"Now listen here to me," went on Crenshaw, "I've brought you some books you're going to read. It's arranged that you get no books or papers except what I bring you."

As a beginning Crenshaw had brought half a dozen books which his vagarious curiosity had collected over as many years. They comprised a German doctor's thousand case histories of sexual abnormality—cases with no cures, no hopes, no prognoses, cases listed cold; a series of sermons by a New England Divine of the Great Revival which pictured the tortures of the damned in hell; a collection of horror stories; and a volume of erotic pieces from each of which the last two pages, containing the consummations, had been torn out; and a volume of detective stories mutilated in the same manner. A tome of the Newgate calendar completed the batch. These Crenshaw handed through the bars—the Fiend took them and put them on his iron cot.

This was the first of Crenshaw's long series of fortnightly visits. Always he brought with him something somber and menacing to say, something dark and terrible to read—save that once when the Fiend had had nothing to read for a long time he brought him four inspiringly titled books—that proved to have nothing but blank paper inside. Another time, pretending to concede

Continued on page 173

LITHOGRAPH BY MAURICE FREED

BATTERY PARK IN JANUARY

by EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Upon the half dead grass where by the walks
  Soiled hunks of melting snow and ice are huddled,
  Like beggars drink befuddled
In littered doorways of lower Bowery blocks
The sunlight pours. And from the swimming bay
The sea wind shakes these bushes leafless,
  As a spirit griefless
From long endurance wandering the ocean's way.

And the sea wind flutters the flags upon the towers
Of mountainous Wall Street, and upon the speeding
  Ships, or those leading
In anchorage by the wherves long listless hours.

Beneath the Park the warming subways toil,
The elevated shows as in engravings,
  And like pine shavings
The curlicues of steam from tugs uncoil
Against New Jersey's shore, a blue bulwark,
And round the green head of the bronze Bartholdi,
  Which from this walled quay
Is like a woman seen across the Park.

But when the wind stirs brisker the tied-up ships
Sway to and fro. Then drifts the wandering widgeon,
  Then bevies of feeding pigeon
Race the stone walks. And in the water-slips
The yachts creak, and the loitering loafers gaze
Upon the running waves, and gulls which faster
  Fly round the old three-master
And higher in the sun's unmisted rays.

For with the breeze the sun's unbandaged eyes
Pour on the Park the sky's full-emptied glory;
  And to the highest story
The nearing Himalayan buildings rise
And rifts of cloud like battleships which seek
The Northwest passage of some other planet
  Haste now to span it
While the Park for a moment stills, too tranced to speak.

No more do Hollanders play here at bowls,
No more is this the city's dining center,
  Or pier where aliens enter
Here is strange quiet, but here reflective souls
Dream of New York as it was a century gone,
And send their vision to New Jersey's highland,
  Afar to Staten Island,
Surviving against recurrent night and dawn.

A Family Matter

The Bachajón were bad Indians at best but the worst of them all had the soul of a jaguar

by OLIVER LA FARGE

• FICTION •

Rechtes said: "They are bad Indians, these Bachajón. I do not understand your Indians; no, they are not like my Negroes in the Kameruns. But these Bachajón ..."

He was rolling a cigar while he talked; now he stopped to lick and light it. The flame, the light glowing and fading on his face as he puffed, broke into my passive concentration on the opposite ridge of the little valley, the firelight in the doors of the workmen's huts and the indistinct hills behind against the night sky. I turned slightly towards him.

"There was that José by the Finca Malecjá," he stuck doggedly to his subject, "you should be warned by him. Yes."

He went on to tell about José. It was a stiff story, but he did not lie, that German. I thought that when one brings in one's laborers from their jungle farms at the end of a larant, one is not apt to get to know them really well, so I investigated the story for myself. These Indians in Southern Mexico do not explain; they merely tell that such and such happened. From the tone of voice one deduces their comment.

I had never seen José; this all happened before I came to Chiapas, but his brother, who was supposed to look like him, worked for me, and both Rechtes and the foreman at Malecjá described him to me. You would not have noticed him in a crowd down there: a slender, brown man, standing about five feet four, with regular features in a face that vaguely suggested a monkey's because it was small, with a low brow almost covered by coarse, straight black hair, and very bright black eyes. He was a little bit more stupid than most of them, rather slow. Otherwise he was just one of any number of laborers in white cotton shirt and trousers, so quiet and insignificant that you hardly see them, introverted and introspective, with none of our outlet of exuberance. When you do notice them you wonder why they have so bad a reputation, and whether it means anything that they have no sheaths for their machetes, but always carry the naked blade.

He was one of the canoe-men at Malecjá, earning a good living, never quite out of debt, and always anxious, like the rest of them, to get away and build a farm for himself in the jungle. He went to jail once for attempted murder, some private row between himself and another Bachajón in which he got in the first lick. That was back in the days of Porfirio Díaz; a *rurale* policeman called Antonio Guzman lassoed him and brought him in, running desperately behind his horse. When he was turned loose he told Guzman without rancor that he would kill him some day. The *rurale* had heard that threat often before; he said it was all right.

When Díaz fell and the police system was changed, Guzman went to work at the Finca Shavitz. One day when he came over to visit at Malecjá, his horse went lame, and they sent him home in the canoe. The other two canoe-men remembered—they wanted to tell José not to do anything—but Guzman understood Tzeltal, so they kept quiet. He had forgotten all about it; he sat comfortably in the bottom of the dugout, smoking a cigar. The canoe-men ran in turn to the bow, holding their long poles high to clear the heads of the others. At the bow they stuck the poles into the river bottom and walked aft. They made a steady rhythm of bare feet drumming fast and slow, with the drip of water; it was lulling and monotonous under the hot sun. José waited till they came to a place where the river was broad and there was no danger of being wrecked. He just swung his machete once across the back of the neck. Had he not told this man?

The others were frightened. "They will kill us all," they said.

"No. Let me out here, then pole down as fast as you can and say I killed him and jumped before you could stop me. They will believe you."

"Perhaps we had better tie you up."

"You cannot do it. I am too strong for you; my soul is a jaguar."

They knew that was true. One of them was a dog, the other was only a deer; they did not want to fight a jaguar. They drew up to the bank and let him out.

He did not cut a path, but went like a snake through the low palms and vines and thorns under the great trees. It felt good to be at large in the jungle, in the soft green light that comes through the interlocked leaves of the great trees. After he had gone far enough he looked for water and made camp, then began to think about his wife. They were no more lovers than any other Bachajón couple, but a man is incomplete alone. There was part of himself back there, the woman, and more than her, there were the children.

To get back he had to cross the Bascan river. He went over just at sunset, wading waist deep, then swimming a little, then wading again. He was afraid of the alligators. As he got to the other shore he saw the silhouette of a man in a felt hat against the paleness of the western sky. Those people knew about Indians; they were waiting for him to return. He hid under the bank till it was quite dark and then went back. In the jungle at night it is dead black—even an Indian can't travel without running into thorns. He had to try to sleep near the river without a fire. The mosquitoes plagued him.

That day he went back to his camp and set traps. He made a fire and ate honey, heart of palm and zapote fruit. He slept a little, but twice he heard men near him and had to move. After sunset he crossed the river again, and again later in the night, but found them waiting for him.

The third evening he found an unguarded place, so he went on, reaching the workmen's huts about midnight. There was a man on watch by his hut, sitting under a tree. He was asleep, smelling strongly of *aguardiente*. José looked him over and decided to leave him alone.

His wife was sick with malaria. She had a bundle prepared for each of them. He led his four-year-old son by the hand; she carried the baby. He was worn out with lack of sleep and long nights in the blackness, thinking; he was half sick from going around in his wet clothes; he was hungry; his belly clamored for corn. She was weak with fever; at times she moaned as she walked. They went slowly. He was patient and helped her all he could; part of the way he carried the little girl.

It was dawn when they reached the Bascan. She said she could not cross it. She stood on the bank with the child in her arms and the bundle on her back, staring hopelessly at the water. There was no use trying; she could not cross it. He stood behind her, looking at her figure outlined against the white mist that filled the river. He could not see her face. She was shaking with chills, all hunched in on herself under the tump-line. If she did not cross she would be found here or return to the huts. There was no returning for him. She was part of himself.

He said, "Set down your pack; perhaps it will help you if you rest."

She put it down, but she was too tired to sit. She just stood there, hunched, with the

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Against the Impending War

A call to arms to prevent the catastrophe which historic lies and pacifist pap cannot stem

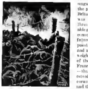
by HENRI BARBUSSE

• ARTICLE •

Many American readers ask me to talk to them on the subject of war. The masses in Europe are also avid for information and prophecy about this same subject. It is the very tragic and terrifying question which at this very moment is in the mind, and now almost before the eyes, of every human being who does any thinking.

I approach this question all the more eagerly because I intend to leave no facet of it in obscurity, because I want to treat it directly, to scan every line of it, to look it squarely in the face. I had already spoken about it when it fell to my lot last autumn to present to the public in different American cities a picture of the world situation and I may also pride myself on having at that moment ventured a few considerations which events since have confirmed to a considerable degree.

When a few years after the Great War we were already stating that another war would break out from one day to the next for the reason that the one of 1914-1918, far from destroying the germs and causes of future war, had in reality multiplied them, we were called bad prophets, pessimists, painters of a black future. Today no one denies any longer that the world is under the stroke of a new, imminent war, but at the same time nobody can determine exactly either its exact date or even the exact spot when the world conflict, concealed but planned for in every detail, will break out.



Let us begin by stating it clearly, with the restraint and the precision of people who are not satisfied with mere words, who do not allow themselves to be deluded by prejudices or sentimental impulses, and who want to meet facts honestly.

The war which is in preparation will proceed in the bungling, one-sided, unjust and, to say the real word, preposterous fashion in which peace has been made—at all events that which up to now has gone by the name of peace.

There is not the least doubt that the victors of 1918 should have been able to establish a peace for all time. The solemn circumstances of the Great War, the stupendous and sinister spectacles of battle and massacre ought to have been sufficient at that time to establish a permanent and an impressive peace. But in order to do that, it would have been necessary to rely upon principles different from those which motivated the victorious powers. The United States alone, represented by President Wilson, appeared to have embarked upon a plane broader and higher than that of other nations. But it must be said that even the principles of President Wilson, though liberal and, to a certain point, democratic, did not go far enough. They were too vague, too confused; they were not strong enough to serve as a barrier opposed to leaders purely imperialistic who, in the name of the victors, dictated the clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and of all subsequent treaties. An arbitrary declaration, grossly contrary to reality and to the great commandments of moral law, has dominated all the machinations of the peace treaties. That statement which is in reality nothing but the pure and simple expression of the strongest right and which did not even admit of any discussion was the theme of the sole and exclusive culpability of Germany.

That is an historic lie. If German imperialism has a heavy responsibility in the war, French and English imperialism have one no less great and one which appears even greater if we examine the facts.

If we study carefully the circumstances of the declaration of war, we will observe that these circumstances bring singularly into the light the preponderant role of British imperialism, which was then feeling itself threatened by the formidable growth of Germany's economic power. And the future historian also will point out how heavily—and no doubt decisively—weighed in the launching of the cataclysm of the Franco-Russian Alliance—that is to say the interests of Czarist Russia concerning Constantinople and the Straits—and the interests of the France of M. Poincaré and of the Steel Trust with respect to the steel mines in Alsace-Lorraine.

England and France dictated a peace which was in keeping with their fallacious arguments and with their national lusts. They stripped Germany, carved up Europe into a new pattern in such a way as to give to the victors and their allies immense territorial spoils. And they created new states so that they could establish their imperialistic conquests on more solid political and military bases.

Not only was that procedure contrary to human justice. It was also contrary to the pledges and the proclamations which the leaders of the countries in question made to the people in order to obtain their consent and even their enthusiasm for the continuation of the horrible bloodshed. France and England never let up crying very loud through the voices of their great officials that all they wanted was "a democratic peace," without annexation, with indemnity. And that is exactly the contrary to what has been done in the endless series of peace conferences which have followed the signing of the Armistice.

From all this has resulted a state of affairs which cries out anew, quite understandably, for war. In the wronged countries has grown little by little the spirit of revenge which held out first for the revision of the treaties.

Moreover, the great victorious powers have behaved in an unjust way with regard to Soviet Russia. Everyone knows that after the October Revolution Russia negotiated a separate peace with Germany. But she did not do so until after the Entente had peremptorily refused to make known its war aims, that is to say, had refused to confess that the said aims did not have for objective a democratic peace, but, on the contrary, a peace of retaliation and spoliation. Russia, for having taken a position which in the circumstance was the only loyal one, saw herself on all sides dismembered of her lands.

The organization and the functioning of the League of Nations has made no changes in this state of things. It appears more and more incontestable to every sound-minded man that the pompous institution of Geneva—which in no way merits the name she has arrogated to herself, since she represents only the Foreign Ministers of each country—has had and still has for aims only to make permanent this dismembering sanctioned by the Treaty of Versailles, and to defend the imperialistic interests of the most substantial members. As to her role of bridle to eventual military conflicts, she has done nothing but collect a sensational series of defeats, rebuffs and humiliations and has shown nothing but impotence when she has intervened in that regard.

It is for all these reasons that a future war is nearer to us today than is the last war.

Without entering into all the details of diplomatic intrigues which for the time being entangle, without speaking of plans for new combinations of military alliances (for example Italy seeking to trust the revisionist action for ends which are purely political and for "moral" prestige, if one may say so) let us examine two facts of capital importance—the coalition against

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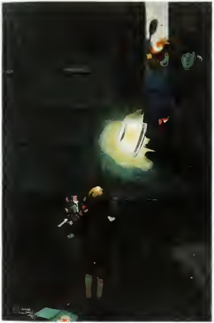

"Merry Christmas, mamma and daddy"

"Please darling, just one kiss then—it's almost daylight now!"

Kismet

Even the Seqaoia cannot change the courses of the stars nor can a man take his own life

by THEODORE DREISER

• ARTICLE •

ONE of the things that has greatly interested me is the attitude of humanity toward life or the creative force. It varies so constantly and greatly from one of immense and even religious adoration of an assumed creator for the privilege of being alive to the other of extreme revolt involving both hatred and despair due to the assumed brutality or indifference and neglect of the force that has put man here and then forgotten him. *"Praise Ye The Lord, Oh Ye Hills and Valleys . . ." "Clap Your Hands and Sing . . ." "My God, My God, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?"*

Lying between these extreme reactions, we find all the gradations that we label, in part content happiness delight and, on the other hand, discontent, depression and despair. And while with some when all goes well, and even when it does not, it takes the form of gratitude, with others, due to the innumerable forms of lack and frustration, it often settles into an unchanging discontent with life itself—its sources and forms. Yet of all the miserable and all the gay, only a minor percentage appears to be willing to put an end to everything with death. Most people moved by that almost indescribable thing called hope, prefer to remain and wait. Their senses, provided, by the way, by the same creative energy of which they complain, fix on a dream of relief and even pleasure to be provided by that same creative source or energy of life. And even though hope may not have the smallest foundation in possibility, still it is sufficient to cause them to persist and endure.

At the same time, among most of the billions and billions who, time without end, march from birth to death, you find no direct thought of creative nature as a basic cause of either human joy or human sorrow. On the contrary, the forces and reactions which make up the countless units we call men and women and more than likely all animals, view not nature as a whole as the source of their pleasures and troubles but rather each other. Blaming or praising now this individual or that, this group or that, this land or that, this government or that, for what is either satisfactory or miserable in their lives. And in that thought or mood, they march out of the particular form of creative energy which they represent into the other and deeper form of it from which only a brief time before they emerged. Whether folly or wisdom, farce or important action, only consider the strangeness of it all . . . the mystery. Little wonder there is endless speculation as to this.

None the less it is a strange thing, astounding really, that the creative force, plus its impulse to assume form, which brings about all that we see, endure or suffer, should at the same time escape either direct praise or blame by so many for all that obviously springs from itself. And not in part, but entirely, since we too with our ills and complaints are an integral part of this larger self. Perhaps it—thinking and acting partly through us—thinks and acts freely or at least carries itself into what we do as expressions of it. Its sense (limited by its own working or total limitations) of freedom of action. Only how minute is that? How slightly, vaguely wilful? Here at this point mind passes into mystery, thought into dream or on the border of it—and truly we become such things as dreams are made of.

Mostly as I see it, we do not *will* but are *willed* to be as well as to act and react. Yet as actions and reactions of this larger thing, we as such energy—an integral part of this total energy, whether we clearly realize it as yet or not—actually assume the responsibility for all that we do or do not do. In other words, we as expressions of it are its impulses, do its deeds and with it, as an integral part of it, carry its responsibility to itself and ourselves.

However, taking my own life as a vantage point and my own sensory responses for what they are worth, I have, for example, constantly formulated such questions as these: If man is not really nature, and therefore a definite and integral projection of the mind or mechanism which it is and if therefore in nature there is no care for man after any fashion whatsoever, why the endless pother involved in his evolution or creation and his sustenance? For these things involve all the beautiful and amazing arrangements of checks and balances whereby either the reality or the illusion of the life of man or, let us say, all earthly Fauna and Flora, is made possible. Consider the seeming magic and subtlety of all the laws of chemistry and physics which necessitously precede, if they do not imply, human life. And granting these and relying upon them, please note all the variations and refinements of forms and structure in creative life, if it is creative, which range from midge to behemoth, from a single vegetable cell to banyan and sequoia, from star to universe. And not only these, but throughout all life the so accurate and changelessly dependable timing of everything to everything in structure and order, place and distance, supply and demand, mood to condition.

And also, insofar as earthly life is concerned, note how each particular form and even species respective to duration as well as condition here is timed in every way, by years, by weight, by form, by sensitivity, speed, sluggishness, motion and all either by intent and permission or some mechanical compulsion or condition which, as the mechanists (at times) would have us believe, has no reason behind it. For myself, of course, I cannot accept this last, since mentally for myself I identify thought and creation as one—creation, or the dream or mode of it, being the only possible alternative or alter ego of thought—both possibly united in timeless existence.

Consider only the billions and billions and billions of separate and particular existences of either one form or of many or even endless forms, yet each and all timed as to the length or duration of their respective stays! And all regulated and repeated—yet without any direct will of their own, but rather the compulsions and self-willed instincts of their ancestors, or nature, which works through both ancestors and their product—our so-called Individual. Billions and billions of midges, as we know, constructed to endure for no more than a second; endless flies and gnats for no more than an hour or a day! For a dog, a dozen years; a man, three score and ten; a tree, a hundred or a thousand years; a horse, twenty-five! A planet—what? A sun—what? A universe—what? We know not and yet must feel that there are limitations of all, for all to all. Furthermore, each duration consistent to a given form! And therewith, the nicety of conditioning or environment, by reason of which and by reason of which alone, each particular species or mass endures or can endure either briefly or long. Do I need to call either chemistry or physics to my aid here?

It was Jacques Loeb, I believe, who

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Havelock Ellis at Seventy-Five

Brilliant study of the renowned Olympian recluse who has lived as beautifully as he has written

by ISAAC GOLDBERG

• ARTICLE •

One of the most-quoted writers of our day, one of the most noted bookmen of his generation, Havelock Ellis is at the same time one of the least "bookish" gentlemen in the world. Removed, ever since childhood, from the hurly-burly of modernity and seemingly out of touch with his fellow-men, he has remained closer to their lives, to their problems, and to their aspirations than any regiment of protesting politicians. A foremost exponent of the contemplative and the aesthetic life, and therefore considered, off-hand, by many, as an archtype of the luxurious and the sybaritic existence, he has lived as simple and even austere a program as any anchorite. Introduced to England through her courts, as a low, scheming sinner, he has devoted himself to his tasks with all the self-abnegation of a saint. The crowning paradox is this: Ellis the journalistic symbol of rampant sex stands forth in all essentials as a paragon of unimpeachable purity.

Grizzled, gaunt—of a build and appearance that have caused some to mistake him for Bernard Shaw; a deep-rooted Englishman of seaman ancestry on both sides, who has nevertheless been taken now for a Frenchman, again for a Russian, and yet again for a scion of Viking stock; eagle-keen of eye, sharp of nose, with hair that has not been black since his fortieth year, but still grows luxuriantly, scrolling across his lofty forehead and flowing from his chin in patriarchal profusion, high-pitched in voice—he is singled out at once as a person of distinction in whose very appearance is evident the seeming paradox that has been his life. If he were any taller, said a woman once, he would reach to heaven, and if he were any thinner, he would become invisible. His features have mysticism as well as sensuality; as Olive Schreiner phrased it, he has a touch of the faun and of the Christ. It is only because of the Englishman's reticence, indeed, and of a fundamental shyness that has characterized him from childhood, that we know less about his relations with this noble woman than, as curious human beings, we should like to know.

I have spoken of the "seeming paradox" that has been Ellis's life. For one of his great services has been to achieve, and to suggest to others, a roundness, a completeness, of interests and activities that reconcile apparent opposites into fruitful harmonies.

This universal spirit has lived, ever since the death of his wife, Edith Lees, alone and self-sufficient. This impractical dreamer has taught charwomen how to build a fire. He has made his own meals with a pardonable culinary pride. He would rather win praise, he has said, for the making of a salad than for the writing of an essay. He has won both. It may have been the disordered digestion from which he suffered as a boy that led him to his very practical interest in diet and cooking. It may equally well have been the disordered world disclosed to his boyhood eyes that made of him a writer.

A writer, not a moralist. His father, a roving sea-captain, who took him around the world as a wide-eyed, delicate youngster under eight, may have provided the pattern for Ellis's breadth of interests. His mother, a religious woman, had the sense not to force conformity upon her brood. She wanted her little Havelock to be a churchman. It was not to be. She had also wanted him to cultivate the social graces, but the future author of *The Dance of Life* would not learn to dance. Nor was he ever to learn. I doubt that Ellis even today owns a dress-suit. He has never been fond of public appearances.

It was not until very late in life that he owned a book collection of any considerable proportions. Nor is he a haunter of libraries. His books have been written, not typewritten. For that matter, all his correspondence is carried on by himself—again the self-sufficiency of the man—and is set down in patient longhand. I have examined manuscript poems of his youth; the handwriting appears mature, and is very little different from the firm, decisive stroke of his old age. His volumes have been composed almost anywhere but where one would have expected them to have been done—on beaches, in primitive shacks on hillsides over abandoned mines in Cornwall. There is about them, from the first, a maturity symbolized by his handwriting. Ellis is of the fortunate few who, from the beginning, have known what they wanted, and have pursued their aims with the relentlessness of natural law, unswerved by obloquy, and equally unseduced by fame.

And the obloquy had come far earlier than the fame. On May 31, 1898, Mr George Bedborough was arrested in London for selling to a detective in disguise, a book that had been pre-condemned as immoral. The seller was responsible, in the eyes of the law, for harboring the "intention of corrupting the morals of Her Majesty's subjects." The book in the case had not been exposed for sale; the police had bought it in a private house, behind closed doors. At the trial, Sir Charles Hall, Recorder of London, cast the work and the author into the sewer. "You might at the outset have been gulled into the belief that somebody might say that this was a scientific book. But it is impossible for anybody with a head on his shoulders to open the book without seeing that it is a pretense and a sham, and that it is merely entered into for the purpose of selling this filthy publication."

The name of the book was *Sexual Inversion*; the name of the author was Havelock Ellis. Thus did Merrie England greet the emergence of a great sexologist. Mr Bedborough, for reasons too devious to consider here, pleaded guilty and was released on his own recognizances. There was no feeling of guilt in Ellis, however. At once he suspended the sale of the book. So much for the charge of sordid gain. The volume, in the fulness of time, grew into the seven tomes of the *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*—a body of report, conjecture, original research and codification that is one of the standard collections of its kind in any tongue.

That trial, however, did something to Ellis. The *Studies* had been planned twenty years before, when Ellis was a boy of nineteen. There had been a long stay in Australia, in the solitude of which Ellis rounded out his character and determined upon his life's work. He had kept a diary, had written that charming idyll, *Kanga Creek*, had published *The New Spirit*, *The Criminal*, *The Nationalization of Health* and, perhaps most important of all, *Man and Woman*. With J. A. Symonds he had issued in German a volume on *Das Contrare Geschlechtsgefühl* (sexual inversion). He had been authorized to practise medicine though he shortly abandoned this activity; he had married in 1891 his brilliant wife, who was as sociable as he was reclusive.

Ellis made up his mind to publish the rest of his studies in sex outside of England. By a pleasant irony they have since that time been issued in the United States. "I do not complain," he wrote twelve years after the trial. "I am grateful for the early and generous sympathy with which my work was received in Germany and the United States and I recognize that it has had a wider circulation both in English and

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A Cup of Coffee

What is microscopic man against the great processional of nature—got a nickel for some coffee, bud?

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

He stood a moment watching two sparrows at the foot of an El pillar. They twittered playfully as though it were spring. The sleeves and turned up collar of his once expensive overcoat were frayed. Opaque, delicate clouds, hung in the glittering winter sky between buildings and Elevated structure, altered slowly in magical mutations. Burbridge watched a jeweller in a window setting in place the delicate cogs of a tiny watch. Too bad one could not go to a jeweller when one's own mechanism needed adjustment. He studied the charts outside the agencies.

Man and wife for country, seventy-five and found. "Found" was board, perhaps. Cook, city. Bus boy. Were they the young men who drove the busses? Dishwasher, must be experienced. Cork salesman, out of town. What good were these to an ex-successful insurance broker? He dropped his hand into a pocket and came up with some greasy old cards. They all read, barely discernible: *Burbridge R. Ford, Insurance, Real Estate.* Smiling somewhat ironically, Burbridge tore them into little bits and tossed them into the bright wind.

Double feature and vaudeville, the yellow pennant outside the theatre said. *Smiling In The Rain.* Past the Library and into the street of shops. Genuine diamonds and platinum, $3,600. Hard, cold, brilliantly distant, like winter stars. Auction. Selling Out. Burbridge tried to picture the sort of person who was qualified to survive in this mad new world. He watched the long, slim, shiny cars scuttle away with purring gears when the light changed to green.

There was a square wooden chair in the window of an antique shop, price $280. He made sure of his nickel and went down into the subway. Hunger was several rats gnawing at the lining of his stomach. It was nice and warm down here. He hibernated in one of those motorman's cubby holes. Burbridge tried suspending the pains of cerebration. He was quite successful. East Indian ascetics achieved Nirvana after deliberate periods of starvation.

Now it was early morning again. The harsh brakes ground to a screeching halt, and then the train moved on to jerk to a standstill at the next station: deserted platforms whose glaring lamps ripped his eyes awake periodically, like the studied torture of some medieval inquisitor. Voluptuous Nirvana had left him. The crashing clank of steel wheels on rails underground echoed and re-echoed in his brain. He saw the day down. Cold rode up through his spine. The little round glass holes in the ceilings of the stations had grown a pale and sickly grey.

If only his neck didn't ache so badly. The man shook himself and wiped his face with his hands. His stubble of beard had grown. There would be no meal at all this morning. He waited at the doors for the next station. Early workers hurried in and out of dreary little cafeterias. He understood that he must walk if he were to achieve stimulation. He looked about. Downtown. He sought one of the more sheltered streets—Pearl.

Pearl wanders in circles and becomes interesting even to the shivering Burbridge. This must be old. The buildings are black and deep brown from age. Their architecture is different from any he has seen in the city. The El overhead thunders periodically, and the shadow of the Bridge looms like a giant monument over a grave.

An overwhelming odor assailed his nostrils. It made his chest and stomach ache. A brown, thick smell, sweet and cloying. Oh—coffee! Coffee roasting. Something crept insidiously into that aroma, something foreign and elusive. Wood burning? No. Not fish. It—ah, leather. That was it. Fresh raw leather.

Fresh raw leather. There was a quality vital and meaty about the thought of fresh raw leather. An urchin played on the street already. What hovel amongst these decrepit manufactories of an older day had birthed and spewed forth this insignificant organism? The ragged child played blithely in the cold wind with a puppy as nondescript, and as gayly unconscious of it, as himself.

A new smell. This time it was fish . . . no: cheese. He located the building from which the odor emanated. A legend said, *Hog and Beef Casings.* What were casings? On the next building a sign read, *Imports.* A huge truck was being unloaded by two husky men in leathern aprons who perspired freely in spite of the weather. What the wooden boxes and casks contained was unmistakable. Spices. Strong, pungent, sensual spices.

Summoning courage he called to the workmen, "Need a helper, mister?" One of the men looked up and shook his head. "Nope," he said. "Nuttin' open here. *Jer* try Schenkt nex' store? They might kin need a guy." He thanked the man and climbed the wooden steps of the other building. A young man who was labelling long wooden boxes with brush and stencil told him there was nothing there. He went on.

The street twisted again. He looked in the window of a little Spanish store. It was full of enticing delicacies—crown olives as big as plums, sugared bonbons, small flagons of syrup, wine jugs with tiny spouts, olive oil in tins and bottles, glacéd fruit, brown figs, anchovies, spiced sugar and a myriad things besides which he thought he would better not dwell upon. Finally a new smell. This time it was unmistakable, too: wine. Sour pungent wine fermenting. Street of Smells, he thought. A street a hungry man should have avoided. On past warehouses . . . My God! Chianti wines, lychee nuts, oysters, chestnuts, plums, soy beans, ginger, peanut oil, shrimp, pickled melons, lotus nuts, pigeons, cherries in brine, almonds . . . And coffee.

Hot wide plains of Brazil. Sao Paulo. Picked, selected, bagged and sailing down a tropical river on the deck of a sidewinder. A seaport city—Santos, say: sleepy, white, steaming in the sun, fat ladies speaking rapid Portuguese, men in white with colored sashes, regular-featured Negroes. A long grey ship with rubber, too, for Coffee, stormtossed off the Hatteras Cape, and then New York. Docked, winches squealing, sweating workmen unloading trucks in Pearl Street. Roasted, ground, tinned, shipped to an uptown warehouse. Bought, percolated, and a maid said, "Your coffee, sir," as the gentleman studied the chart of commodity prices in the back of the *New York Times.* Romance, and miracle of modern civilization.

Burbridge fancied one thing detracted, more or less, from the charm of the romance, and made the miracle of modern civilization somewhat less impressive. He didn't have a nickel to buy a cup of this romantic aromatic beverage.

Pearl Street curled out and opened into Battery Park. The wind whipped the bay and sharp startled whitecaps foamed out of the dead green sea. A ferry waddled uninterested, toward Brooklyn. The Statue of Liberty maintained a blank serenity, her tremendous forearm untired, her unwavering stare undisturbed by the humanity stewing in the soup-pot at her feet. The scarred Jersey shore, docked, factoried, as ugly as a burned forest, stuck out of the water unashamed and unconcerned. Staten Island sprawled on its back like a retired prostitute reading a novel in bed—a placid lady who has retained the shell of her attraction and who still shows her gum with fervor. A lifeless sea-gull floats over the water, finds the wind too rough and comes to rest on a nice cement bastion. A man sells frankfurters.

Burbridge turned up Broadway. The great buildings are like a giant's mouth here. He had a silly thought. The cost of the smallest marble slab in any of these towering monoliths would end the hunger that contracted his stomach, would clothe his body in warmth. Stone! You couldn't grub in the earth for food here. This world was made for people who could digest stone,

LITHOGRAPH BY JOHN GROTH

turn it to money, make it earn food and clothes and cars, luxuries and delicacies—coffee. You needed coffee in this world of stone. It softened the hard surfaces of the soul, warmed the blood in the veins. It relaxed the muscles, stiff as the steel girders in the marble giants, sent life pulsing through one's body.

Five cents for a cup of coffee. A hundred men, sorted by inexorable process from the world's work, had drifted up to him at one time or another and, with varying degrees of deprecation, had mumbled, "Y' got fi' cents for a cup o' coffee, mister?" With the coins he had given them he might now have dined and drunk—dined on red beef and drunk the coffee of Java itself. Five cents for a cup of— Could he go up to this man, for instance, and say, "Let me have five cents for a cup of coffee, will you, sir?" No, naturally. Why should anyone give him five cents? He looked up in the sky and saw his painted clouds of yesterday. Their creamy edges glinted in the sun. He walked on, his eyes searching them for new shapes and figures into which they might change. A chromium plated bear and a man with a reel catching fish and a flock of white-fleeced animals running before a shepherd.

Burbridge was terribly hungry. His feet controlled him now. They were taking him to a place an old tramp had told him about a few days ago. He was no longer conscious of anything but hunger and the cold. His drooping personality, he was sure, merged well enough with these bums, misfits, characterless individuals. They all fell with gusto upon the medley of swill the filthy erstwhile waiters excavated from greasy cauldrons and plopped onto the tin plates of the city's milling guests. Gulping the fatty slum there was the same air of unsmiling gratitude on their faces one sees in the eyes of jungle beasts in the zoo. This life-giving stuff guaranteed them membership in the human race for at least another twenty-four hours.

An older and a young man settled easily at their table and Burbridge unconsciously absorbed their serious argument and complaint. "You gittin' it free, ain't you?" snuffed the old man through the hazy blanket of brown gravy. "They ain't astin you to work, are they?"

"No, they ain't astin me to work. What they astin me to do is sell me birt'right fer a mess of pottage. I'm a citizen, I am. I been votin' in this here town all me life." He had to extricate a piece of gristle from between two teeth before he went on. "Still, when I goes up to see this guy, this feller up now in the Multiple Buildin', what's he say, huh?"

The old man, lapping up the liquid slum with a chunk of bread in one artfully continuous circular motion, inquired innocently, "Well, what's he say?"

"What's he say! He asts me am I got a letter from the Commissioner. The Commissioner! I lass in his face. I says if I know the Commissioner what the hell he think I comin' up here astin fer relief fer?"

"Well, what'd he say?" repeated the listener.

"Gimme one o' them stalls. 'Mister O'Connor,' he says, 'I should only be too delightful to take your name an' address.' My name an' address!"

"Well, what'd you say?"

"I tole him he could tak my name and if I had a address why in a name o' jumpin' jeeses I comin' all a way down here t' see him."

"So what's he say then?"

This too-innocent repetition on the part of the old bum sounded suspiciously like a bit of mild raspberry, so Mr. O'Connor lapsed into somewhat peevish silence, if his manner of sucking stew could be called that.

There was an accident. Burbridge felt some lost excitement within himself stir to the short-lived confusion. A tall ugly mun-

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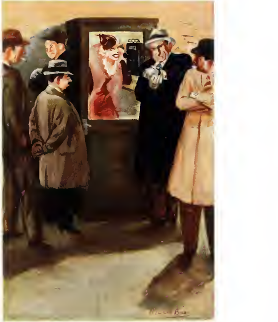

ENEMIES OF MAN No. 9: THE THROAT YOU'D LOVE TO CHOKE

"Yeah yes, uh-huh so then whadshe tell'm? She did?" *—the man on the left wants to report a stolen car—* "and then whadee say? Reeeeely? Oh no he didn—didee reely?" *—the short man was supposed to take up an option ten minutes ago—* "Well that only goes ta show ya, don't it? Well, whadelse ya know? Oh nothin much!" *—the reporter in the background has a flash to give his city desk—* "Yeah I thought so. Where you goin? Whaddoya gonna wear?" *—the man in the blue coat is anxious to know the condition of his wife in the hospital—* "Well it's sorta like a bolero only more like a cape sorta, and you can leave it off when you wanna be more formal yeah I thought so" *—the man on the right has a bid to phone in on a deal involving $480 commission—* "Well whynt ya wear the brown one then, you know, yeah that's the one if I was you I'd wear the brown one yeah, I would, yeah I'd wear the brown one if I was you."

A Place to Lay One's Head

No room at the inn . . . a situation with an implicit challenge to the traveler to find a room or make one

by WALDO FRANK

• FICTION •

The night was like warm wine, his bag was light. As he stepped from the tiny station, he spurned the boy and the motorbus which plied to the one hotel, four miles away on the sea—I'll walk. He wanted the night; he wanted to put off, as long as might be, the dull impersonal hotel room from which this murmurous summer would be barred: in which there would be nothing but sleep.

Sleep on such an evening in June! He walked under trees awake with leafy song. Fire-flies were spangling star-lits. And in the heaven, the stars were fire-flies.

When at last he saw the face of the hotel within the pines he rebelled that the hour's walk was over. The trees were a rebuke to his leaving them: warm, they enfolded him and tried to keep him. "Why not lie down with us?" He was tempted. He could make a pillow of the velvet lichen running on the roots of a hemlock. He could turn his face to the stars and the sea. With the pulse of the universe upon his eyes, he could close his eyes and let dream's little universe rhythm within the great one, who him and take him.

But while he wondered why he did not stay and sleep with the night, he had stepped up the hotel porch and opened the door. The place seemed deserted. In the narrow lobby there was no guest.

Two hooded lamps shadowed the panels of raw pine, cast brooding bits of darkness on a table littered with magazines and papers and on the rush-chaired nooks. Silence. Night was compressed in this room: its whisperings and songs crushed out. Night, here, was distilled into a heady liquor. He turned to escape. A thirst was in him for the cool cadence of outdoors. He did not like this hotel. He would go to the trees.

"Are you looking for some one, sir?"

His eyes turned, almost guiltily, toward the voice. Behind a desk, close to a lamp, in a corner of the room stood a girl. He hesitated—from the open door came the breath of pines and the Pacific. Then he no longer heard. He shut the door and stepped nearer to the girl.

"Pardon me," he said. "Of course! I'm looking for a room."

"Oh, you missed the bus? What a pity! You walked?"

"It is not a pity. I liked the walk."

His gaze began to confuse from the vague revery of his hour with the wind and the trees: still, he scarce saw the girl—he saw merely that she looked at him.

"I hope it is not too late," he went on quickly, "to disturb you—for a room."

She was silent. Then quite simply she repeated:

"It is a pity that you missed the bus."

He put her down for the usual country clod with no taste for anything but cars and city styles.

"You *have* a room?" He wanted to get away—why don't I go?

"I'm sorry," she said. "It is a pity. There is no room."

Then he first saw her: a chestnut cloud of hair over her eyes. She wore a waist flimsy and cool about the warm firm breast. Her arms were bare.

"No room?"

"There were four guests with the bus. And we had just four rooms. It's a pity, sir. If you had taken the bus . . . if you had stepped in quicker than one of the others."

He was close now to the desk; he placed his right hand on it. "This is a problem." He had forgotten the inviting trees. Beside his hand was hers upon the wood. Her hand was an active presence: it disturbed the quiet of his own, making him conscious of it. He strummed on the wood.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing, sir. It is a pity."

"No other hotel hereabouts?"

"At the station—across from it—the postmistress might take you in." She looked up and added: "—if she is not asleep."

"I might phone at once."

"She is very deaf. If she's asleep, you'll never wake her."

"Ah-ah." He thrummed with his fingers, grew aware of it. She took her hand away; he withdrew his.

"I might leave my bag and walk back. How many miles is it?"

"If you came," her voice was oddly clear as if she talked to convince some stupid child, "—if you came by the wood road, you walked four miles. There's a path by the sea that is six. A lovelier way."

Both had forgotten his suggestion of the phone and he the rebuking, inviting, sensuous trees.

There was silence: easy as if it were natural that he should pause ere he came to a decision on a weighty matter. His mind flew to these—any move. Then he saw again . . . and alone . . . the girl who with a smile polite but visibly indulgent doubtless waited his going. He had forgotten utterly the woods: there was no outside. The room was alive, and close about them.

"Not a nook for me, *anywhere*?" he said.

"Not anywhere," she answered slowly.

"And all your guests have gone to bed?"

"We are early sleepers here, sir. The night train is the last event of the day. Mail is not distributed till morning."

He held his hat in his left hand; he placed it on the desk. And his left hand, falling beside it, began again to strum the wood. The beat of the fingers was periodic, subtle . . . somewhat like telegraphic jottings. He felt beside his hand a presence that displaced it. He looked: her hand lay demurely at her edge of the desk. He watched her hand, and there came from it, through his hand to him a tension bittersweet; soon, an intolerable tension.

"If you were kind," he heard his words come dry; he was outside his words, and they amazed him, "if you were kind you would not, at this hour, send me walking six miles back—to a deaf woman's door."

There was no saliva in his mouth; yet what he said seemed to concern him only mildly, as if it were a formula with a foregone conclusion.

"You would take me in. You would find—you would give me a place to lay my head." The room was breathing with them. His voice, clear as dry twigs, amazed him.

"You have a room?"

There an instant were his words between his eyes and hers; then his words were gone, as if her eyes had absorbed them.

Her face turned to a little stair behind her.

"Go up there, and wait."

Her face had been but a post to show the way. There was no feeling in it, no recognition. He took his hat, leaving his bag at the desk.

It was not the guest-stair. It was a dark backstair that turned, half way, so that the upper hall was black. In the hallstrath below, a mere crack of light. He stood motionless in the black, and he waited.

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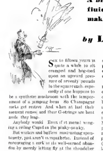
"Mr. Davidson! . . . Oh, Mr. Davidson! . . . It's 1935—blow the horn!"

Pop Goes the Wassail

A brief biography of a snobbish fluid used by King Edward to make a lion do a champagne waltz

by LAWTON MACKALL

• ARTICLE •



Six to fifteen years is quite a while to sit cramped and hog-tied upon an upward pressure of seventy pounds to the square inch, especially if one happens to be a synthetic mushroom with the temperament of a jumping bean. So Champagne corks get restive. And when at last their moment comes and their G-strings are bent aside, they leap.

Anybody would. Even if it meant winging a ceiling Cupid in the pinky-panky.

But waiters and butlers, mistrusting spontaneity, just aren't sympathetic. Instead of encouraging a cork in its well-earned abandon by merrily letting fly at the chandelier (*crash, tinkle tinkle*) or scoring a carom off a mural onto a bald head and into a décolletage (sir?) or, by a neat mortar shot toward the orchestra, plopping a frog-in-the-throat in the big tuba—instead of coöperating in any such *beau geste*, these disapprovers quash ambition with a napkin, shut down on the performance as though it were indecent. From the way they act, and the furtive yet disciplinary tricks they resort to, you would think the pop of a Champagne cork was a Rude Sound unfit for polite ears. What might have been a lusty salute is squelched into a mere stifled *pfff*.

The excuse is that unless controlled, some of the wine is apt to make a getaway geyserishly; and there is truth in the contention—especially manifest when Champagne is opened in a locality high above sea-level. For mountain atmosphere, as a friend of mine discovered on a certain fizzy occasion, offers feebler resistance to egress.

This lad, going on a picnic for two in the Maritime Alps back of Nice, brought along a bottle of Reims goods as a wooing aid. He wanted the party to be a real idyl, and everything seemed propitious. The panorama was perfect, the grass was green and comparatively free from ants, and the air was sunny—"like Champagne," as they say. But when proudly our hero produced his bottle and untwisted its muzzle, all that he and the poor girl got of it was the echo. For the contents had pursued the cork out into the landscape quicker than you could say "Ah!"

While blow-outs as complete as that are rare at sea level or within fifty or a hundred stories of it by elevator, nevertheless the explosiveness of this rip-snorting, devil-may-worry wine is ever to be reckoned with, otherwise in its bubbly disregard of expense a dollar's worth may get squizzled away. The fact is, Champagne seems to feel as squandery of itself as people feel toward it. Any thrifty Scot with a passion for it must suffer the tortures of the damned—unless perchance he does his opening under a special dome and over a funnel so that no drop escapes.

But there are plenty of Champagne pangs right here in the United States, due to the cruel and unnatural import duty—eighteen dollars per case—assessed for the crime of being found to contain bubbles. The rough idea is that only the wealthy have any occasion to need a sparkling wine, which, flatteringly enough, puts me in the wealthy class. Now all I need for fifty-two cases a year, preferably 1915 vintage, is the wealth. As matters stand, not having had any Champagne since a couple of times last week (some 1926 and some 1928) I'm puzzled to know whether this republic is a democracy or whether it's a Snobbery wherein we wealthies get all the fizz—all of it we can beg, borrow or purloin—and the general public (serfs to us) isn't permitted to hope for any.

If this apparent Caste System remains fixed and unbeatable, the French themselves will be to blame, with their talk of '*le vin du High Life*'—which they pronounce '*Ig Leef*' so inimitably. Did they ever merchandise Champagne to our Junior Order of Mechanics? *Non!* Did they ever bother to exert sales pressure upon the little pants-presser around the corner? *Non!* Did any of their suave agents ever 'entertain a party of friends' at the Firemen's Ball in Oskaloosa? *Jamais!*

On the contrary these social finessemen, riding high, wide and *distingué* on princely expense accounts, held their wine-gospel meetings at such places as the old *Waldorf*, the *Knickerbocker*, *Delmonico's*, *Sherry's*, *Churchill's*, *Shanley's*, the *Plaza*, the *Brevoort*, the *Lafayette*, *Mouquin's* and *Jack's*. And ditto in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and other centers of upper-bracket spending. The roster of our financial betters was plugged till it dripped.

But the basic job had been done in Paris a good many years before, when Champagne was taught to a British gentleman by the name of Edward, not yet Rex, who liked to slip over on little hookies from his majestic mater's apron-strings. This blonde sparklingness seemed different from Queen Victoria, and somehow he fancied it a lot, with the result that upon his accession to the throne bubbles broke out everywhere—he and they creating an era of good feeling such as Europe hadn't known. Resplendent and radiating Peace, His Majesty progressed from capital to capital in a grand orbit of visitation while populaces thrilled and gentlemen of the pantry laid out the gold plate. Magnums detonated at his approach, *jeroboams* (three times as large, equivalent to six bottles) boomed, and Amity conquered all—even snooty Pierre Loti, lionized novelist and Britain-panner, urbanely put on the spot with:

"So you are the Frenchman who hates England?"

"Already I am beginning to hate it less, your Majesty," said Loti, acknowledging a Greater Lion. And he panned no more.

Over here we toppled automatically. King Edward's wine (formerly just a jolly something that burped) took rank as Grand Moistener or Boiled Bosoms' Delight, with every dowager dishing it. In mazuma mansions it was the Buckingham Palace touch, imparting tone. Ships and debs were launched with it. It sweetened sweeties, youthened ideas, closed deals, stocked yachts and buoyed the briny with empties. Stags scented it from afar, kittenish females got purry over it as though catnipped. Jewelled Jim Brady speeded its flow up and down Broadway, the nigger-rich waded in it, and Miss Anna Held, renderess of *I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave*, was alleged to have had a bath in it.

"Beer Pocketbooks" sponged as they could.

Looking back to that Edward VII-Roosevelt I Era of Champagne drinking which laid the now-being-excavated foundations of our fizz endeavors today, and which, according to many, would "bear repetition," one thing stands out fondly glamorously: the bucket. Ah, its scuttle allure! Bouquets can be argued over, and the bigger the taster the more he'll disagree with all other tasters; but a bucket—there she stands—is where we laymen come in.

Comfortingly, Champagne *has* a bucket. Snarky-looking. All frosted up. With *that* dramatizing your iciness, you can almost pity room-temperature people and slightly-cooled people with their tame table wines—bottles that camp crummily on the cloth, while yours— — How different! *Your* bottle has background, setting, restricted neighborhood, the right influences to bring out its personality. Splurging in

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Them Ducks

Take your stop-watch in your hand, gather your stags 'round your duck-press and—surprise!

by JAMES M. CAIN

• ARTICLE •

The first thing you must get through your head, if you are plotting a wild duck dinner, is that there is something silly about the whole rite. You simply cannot get away with it if you do it as you would do an ordinary dinner, with your wife at one end of the table, yourself at the other, and rows of politely dressed ladies and gentlemen in between. You try that, and you are in for a flop. The reason is that some of these people will show their manners by ignoring your hocus-pocus, others will show their sense of humor by giggling at it, and all of them will show a lamentable ignorance as to what it is all about. Bow your head, then, to reality. Banish dressing. Banish politeness. Banish women. In other words, keep your eye on this central principle: when it comes to something faintly absurd, as this is, the male gender has a much greater capacity for punishment than the female, a much greater inclination to accept it with becoming solemnity—so that you should make the thing stag.

Moreover, when you pick your stags, pick those who are epicures, or think they are. It may seem risky, if this is your first try at it, to submit your efforts to the judgment of such critics, but really it is not. You see, when you take them out and look at them, there ain't no such animules as epicures. They are their own optical illusion. They have no such knowledge as they imagine they have, for no such knowledge exists. You are perfectly safe with them, then, for they will be owlishly patient if something goes sour, will nod sagely and mutter encouragingly even if you have to do it all over again, and thus confer an agreeable air of importance on the show. And when it is all over, they will give you applause more satisfactory than you could get from anybody else. For when you come right down to it, there are only two ways in which they can exhibit their imaginary diplomas: one, by saying everything is lousy; two, by saying everything is great. Well, saying everything is lousy doesn't get them anywhere. It is a theme, somehow, that doesn't orchestrate; it brings the curtain down with a bang, and then they have to talk about something else. But saying everything is great—there's a theme. It goes places, invites comparisons, permits them to set the way you do it beside the way it was done at a little restaurant in Copenhagen, and of course Copenhagen leads to Paris, and Paris to Warsaw, and Warsaw to Hong Kong, with its incomparable shark-fin soup. It's all talk, but when the cigars finally come you will have a warm, expansive feeling, will think of yourself as a chevalier-at-large in a wide, wide world, will be established as a *bonvivant* who knows how to cut up ducks, and really knows.

So much, then, for the general approach; we shall now take up the thing itself. I warn you that it is appallingly expensive, at least in initial outlay, although once that has been made, game ducks don't cost much more than any other kind of ducks. First, then, you will have to go to a restaurant supply house and get yourself a duck press. This will cost you about $20, and you will have to have it. Ducks without a duck press are like turkey without cranberry sauce: possible, but hardly conceivable. You will have to get a chafing dish, if you haven't one already, and this will set you back something too. Be sure to get one with a controllable flame. And, of course, you will have to get the ducks. If you have friends who shoot, they will often give you some, just to make you feel like a poor relative; if not, a few discreet inquiries at your favorite restaurant,

for instance, will usually put you on the track of some. They have laws about ducks, you see, and sometimes a little money has to pass, but if you mean it, you can get them. Out West, they raise Mallards from eggs, and no laws are involved in these at all. It is heretical to say so, but I don't see much difference between Mallards raised in a coop and Mallards shot on a creek. If they are properly fed, they have an excellent flavor, and there is this to be said for them: you can get them when you want them.

When you have connected with the ducks, make up your party. I suggest that you under-invite, rather than over-invite. Three ducks, theoretically, will serve six persons, but I would only invite three besides yourself. The extra duck will do for second helpings, and there will be an impression of plenty that a duck dinner all too frequently lacks. Now then, arrange for the rest of your dinner. For soup, I would serve clear green turtle. It smacks of salt water and yet isn't outright fishy. Have good big plates of it, and hop it up well with sherry: a duck dinner should be very winey from the outset. There is one danger with this soup: the cook, when she puts the wine in, commonly neglects to give it time to heat before serving, so that it often comes in cold. See that it comes in hot. You don't make it, by the way, by buying a 150-pound turtle and boiling it. It comes in cans, at fancy groceries, and in any of the standard brands is as good as it ever gets.

After the soup, shoot the duck. That is what they came for, and you shouldn't delay it with a fish course, or a lobster course, or any other course you may have heard of, just to be fancy. Furthermore, it is essential that they be reasonably hungry by the time the duck comes on. For one vegetable, fried hominy is obligatory. For another, wild rice is not obligatory, but expected. For another, sweet potatoes do very well, but don't have them candied, as this will mix up a plate already pretty well-smeared with sauce. Currant jelly is also put on the table. A salad is a good idea, but it should be simple: romaine, lettuce, endive, or cress with a French dressing. For dessert, you can't do better than an ice, and the tarter and simpler the better, as a quick change from the heavy eating that has gone before. For wine, you can get by with a dry sherry, but I don't recommend it. The whole dinner is a little on the sherry side, and I think a red Burgundy is much better. Be sure it is imported: there is no sense in going to all this trouble, and then louse your show up with a domestic wine that may turn out quite different from what you expected. All our American wines are very spotty, and this is no time for idle experiment. Champagne, as they are just finishing the duck, is permissible, but again I don't recommend it. It is a little amateurish, too much of a good thing: your gang will be a little relieved if they don't have to tackle it. Get still Burgundy. That dreadful

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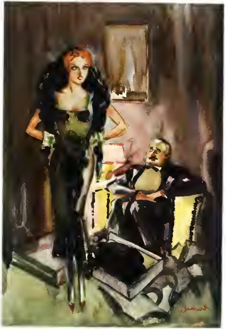

"Sable hell, that's skunk!"

The Aromatic Friend

Even a skunk is not to be sniffed at when a man is in need of staunch support

by EDWARD P. BORDEN

• HUMOR •

Henry Bennet knew he did not have a very strong head. A single cocktail before dinner put him on his guard against making statements he could not prove. Mrs. Bennet made him prove everything he said. So, when he became annoyed at the yacht club dance and went below to the bar, he was hailed as a stranger and a diversion.

"What are you doing down here?" asked Harry Shute.

"I came down because I was bored."

"Hard to believe," said Shute. "What bored you?"

"My wife won't dance with me."

"Dance with some one else. The trouble with you is that you neglect to call your soul your own."

"Neglects?" another man laughed. "He can't."

"I said neglect," said Shute. "If he stood up for his rights, it would scare his wife to death."

Bennet thought of Mrs. Shute, a poor bedraggled creature who waited every Saturday night until Shute got ready to go home, usually long after the dancing had stopped. Bennet could have been very happy with that type of woman. Mrs. Bennet and Shute would have murdered each other.

"Listen, Henry. I'm not telling you a lot of hooey. No sir. I'm giving you the straight-out. Do you want to be boss in your household?" Shute was in that mood.

"I am boss," said Henry.

"You are not. How come your wife just told you to sell your papers while she dances with that lion-shooter? Phooey to him. The guides shoot the lions. The hunters skin them, that's all."

"I agree," said Bennet.

"The thing for you to do," said Shute, "is to disagree with everything your wife says. Make it a regular practice for a week."

A steward leaned over Bennet's shoulder and said, "Mrs. Bennet sent me to tell you she is ready to go home now."

"Tell her I'll be right up."

"Tell her nothing of the sort," said Shute. "Tell her Mr. Bennet is drinking with friends and he'll be up when he gets good and ready. If you tell her anything else I'll skin you."

"Yes, sir."

"Gosh," said Bennet, "I'm in trouble now."

"You bet your sweet life you are." Shute beamed around the room. "I've got you in a hole and you'll have to fight your way out. Am I right, boys?" He was a wife-baiter.

"You are," came the chorus.

"Now, Henry, how about buying a round? The advice you've just gotten is worth a fortune."

"All right." Bennet wondered what Mrs. Bennet would say when she saw a charge for six or seven dollars for "bar." But after all it was his money. Just because their capital had dwindled a little during the depression was no reason he couldn't spend a few dollars if he wanted. Things weren't as bad as that, and because *she* wouldn't have children there would be no one to leave it to but *her* niece. What was *her* club bill last month? Fifty-eight dollars, not counting bridge losses. The hell with her. He could sign a check now and then.

"I've got to go," he said. "The wife's waiting."

"Let her wait."

"Henry!" said Mrs. Bennet from the top of the stairs. "*I* want to go home. Stop drinking and come right away." Her crisp executive voice left the impression that there could be no other opinion in the matter.

Bennet would have said "Yes, dear," if Shute hadn't looked him straight in the eye. Instead he said, "I have to sign this check. I'll be up in a minute." A little executive crispness had crept into his own voice. Ladies don't go into bars, and he was annoyed.

"Hurry. I want to get home now." Mrs. Bennet was not pleased. Bennet finished his drink quietly and with leisure, as befitted a buyer of rounds. Then he signed his check, said his good nights and drove the car to the door, where he honked loudly.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Bennet, "that you might have a little regard for others. Drinking with Harry Shute! Do you think I'm going to wait for you like she does for him?"

"It would do you good," said Bennet.

"What did you say?"

"I said it would do you good to wait once in awhile."

"Are you drunk?"

"No. I am slightly exhilarated."

"I thought so. Do you know what it means to me to have you going around getting drunk?"

"I don't go around getting drunk."

He took the turn to the right.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm taking the shortest way home."

"This is *not* the shortest way."

"Charlotte, it *is* the shortest way. It has been the shortest way ever since we were married. It will be the shortest way until we die. Maybe after that, too. I don't care."

"You're *drunk!*"

"I am not drunk. I said that before. We will not discuss it further."

Mrs. Bennet lapsed into a furious silence. It was hopeless trying to talk to him in any such condition. She would have a few things to say when he sobered up.

"Look out!"

The left front fender struck the stone gate-post at the entrance to their drive.

"I saw a skunk," he said.

"You saw nothing of the sort."

"*I saw a skunk in the drive.* Get it?"

"*I* didn't see it."

"*I say I saw a skunk in the drive. There was a skunk in the drive!*"

"All right, all right. You saw a skunk. You've ruined the car."

"Poor skunk. Might have hungry baby skunks. Wouldn't do to kill it."

"Get out and see how much damage you've done."

"Not me. It's a skunk."

"It was a cat. Are you going to make me sit here all night?"

"Not a bad idea. Maybe you'd be more pleasant afterward."

Mrs. Bennet in a towering rage descended from the car and walked toward the house. Bennet eroded. He found the flashlight and flashed the light back. A skunk was coming toward him. He, too, left for the house.

As he mounted the porch steps the front door slammed in front of him. He should worry, he had a key. "And that's about all I have got around here," he said aloud.

Charlotte would tell everyone for years about the night he got drunk and smashed up the car. She probably wouldn't speak to him for days, excepting, of course, the biting remarks she would make at the breakfast table. He quietly slipped out of his bed and went into his dressing-room, closing the door very gently so as not to wake Mrs. Bennet. He didn't remember ever being as unhappy.

The fender on the car wasn't much damaged. A good pull put it back where it belonged and you could hardly tell that it had been bent. If he could have gone forward there wouldn't have been that awful scraping noise. Oh, well. He would run down and get the Sunday papers.

A skunk was sitting in the car!

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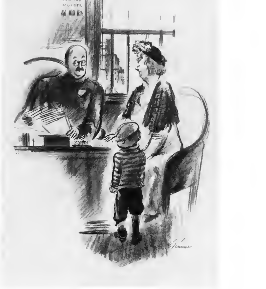

"His sister's fer puttin' him in a reform school but I wants him to be near his old man"

All Things Come of Age

A modern parable of the rabbit and the weasel with fear and hunger playing the Greek chorus

by LIAM O'FLAHERTY

• FICTION •

The baby rabbit was sitting in the sun just by the entrance to his burrow. He was half asleep. His big ears sloped along his back and his sides heaved gently with his breathing. Now and again a slight breeze came up from the stream, raised the brown fur on his side and made silver furrows in it. When the breeze touched him, he sniffed the air and wanted his mother to come and feed him.

He was now big enough to graze for his own food along the fertile bank of the stream, but all his brothers and sisters had been killed by a weasel and for that reason there was still enough milk in his mother's drying udder to feed him. So he had not yet been forced to pluck the short blades of grass with his teeth and chew them. All he did was to come out of his burrow, hop about in the sun, smelling the ground or sit attentively listening to sound, until something menacing came to his ears and he dived into his burrow for shelter.

At the moment, there was perfect peace by the bank of the stream. The sun was still at its height, although it was long past noon. It shone full on the waterfall, that poured with a wild, sad murmur from a narrow gorge, lined with a thick growth of flowering heather. Like a widespread horse's mane, the water poured from the gorge, thick and brown at its base, where it was coloured by the earth and heather and then, falling, it widened out into a silver sheet. There was a long deep pool below the fall. Flies skimmed its surface and trout leaped at their gaudy wings. At the near end of the pool, just beneath where the little rabbit dozed, there was a line of boulders thrown across the stream. A wild duck stood on one leg in a hollow between two of the boulders. The duck was asleep, with its bill tucked under one wing.

All was still, except for the drowsy music of the waterfall. Some time ago, when the duck swooped down, quacking, onto the boulders, the little rabbit had taken fright and darted into his burrow. But when he peered out again and watched the duck for a long time, as it fed in the stream, prodding with its beak, he became used to the bird and feared it no more. Now it was asleep and it had become part of the surroundings. There was nothing to be seen of it between the boulders, except its flashing wing feathers and a little of its yellow beak.

Suddenly the duck awoke and withdrew its bill from beneath its wing. It raised its neck and turned its head from side to side, listening. Then it began to bob its head and put both feet on the ground. It moved a little to one side, jerking its head and its tail. Then it quacked. It was a low quack, scarcely audible, but it startled the little rabbit. He became wide awake and moved. At first he laid his ears flat along his back and bent down low to the earth on his stomach. Then he raised himself gradually, thrust forward his ears and listened. He watched the duck.

Now the duck was very excited and began to quack continuously. Shaking its gullet, it paddled about on the boulder, taking tiny steps. The little rabbit became very curious, because he failed to discover the cause of the bird's unrest. There was neither sound nor smell. He raised himself on his haunches, thrust his ears as far forward as he could and let his forelegs drop along his breast. He listened and watched intently. He began to get afraid.

Then the duck uttered a loud quack and swept from the boulders with a great swishing of its wings. It swung in a half circle and then shot upwards into the sky, gathering speed as it rose, until it disappeared over a clump of trees farther down the bank of the stream. The rabbit dropped his forelegs to the ground and gathered himself together to make a dive into his burrow. Yet he did not move. The swoop of the duck and the loud swishing of its wings had so startled him that he could not move. So he remained where he was, crouching.

And then as he lay crouching, he began to feel afraid. It was the same feeling he experienced a few days previously, when his last remaining brother, having hopped into the clump of briars on the left, had suddenly begun to scream. There was a strange feeling in the air, the nearness of a sinister force, that prevented movement. At that time, however, he had been able to move after a little while and run into his burrow. Now it was different.

The sinister feeling increased. There was absolute silence and there was nothing strange to smell and yet he felt the approach of the sinister force, something unknown and monstrous. In spite of himself, although he wanted awfully to hide from it, he looked in the direction whence he sensed the approach of the enemy. His head shook violently as he glanced towards the boulders that lay across the stream. And then he began to scream. A weasel was crossing the line of boulders.

The baby rabbit had never before seen a weasel, but the long brown body, that moved with awful speed, making no sound, drove him crazy with horror. The weasel paused in the middle of the stream, raised his powerful head and stared at the rabbit, his wicked eyes fixed. And then, keeping his head raised and his eyes on his prey, he glided like a flash to the bank. He disappeared for a fraction of a second behind a stone in his path and then appeared again, standing against the little stone, staring fixedly. Now his powerful head, raised above the long brown barrel of his body, was like the boss of a hammer, poised to strike. The rabbit's screaming became wilder. He was now completely in the brute's power, mesmerized by the staring eyes and by the sinister presence.

The weasel, having mesmerized his prey, was on the point of gliding forward to his meal of blood, when the baby rabbit's mother dashed from the clump of briars on the left, screaming as she ran. She moved in a strange fashion, leaping sideways like a dog trying to sight a hare in a field of corn. It was a grotesque dance, to the accompaniment of wild screams. She passed directly in front of the weasel and circled him twice, threatening him each time with her upraised paws. She drew his eyes from her little one towards herself. When they were fixed on her, she dropped to the ground and began to tremble. She crawled away slowly towards the clump of briars, continuing the while to scream. Then she lay down. The weasel slid from the stone and moved towards her swiftly.

As soon as the weasel's eyes left him, the baby rabbit stopped screaming. Then he began to crawl away upstream. He moved as if his back were hurt. He was almost paralyzed and it hurt him terribly to draw his hind legs up under his belly in order to hop forward. But the farther away he went from the weasel, the lesser grew the pain in his joints, until at last it seemed that a weight was lifted from his belly and he was able to run, staggering a little, into a great hummock of grass that grew around a gorse bush. He bored a hole through the long coarse grass with his

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One Shots of Tin Pan Alley

Oh! Go back and drive your cab!
Oh! Go back and roll your hack—
there's just one song in your bag!

by ROBERT L. BACON

• ARTICLE •

FATE that fickle jade, has played strange pranks upon ambitious mortals, but it is when she levels her attention at the neophytes of Tin Pan Alley that her capriciousness exceeds itself

Her favorite jest is to inspire a million poor unknowns to write popular song lyrics Then seemingly at random she picks one song like a sweepstakes winner out of the hordes and decrees that it shall sweep the world that professors shall denounce it editors rail against it and that professional song writers be astounded at the reaction of a public which fairly lives and breathes the catch-line of the piece

Most of these "one-shots," as Broadway calls one-time successes, are listed as novelty songs by the denizens of Tin Pan Alley, which is not a street but a state of mind that induces otherwise sane men to write songs or publish them The Alley professionals cheerfully admit that they would never stray far enough away from their orthodox love themes to attempt the crazy lyrics of famous novelty song hits by outsiders.

Yes, We Have No Bananas is typical of the one-shot lyrics There are many legends about this money-making song but Frank Silver and Irving Cohn are credited with piecing it together bit by bit while playing in an orchestra at *Murray's* restaurant in Times Square They share alike the responsibility for the words and music

Legend traces the title catch-line back to the Philippines A native fruit seller who spoke nothing but "yes-no" English is supposed to have coined the phrase "Yes we have no bananas" in dealing with Army men during the Spanish American War This accidental and quite senseless saying had so strong an appeal that after thirty years it was still the by-word at the Spanish American War Veterans reunion in California.

It was a "natural" for a gag line The soldiers knew it, the Philippine Islands knew it and Frank and Irving the orchestra boys who got it from the war veterans, knew it, but it took smart Broadway sixteen months to find out that *Yes, We Have No Bananas* was a potential hit of the first water

Fate was at her trickiest with this song. She broke the hearts of a dozen song publishers who "should have grabbed it" *Murray's* was their hang-out and they heard the song for lunch and dinner every day of that sixteen months without realizing its possibilities The two boys had made half-hearted efforts to peddle the piece when they first scored it but were rebuffed and did not try again

The song was too novel for any of the old-timers in the Alley but one smart young real estate man, who his competitors say was really wished into the publishing business by death in the family, got to thinking about it. One night in the restaurant he noticed the boy's orchestra suddenly stop playing in the middle of *Bananas* He was astonished to see the crowd on the floor go right on dancing to the song, shouting the chorus with great enthusiasm That sold him

He gave Frank and Irving a thousand dollar advance, the largest ever paid to unknown song writers, and agreed to publish the piece Broadway says that this payment bought the song outright but that after it became such a hit the publisher voluntarily paid the writers a royalty

Bananas set an international record Far off places such as Latvia, Argentine and Norway had to have translations It was the only American popular song ever printed in Greek Business at the publisher's was completely stymied one day when a cable arrived reading, "Offer twenty-five hundred drs. for Greek rights to *Bananas*" Thinking that the message meant twenty-five hundred dollars the firm was ready to celebrate until some foreign exchange expert translated the "twenty five hundred drs." into drachmas—about forty dollars in United States currency They took the offer for its advertising value.

Why was it a hit? Nobody in the Alley can even hazard a guess "Just one of those things" they say but they do not understand about whimsical Fate. The spiteful goddess certainly had her fun with that number but as usual in the end she let the boys down hard They never could write another hit Irving Cohn is now playing in a band at his uncle's roadhouse in Westchester and Frank Silver is a drummer in a Brooklyn theatre.

Another "trick" song which provoked sermons, editorials and foreign editions was *Gallagher and Shean* The sly goddess varied her routine on that one Bryan Foy, a son of Eddie Foy, who was then a writer of skits and gags for vaudeville acts dashed off the piece one afternoon at the Lambs' Club for the two-a-day act of Al Shean and his partner Gallagher Foy received a hundred dollars and a gold cigarette case for the outright sale The song was an immediate smash It "made" the vaudeville act Gallagher and Shean became rich and their act a headline attraction everywhere They made command performances before the crowned heads of Europe All this success on the strength of the song.

That priceless bit of doggerel became so popular that it was a nuisance, but Broadway says that Bryan Foy never received any royalties on the published song Perhaps in that way he escaped the cruel jest with which Fate so dearly loves to wind up these novelty one-shots Success went to Gallagher's head He split with his lifetime partner Shean, left his faithful wife threw his money away on unworthy things and died a most unpleasant death after a lingering illness in which he was nursed by the wife and Shean when fair weather friends had deserted, according to the story Al Shean is still in vaudeville Bryan Foy, lucky not to have shared in the spoils, needs no sympathy He is one of the big directors in Hollywood and definitely on the up-grade.

Although not to be mentioned in the same breath as the Tin Pan Alley publications, song sharps say that Francis Scott Key's glorious national anthem *The Star Spangled Banner* was the only real song this inspired master left. And Rev Samuel Francis Smith, a distinguished linguist of the 1830's, had no idea he was creating a lasting hymn when he wrote the words of *America* to fit an old folk melody which he found in German and Danish books he was translating It was his only song and he never considered it worth perpetuating Fate often delights in cheating genius out of contemporary recognition

A one-shot lyric which had everybody walking on his heels was, *It Ain't Gonna' Rain No More.* Next to *Bananas* it is probable that more people got on each other's nerves whistling and humming this gem than any other song recently perpetrated

The title catch-line is supposed to have been an old Negro plantation song overheard by Wendell Hall in Virginia. Hall was a favorite radio singer at the time He wrote new words and music around the phrase to use as a novelty song on the air After a brief place in the sun the rain evidently got him again because Hall could never make another strike of song writing gold He is still working on the radio

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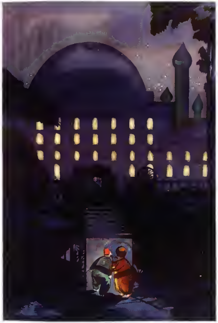

"They're all waiting up for me—give me thirty more alibis"

Give a Sausage Wings

The Paul Bunyan of the USSR provides uncensored copy for an old foreign correspondent

by ROBERT BUCKNER

• HUMOR •

WHENEVER I see the Moscow date-line in a newspaper I read every word of the story in hopes of discovering the latest adventure of Ippolit Ippolitovitch, half-fearing to find that they have finally shot him. But so long as it's clear that conditions aren't improving any in Russia, I can be fairly certain that my friend Ippy is still at large and somewhere on the job.

The services of Ippolit Ippolitovitch, the Soviet super-sleuth—assigned to me in Moscow as interpreter—went far beyond any man's normal needs, even a foreign correspondent. Whenever a week passed in which I found no real story to cable to America, and there were many such times, my friend Ippolit would go out and make news. And I mean news that *was* news.

Ippy very much resembled his samovar, being squat and round and almost pure brass from top to bottom. His pink moon-face was crowned with what the Russians call "fur cap hair," a bushy red mop which spread itself over the natural boundaries around the ears and temples so that even in his bed and asleep Ippy looked like a Cossack who had forgotten to take off his hat. His ancient blue-serge suit fitted him like the casing on a fine fat sausage.

Like many of his countrymen, Ippy had a gift for languages, and his English while hardly a thing of beauty, was certainly a joy forever. Right in the midst of his most serious and sober statements Ippy would surprise you with "Whaddya say, huh?" and his favorite greeting was, "Well, how you doin', boy?"

In all fairness to Ippy and his shrewd superiors, it should be understood that I was his first assignment. He was not one of their seasoned, veteran agents but a neophyte, a beginner on trial who had been raised from the ranks of ordinary workers because of his linguistical accomplishments.

The first hint I had that I was living under the same roof with one of the detective geniuses of our age came during my first week in Moscow.

I had climbed the stairs to my apartment and dropped wearily at my desk to type a story, when my eyes happened to light upon a small wire leading from my desk lamp across the table and down to the floor. I stood up again and traced the wire to the door, opened it and observed that the wire led up the steps to Ippy's room. I retraced my steps, closed the door and proceeded to turn my lamp upside down for inspection. There, under the green shade, was fastened a small black microphone. Ippy the OGPU agent had left his card.

At first I was furious and grasped the wire with the intention of yanking out the microphone by the roots, when suddenly I was struck by the humor of the situation. I held the disc close to my face and said loudly, "Hello ... hello Ippy? How you doin', boy?"

In about two seconds I heard a door slam upstairs and then a clatter on the steps as if some one had thrown down a trunk. My door was cracked open and Ippy's red-thatched head popped into the room.

"Hot dogs," he grinned. "It works!"

I took a moment to recover. This wasn't exactly the way spies talked in all the books I had read.

"Take that damn' thing out of here," I pointed, and then to confound him further I added in a hurt voice, "I didn't think you'd try a stunt like this on me, Ippy ... listening in to what people say."

He came into the center of the room slowly and solemnly.

"How you find him out?" he asked sadly, scratching his head.

"Never mind that," I replied sternly. "Go on, take it out of here."

Ippy shook his head and stared at the lamp as if it had betrayed him. "No, it's my orders," he explained, and then added brightly, "I tell you what. You don't pay no attention to it and I won't tell Kuragin you know he's there, eh?"

After a year the mysterious Commissar Kuragin, observing that no reports whatever were made of my activities, either concluded that I was harmless or that the intellectual pedigree of Comrade Ippolit Ippolitovitch showed more poodle than bloodhound, for I discovered before the first of June that Ippy's talents were being transferred to other departments. At first I felt vaguely insulted at being thought unworthy of a special personal spy, but this feeling passed like a summer cloud when Pop O'Flaherty informed me what had happened to Ippy at the Street-car Works.

I may have forgotten to say that Pop was an old timer in Moscow who spoke Russian perfectly but for a slight County Clare accent, and he had the inside track on all the political gossip of the NKS, the PUR, the GUM and even the RWS. This was the only way I could keep up with Ippy's checkered career, for although he still lived on the floor above me, he flatly refused ever to discuss his affairs. As long as he had been merely an OGPU spy—hokay, sure, he'd tell me anything; but now that he was painting street-cars—no, that was a secret, responsible business.

It seems that the VSNK, the Supreme Council of National Economy, becoming worried about the serious shortage of meat, had decided to urge the citizens of Moscow to raise rabbits. They ordered that one of the new street-cars be decorated with signs emphasizing the fact that one pair of rabbits, if properly cared for, can multiply to seven hundred and eighty in one year. The Russian slogan was to read *cherez god 780—after a year, 780*—and below this line there were to be painted the seven hundred and eighty rabbits all in neat rows, one rabbit chasing the tail of the other.

Our friend Ippy, who also included sign-painting among his fat *dossier* of accomplishments, was given the job of decorating the cars. Unfortunately, however, they forgot to tell Ippy what the sign meant. At the Street-car Works they simply gave him a sketch along with the necessary painting materials, and pointed to the shiny new street-car waiting to carry the message of progressive biology to the meatless masses. It was up to Ippy now.

Ippy set to work. *Cherez god 780*—that was easy. "After a year seven hundred and eighty what?" he puzzled briefly, then scratched his head, shrugged and looked again at the sketch.

He painted a long row of rabbits across the entire length of the car. A second row. Then another. By this time Ippy was getting tired of painting rabbits, animals which allow very little range for the creative artist. And why so many rabbits anyway? He stepped back a few yards from the street-car and again read the headline.

A sudden light dawned upon Ippy the artist. Aha, so *that's* what the *780* meant! It was an advertisement for the Moscow Zoo. After a year, seven hundred and eighty animals. Of course! But again, why so many rabbits? After all, you've got to use a *kopeck's* worth of imagination on a thing like this....

Ippy set to work with new zest. His next line consisted of polar bears, animals which Ippy had always admired and wished there were more of in the zoo. His fifth line included crocodiles, the sixth and last row was an array of camels, with two humps apiece for good measure. Ippy wiped his hands and counted a grand total of eight hundred and forty-six animals. Well, never mind that, he concluded happily, a few more over the quota won't do anybody any harm.

It was late afternoon when Ippy finally finished the job and the Commissar of Economy was nowhere to be found. The workmen ran the car back into the sheds, and on the following morning, with the paint all bright and dry, the street-car, with Ippy as its sole passenger, was driven out into the heart of Moscow, straight down the Volkhonka and into the Okhotny Ryad while thousands gaped—first at the animals, then at Ippy's broad grin framed in the car window, and finally at each other.

According to Pop, when Ippy and the street-car passed the National Economy headquarters in the Place of the Revolution, the committee took one good look and swooned in a body.

Of course from that day on Comrade Ippy was the friend of every foreign correspondent in Russia. It didn't matter so much that we were never able to get his epic adventures past the Soviet censors. The important thing was that Ippy provided us with more laughs than anyone else in that cold, gray, humorless country and we were grateful. In our clubroom off Arbat Square where we gathered around five every afternoon for highballs and the gossip of the day, the first question was always, "What's Ippolitovitch been up to today?" And to his eternal credit may it be admitted that there was usually a new answer.

After that street-car affair Ippy disappeared for awhile, and his room was locked. I began to worry that perhaps they had really taken Ippy out and "liquidated" him, but one night shortly afterwards he showed up at the house again, as cheerful and oblivious as ever, with the news that his Uncle Nikolay Nikolaitch, a Fish Trust official from Belgorod, had finally smoothed over that business about the rabbits, and had even found him a fine new job at the office of ZAGS.

I asked Ippy what in the name of St. Basil this ZAGS might mean. He explained ZAGS was the bureau where all marriages, divorces, births and deaths are recorded in the simplest way. The people sign a paper, he said airily, you stamp it and that's all. Then Ippy pulled from his pockets and set upon my desk a bottle of vodka, a package of sandwiches made with black and red caviar, a piece of cheese and two German sausages.

It sounded safe enough, I mused, pouring out the vodka. Even Ippy had sense enough to use a rubber-stamp. But in a way I regretted seeing his bright light at last stuck safely away under the bushel of a dull routine job. All of which only goes to prove how little indeed I knew of the bottomless resources of Ippolit Ippolitovitch.

For three days the manager of ZAGS showed Ippy all the battery of rubber-stamps and explained their various uses. Then Ippy was given a desk at the end of the line and a rack of stamps as large and apparently as confusing as the keyboard of a console organ.

The first day that Ippy was on duty happened to be the Sixth Day, or the Day of Rest, for the thousands of factory workers from the suburbs of Moscow, and it further appears that these days always meant the arrival of a tremendous mob in the ZAGS office, everyone either filing a birth or a death or getting married or divorced. But on this particular day, one of those notoriously rare ones in June, the vast majority of the visitors came to the bureau to be married. By the time the couples reached Ippy's desk they had already been married and all that was required of our little hero was that he stamp their certificates with the date.

Ippy stamped. He stamped all day until his pudgy right arm was stiff and useless, and then he stamped with his left. When the

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"You'll understand, dear . . . when you're a little older"

The Happy Ghosts

The master of eerie effects presents a brand new, bright and shiny type of spook story

by THOMAS BURKE

· FICTION ·

THERE are some houses, grim, reticent houses which should have a ghost, and haven't. There are others, bright, airy happy houses which shouldn't have a ghost, but have one. The bright little house overlooking Regent's Park, which Lyssom had just taken, was one of these. It had an overdose; it had two ghosts.

They were not disturbing ghosts, save in the sense that all ghosts are disturbing. There was nothing eerie about them. They made no effort to "get at" people. They did not cause doors to open, or knock china about or make rustlings at midnight. They were, indeed, remarkably well behaved, and as nice looking a pair of ghosts as one could wish to have about the place. They were almost company for Lyssom, and after the first shock of the realization that they were ghosts he found himself accepting them without even a raised eyebrow. He was a lonely middle-aged fellow, stout and bald, and it was pleasant for him to have something bright and young to look at.

For these ghosts were boy and girl. They were not Elizabethan, nor even Victorian. The girl was about seventeen and the boy about twenty, and, judged by their style of dress, they belonged to the immediate post-war period—about 1919. They first appeared while Lyssom was at dinner a few evenings after he had moved in. It was September, and still daylight. He was reaching for the bottle of Moselle when his hand stopped and his eyes remained fixed on the French window which opened to his little garden. Mentally he said: "What the devil—" then opened his mouth to say "I beg your pardon, but—" Then he closed his mouth and said nothing, for he realized that the pleasant young couple who had thus suddenly appeared in his dining-room weren't really there. They were there to sight clear enough, but they were standing against the frame of the French window, and just as he was about to speak he noted that though their bodies were directly against the frame he could still see the frame through the young man's shirt front. He sat motionless, watching. Then he smiled. The boy and girl looked at each other, then looked away, then looked again at each other. Then the girl's hand moved about an inch towards the boy's. And the boy's hand moved and clasped it, and lifted it and kissed it. Next moment Lyssom was looking at a French window and nothing else.

In the fortnight that followed he got the habit of waiting for his visitors to appear. Their presences appeared only three times a day. At breakfast time in the hall, looking at each other with morning smiles; around dinner time by the French window; and between eleven and midnight at the foot of the stairs—the girl halfway upstairs, the boy at the foot. For Lyssom it was rather like a story. He developed an interest in the young shadows and wanted to know what happened to them, and why. He wondered why they always appeared in the same places and why the thing stopped at smiles and that impulsive hand-kissing. He wondered whether there had been a motor smash next day, or a sudden illness, or a fire which had claimed both of them. Sometimes there were breaks in their appearance—three or four days when there was no sign of them; and then they would appear regularly again three times a day. This gave him further matter for speculation, and as his time was his own he did a good deal of speculating on the problem. But he could devise no explanation that satisfied him. He could only live with these amiable shadows and wonder.

Then, one afternoon, he spoke of the affair to an acquaintance at the club, a man with a taste for oddities. The acquaintance, after listening some time with merely polite attention, became alert and showed a more serious attention. He woke up when Lyssom was describing the young people, their faces and hair and dress. "Oh, really . . . ah . . . 'm. . . . Interesting that. Let me see, where is this new place of yours?" Lyssom gave him the address. "Ah, yes, of course. I ought to have remembered. Yes—the Pauberrys' old place. I know it. Been empty some years, hasn't it? . . . Care to ask me to dinner one evening?"

"Why, yes, if you don't mind a bachelor dinner?"

"Don't mind? Bachelors' dinners are always the best, old man. They have time for dining. Dinner's an event with them, not a quick prelude to the drawing-room. What evening?"

Lyssom named an evening. "But I don't know whether you'll see them, if that's your idea. Maybe it's only I that can see them."

"I'll chance that. I'm fairly sensitive to things of that sort if they're about. And I know that house quite well, so I won't be an intruder or an alien influence."

On an evening of the next week Lyssom and the acquaintance, Carton, were at the dining table in the Regent's Park house, waiting for the soup. It was a round table, and Lyssom had placed his guest and himself so that both had a clear view of the window and the garden. Lyssom's man had just served the soup and retired, when Lyssom looked quickly at Carton to see if he were "receiving" anything. He was. His hand holding his spoon was arrested in mid-air, and Lyssom saw that he was seeing just what he himself was seeing. He was staring at the French window, but he seemed rather more surprised than Lyssom had expected him to be. His face, indeed, registered blank astonishment. He had spoken as though he had seen ghosts before, yet now he was staring at the window, with wide eyes and a puzzled mouth. Explosively he said: "But—" and went on staring. For quite a minute he stared without moving—"struck silly," as Lyssom expressed it.

Then, at the moment when the hands of the young figures met each other, he set down his spoon. Still keeping his eyes on the window he lost his vacant look, and his face broke into an amused smile. Twice he nodded his head, as though something had been made clear to him, and in a little murmur he said: "I see . . . I see." Then he turned to Lyssom. "If you want those ghosts laid I think I can lay them."

"I don't know. They don't disturb me. I find them rather company. Of course they might upset some of my guests some time. People get so scared of the unusual. But how would you go about it?"

"Oh, there won't be any fuss. No chalk circles or pentacles or candles. Quite a simple matter. And I think it'll be better to lay them. For their own sake. It's a duty which the haunted owe to the haunters."

"But they don't look miserable. All the ghosts I've heard or read about are unhappy. Something on their minds, and they died before they settled it, and can't rest till it's settled. But these don't look like that. They look quite happy."

"None the less they'll be happier when they're laid, and I think I can do it. They're a nice couple, and they deserve it."

"Been a nice couple, you mean."

"Yes. Were. I forgot. They look so alive."

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Martha Jean

Nick's Place on a cold night—
a lost girl—get out you bums.
Nick will handle this himself

by ERSKINE CALDWELL

• FICTION •

We had got booted out of a flat in the West End where we had caught up with one of the floating crap games and, instead of making the rounds on a raw night like that, we took a short cut across town to *Nick's Place*. Sleet was falling, and the wind was as sharp as knife-blades. We met two or three men on the way; everybody was bent almost double against the icy wind, holding his hat and coat with numb fingers.

"What did you let them throw us out for, Hal?" The Type said. "There's no law against a man following a public crap game. I've gone broke in better flats than that one, anyway."

"That's a cheap bunch," I said. "We would have been wasting our time if we had stayed."

The Type bumped into a lamp post. He turned around and kicked the iron pole with his foot.

"Winter's a hell of a time of year," he said. "Let's go home."

"*Nick's Place* will be heated up," I said. "Come on and we'll look in there for a while."

The usual after-supper crowd of boys at *Nick's Place* stood around the stove warming their fingers against the red-hot sides of the blast heater. Como, the Negro porter, stoked the fire and kept his back turned to the sleet that slashed on the door and windows.

When The Type and I walked in, Nick met us half way.

"I'm going to close up early tonight," he said. "You boys will have to go home for a change."

"You mean you are telling us to get out?" The Type said.

"There's no money keeping open on a night like this," he argued. "I'd just be wasting heat and light."

"Hello, Nick," I said. "How about lending me a dollar till some time next week."

"No loans tonight," he said. "I'm going to close up right away."

Como shivered.

"If it's all the same to you, Mr. Nick," he said, "I'd just as lief stay and sleep right here on the floor by the stove tonight."

"And burn up half a ton of coal."

"I won't burn but one little shovelful," Como pleaded. "A black man like me would die of pneumonia if I had to go out in that cold sleet tonight."

"You drag yourself out of here in half an hour, Como," Nick said. "After you sweep out, I don't care where you go. You can go home, if you want to."

The crowd around the stove pressed a little closer at the prospect of having to leave a warm room.

Nick came over behind me. He shoved his thumb into my ribs.

"Wake up, Hal," he said. "What's the matter with you? Broke again? No drinks, no eats, no playing the machines?"

"I'm cleaned out tonight," I told him.

Nick shrugged his shoulders and walked over to the wall where the row of slot machines stood on the tables. He shoved his fingers into the cups at the bottom of the machines where sometimes he found a nickle or a quarter that somebody had left behind.

"You boys are pretty bum sports," Nick said, coming back to the stove. "Why don't you go out and get some money to play the machines with? The Type hasn't had a dime in his pocket this week."

"What's the matter with you, Nick?" The Type said. "What do you want me to do? Go out and crack the First National Bank?"

"I'm carrying you for six dollars now," Nick said. "I've got to have a pay day soon."

"I'll see what I can do," The Type said.

Como was dumping a scuttle of coal into the stove when the front door burst open in a whirl of sleet and icy air. Everybody turned and looked in that direction just as a girl's head was seen outside. She stepped inside.

"Shut that door," Nick said.

Como ran to the front and closed the door.

Everybody looked surprised at the sight of a girl in *Nick's Place*. I had never seen one there before, I had never heard of a girl's entering the place. *Nick's* was a hang-out for men and boys, and there was nothing there except slot machines and pool tables.

The lunch counter was hardly a place to come for a meal. Nick and Como had drinks and a few sandwiches, but that was all.

The forlorn-looking girl stood at the front of the room, shivering a little. The sleet on her hair and coat began to melt in the warm air, but her slippers were wet.

"Who's that?" The Type said. "She don't look like one of the girls around the corner."

"I never saw her before," I said, shaking my head. "She looks like she's from the country. I'll bet she ran away from home."

Como came back and dumped another scuttleful of coal into the iron heater. It was red-hot all over.

Nick had gone up to the girl and he was looking at her closely. She drew away from him and he had to go and stand with his back against the door to keep her from running out into the street.

"This is a hell of a place for a country girl to come," The Type said.

"She won't stay in here long," I said. "As soon as she sees what she's got into, she'll leave."

"I'd hate to see her get—"

Nick said something to the girl, and The Type stopped to hear what it was.

"If anybody gets fresh with her," I said, "I'm going to start swinging. I'm not going to stay here and see her get ganged."

The Type did not pay any attention to what I had said. He walked a little closer to the front in order to hear what Nick was saying to her.

The girl found her handkerchief and wiped the tears that sprang from her eyes.

"What do you want?" Nick said.

She shook her head.

"What did you come in here for if you don't want anything?" Nick asked her.

She shook her head again. She was a girl about fifteen or sixteen and a lot prettier than any of the girls in the house around the corner. To look at her then reminded you of the girls you had seen going to Sunday School on Sunday mornings.

"Hungry?" Nick said to her.

She made no reply, but it was easy to see that she had come in for something to eat, thinking *Nick's Place* was a café.

"Como," Nick yelled, "bring us up some coffee and a couple of sandwiches. Get a hump on!"

"Yes, sir!" Como said, hurrying to the lunch counter.

Nick led the girl to the counter and made her sit down on one of the stools. He sat down beside her, between her and the door.

The boys around the stove began winking at each other, nodding their heads at Nick and the girl.

When Como had the coffee hot, Nick asked her what her

Continued on page 140

"Mr. Niffin!—You almost make me believe in Santa Claus!"

"I guess it's the gypsy in me"

The Ice-Breakers

Strange spirit of man, aloof to his own heroic hand to hand fight with icy death

by D. A. DAVIDSON

• ARTICLE •

I sat in the narrow mess room of the cutter and breathed mustily. It was cold even there. I was glad I had two sweaters under my coat.

Outside the thick hard ice ground into the *Comanche's* old plates like a grindstone into a knife. The *Comanche* screamed, shivered, grunted, but cut her way on.

"I like the idea," I said. "A whole bay of ice—we're just a speck on it, but we dance along as we please."

Among those in the mess room was Hamlin, port captain for the Baltimore Freight Line, who commanded its fleet of twenty boats. Big, youngish and brawny, he was unexpectedly dandified for a man of the sea. He wore a brand-new derby, raked backward off his solid brow to the left, and a black Chesterfield coat with velvet collar. His red, hearty face was set between black hat and black coat like a ruby in a jeweler's box. His necktie was knotted small and perfectly into his stiff collar. Hamlin was going out to see what could be done for the *Alice*, lying just then on a sandbar with her prow torn open by ice. The Coast Guard were carrying assistance. I was a reporter. I had not been able to make Hamlin talk. He was surly. But as I ventured that I liked the idea of dancing through the ice, he looked up contemptuously from cleaning his nails with a toothpick.

"Do you know anything about boats?" he asked. He had a large metallic voice—as out of a loud speaker.

"No."

"Did you know this Chesapeake Bay ice has scraped a quarter inch off the *Comanche's* plates in the last couple of years?"

"Is that a lot?"

"Is that a lot!"

Ensign Piltius came down from the bridge, trembling in his great sheepskin coat.

"Br-br-br!" he hummed. "Not much warmer here. Steward—coffee! Coffee, gentlemen?" His dark, long-lashed eyes made a smiling round of our faces.

We all had coffee—Hamlin, Zanders, my photographer, Murphy—who was the line's port engineer—and Gleim, a tall spectacled man with a Charlie Chaplin moustache. Gleim was the line's shipwright.

There was a hard jolt of the ship on ice. Our faces dipped into our cups. "Whee!" I shrilled.

Hamlin groaned. Neither Gleim nor the engineer, whose weathered face was shrunken like an old woman's, was friendly to my enthusiasm. They stared broodingly before them, their melancholy deepening with each clink of ice on steel.

"Let's go up," I said to Zanders. We climbed the narrow hatches. The *Comanche* was altogether so narrow as to be almost a two-dimensional cut-out from sheet metal.

"Hamlin doesn't like newspapermen," I said. "He gets sore at everything I say."

It was so cold in the open that I could not close my fists. The boat rocked. I caught the dancing rail. A cold brilliant moon was rolling through the sky. The stars crackled frostily. There was no warmth in the light of moon or stars. The bay was a polished floor of ice whose broad expanse caught all the streaming moonlight and reflected it back flamingly—in green frigid moon-flames. I thought it over. "Zanders," I asked, "Have you ever seen an illuminated glass dance floor?" He didn't reply.

The *Comanche* was butting stubbornly ahead. Under its razor prow the ice broke into thick white blocks that piled up left and right. I looked into the wake. Fifty feet back the rocky chunks had drifted together and begun to re-coagulate. I tugged lethargic Zanders by the sleeve. "Come," I said. "Up to the bridge." We climbed precariously. Once I was nearly thrown down as the *Comanche* butted too fiercely into the ice. I laughed.

We stood with Captain Merlin. "Ice thick?" I asked.

"Thickest in my twelve years on the bay," he said. "The *Alice* butted too hard, opened her bows below the water line. Shipped water so fast that her captain beached her. Otherwise he'd have lost crew and cargo together. She's lying now off Bard Island."

"In danger?"

"We don't know."

As he spoke the *Comanche* suddenly snagged, knocking her head on a wall of ice. Bump! Bump! She rocked from side to side. Ice chunks crashed like cowbells on her sides. Onward she fought, moving by inches—amidst bedlam. The helmsman was appalled. Merlin leaped to the tube. "Stop her engines!" he howled down like a March wind. "We'll turn her about!" The *Comanche* halted, gingerly tried more fragile stretches, and proceeded again. Merlin shouted down the tube. "Any damage? Any water in the forward hold?" There wasn't, of course.

"What's eating them all?" I asked Zanders. "They're as excited as old ladies in a runaway carriage." Zanders said nothing.

What was eating them all, these stalwarts of the sea? Hamlin, Murphy, Merlin! The United States Government was not going to send out a bad ship. Weren't we safe as could be, here on the *Comanche*? I had heard of boats going down and men drowning. I had never seen such disasters—I had only heard of them. These were things that happened only to other people, to people one did not know. Death—that too was something one heard about, that happened from day to day only to people one did not know. Other people die—not I. I never have—have I?

"There she lies," said Piltius. He pointed to a hulk a mile off. It lay close to the island, a black hole in the green-sparkling floor of the bay.

"You know these waters well?" Merlin was asking.

"Aye, aye, sir!" Piltius replied smartly. "Island's uninhabited."

"Can we approach close?"

"No, sir. Seven or eight hundred yards."

"We'll launch a boat."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

It was a jolly game—that "Aye, aye, sir!"

We anchored in mid-stream where an unfrozen rivulet still dribbled somehow between banks of ice. A wooden launch was on the davits. Hamlin, brand-new derby still raked rakishly, squinted upward.

"Nothing with a metal bottom, Captain?" he asked. "If it freezes any worse, that'll be no harder than a matchbox in the ice. If I may say so, sir."

Merlin shook his head sedately, looking down his thin, weather-beaten nose. "Nothing with a metal bottom." He turned to Piltius. "Take two deck hands," he ordered. "Captain Hamlin, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Gleim going too."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

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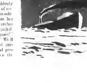

"Get up, you dirty aristocrat!"

Reflexshuns On Iggurunce

Being a seminar session with Ole Ez to which only the very brightest readers are invited

by EZRA POUND

• ARTICLE •

THE Reverend Gingrich sez, sez he that he can't explain why my last piece is incomprehensible because he understands it perfectly well

The mind of that section of the present readers which isn't the 10,000 one hundred per cent highest possible type of reader who understands EVERYTHING is still a dark forest to the present writer, and E E Cummings tells me that when he was selling washing machines he found the same difficulty in attaining complete comprehensibility

Anybody who can understand a washing machine can understand economics by the same process I mean so long as they keep their eyes and minds on economics or the washing machine it ought to be easy, but nobody likes to do that.

I wish Mr Hoff wd help me He has the pluperfect grasp on the type of mind to which the great american public has for 40 years entrusted its diplomacy and economics.

Take diplomacy If ole pop gets drunk and signs a mortgage in that condition, you think he hadn't orter have done it, but if Mr Woodrow Wilson was "so muzzy he couldn't find his notes" when he was deciding the frontiers of Europe and the welfare of a few million people that's diplomacy

In the old days Johnnie had to learn sometimes his geography But grown folks don't I mean they don't if they're DIPLOMATS

Some of the boys at Versailles saw 7 m just like that 7 m on the map They'd heard about miles but had never perhaps heard about the metric decimal system They thought the island was seven *miles* from the shore so there is a nice tidy little town a nice tidy little eyetalyan town on the other side of the Adriatic looking like a chunk chewed off of Venice where they speak the venetian dialect and a nice bit of Jugoslav port seven metres across the water a channel like a canal boats can get through bumping the sides now and then

All the town is full of great grandmama's heirlooms just as if my Gaudiers and my Max Ernst seascape were hung up where Bugs Moran ed. lay about with gangland vendetta Seems the Jugoslavs don't like any art done before the year 1800 so they occasionally chip off a lion with Mr Schneider and the Baron deWendel and all the blokes whom Senator Nye is lookin' into, trying like hell to sell guns.

That's diplomacy Some diplomatic appointments are mysterious. I mean if a man isn't sent over to represent Mr Morgan or the Standard Oil or for some really normal reason one sometimes wonders why the government sent him The first time I wondered was when that flatchested dripping slobside of codfish W Hines Page told me he hadn't any 'instructions from Washington' Fordie (Ford Madox Ford, Hueffer that was) had put on a high hat I mean a real silk-covered stove pipe, and we went down to the Embassy, because Harry Kemp hadn't paid for his ticket He said he wanted some English culture and just came over to look at it. And somebody put him in jail.

I told Page the boy had a praise-worthy curiosity and that so few young writers wanted to learn anything, that Mr Page better have him let out.

Mr Page said he represented the government and not the people and that he couldn't act without instructions from Washington The old geek had been a publisher so this conception of impossibility came natural

Ford looked at him with the sort of a look a man carrying a high hat would use in looking at a fish that had been dead much too long When he got to the street he said something unfavorable to diplomacy He said British Diplomats sometimes weren't all that they might be he said that an English Ambassador mightn't have done much, but that damn it he wd have done more than that So we went to see a British Cabinet Minister and the British Home Office let Mr Kemp out without our having to use any more diplomacy I mean they grasped the idea that Kemp ought to be allowed to look around a bit

This may not prove anything It merely joggled my childish impressions of a jolly old bird swinging his cane along the Quais in Naples or of a conversation I had heard over a partition 28 years ago as to how the Embassy could get Mrs. Kwangglebat into Alfonso XIIIth's wedding ball without inviting her husband

I spose they did it by the old and now ill-reputed secret diplomacy. Neither the Ambassador nor his leading attaché suggested that it *couldn't* be done

That's where the old diplomacy or statesmanship differed from banking and economics.

The 10,000 readers of the highest possible type will please note that I am trying to live up to the estimate of a young Harvard man who said I was the old geezer who seemed to tell 'em what living in Europe is like.

There was a message came into the office were they in a position to notice it because it was very curious that out of the Embassy window he could see three moons quite distinctly That was a very popular Ambassador, and I never heard he signed any treaties after midnight or by the light of three moons This is not an 'indignation article' I don't want to spoil any diplomat's fun But the old world point of view is that an ambassador pulls more weight if he segregates business and booziness.

I am trying to write about iggurunce It was suggested I write about Mr Hemingway too, but Hem ain't nearly iggurunt enough for my purpose not nearly as iggurunt as economics professors and delegates representing the government It is the democratic method of getting REPRESENTED that I am trying to fathom A lady wrote me that

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The Itsy-Bitsy Actors

Motion to let the supporting characters step right into the spotlight and give us a show

by GILBERT SELDES

(THE LIVELY ARTS)

I DISCOVERED the other day, from an old photograph, that Edgar Kennedy had once been a Keystone cop and I had the same warm feeling of verification that comes over you when the man you always thought "funny" is clapped into the cooler for murder or violating the sanitary laws. With it came a sense of my own intense insignificance, because if Edgar Kennedy had been a Keystone cop, I must have seen Edgar Kennedy at least a hundred times between 1914 and 1920 yet I hadn't, with the eagle-eye which has since been so highly praised by others, singled him out as a genius among Keystone cops. I have no apologies, but, in accordance with Kipling's advice, I offer an humble and a contrite heart. To hell with it.

Edgar Kennedy is the man who about four years ago was appearing in short comedy films usually surrounded by a group of people endowed with more capacity to irritate and annoy than any other I have seen. Edgar played golf or Edgar took a house or did any simple thing, and these harpies — men, women and children — set flies upon him, froze his water-pipes, spoiled his stroke and otherwise made life decidedly unpleasant. What then distinguished Edgar? One thing: that his response was always the same. Beginning with something like W. C. Fields's unbelief that human beings could be so despicable, he worked into a fury of exasperation, arrived at the slender edge of apoplexy and then, passing his weary hand over his bloated and impassioned face, resumed quietly the work he had been doing. It was always the same, and always good.

More recently Edgar has been playing minor parts in mystery stories, with more variety. He is still good. He is gentle, childlike and raging like a tiger. In the movies he gives first rate entertainment for a few moments at a time.

Except for short comedies Edgar Kennedy is not likely to be billed for movie leads, and I do not insist that he has the talent for them; only it is not the lack of talent which will stand in his way. He isn't the type. He's a largish man with a baldish head (so he appears on the screen) and he is given to grotesquerie. The movies quite naturally do not take risks with that type so long as they have Gary Cooper and Robert Montgomery.

There are two or three dozen players like Edgar in the movies, most of them men. In fact, the only woman I recall who isn't heavily featured is that handsome motherly and completely mahogany Negress who is everybody's maid. She must work nights getting around. The kind of thing I mean is what Edna May Oliver would have been if she hadn't imposed herself and been made into a star. Can you think of others with her quality who happen not to be imitating her at the moment? The men are more numerous and more varied. There are the half dozen who are usually gangsters' bodyguards, not only looking sinister, but turning in good bits of acting. There are two or three whom you will always find as assistants to the Pat O'Briens and Lee Tracy's in their more adventurous activities. There are a couple of minor detectives and there is Paul Porcasi, the perpetual night-club owner. And a little Italian whose name I think is Armetta.

Frank McHugh is another, and of the first rank. When I first met him McHugh had a laugh, and if someone will tell me how to transcribe the sound of a laugh with the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet I will be grateful. For several weeks I managed a fair imitation of the McHugh laugh, but the genuine note escaped me. And the unfortunate thing is that it has been choked down McHugh's throat. Now usually when the movies discover something totally unimportant, like Dietrich's legs, they want to work it to the extreme, but directors step in and say that a pair of legs must be nursed along so that the public won't get tired of them, and Dietrich is allowed to stand on her own feet, more or less, in alternate pictures; in the others she, like the Queen of Spain, has no legs. Well, they did that to McHugh and it is months since his combination of whinny and hyena-roar has been heard. He is still amusing, because he has an innocent pan and seems to have more zest about his work than most people — the movies, perhaps because of the Klieg lights, seem to exhaust the energies of all the actors except the horses.

Charles Butterworth gets his name in lights, of course, but he is always in support. He began thinking of a nice ear of sweet corn in the midst of a sentimental solo years ago and to all intents and purposes, he does it still. In *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back* he was the abstracted husband who tried to sidestep Ronald Colman's activities so that he could, with all propriety, get to bed — it being his wedding night. He did it well. It may be only a fancy of mine that he could do other things also.

Roland Young is quite another matter. He is one of the few absolutely first class major actors who ever get to Hollywood and he has always built up the pictures in which he has appeared. He has even had the center of interest although it wasn't the love interest, and he represents only Hollywood's determination not to make the best of its material in certain instances. The chance is good that after his Uriah Heep in *David Copperfield* he will be able to go into more significant parts, but my hunch again is that he will do so well that they will want him only in "characters" whereas he could play anything from Macbeth to Charley's Aunt. Two to one, he gets the second before the first.

I am interested in these players of small parts and, in the case of Roland Young, of parts which the producers obviously hold secondary, because I find that I remember them much better than I do the stars and the plots and the jokes and the stunts which make up four and a half of the usual five reels. I am not alone in this. When trailers come on, you hear murmurs of satisfaction when these players are shown. You hear them notably also for Zasu Pitts who, like Miss Oliver, lifted herself into stardom and is being imitated; from mothers for child actors who represent the same relief from the heavy stars, and from children when Tom Mix or another rider appears with a horse. (No horse, no murmurs.)

I suspect that although the movies as a whole interest their audiences more than ever, there are blank spots, wastelands, during which attention wanders and I think I know why those infertile and unattractive spaces occur. It is because the movies hardly ever present a character; they merely present a person. And persons become tiresome, as you and I — who have met not a few — are well aware. We tire of them because we want to talk, too — and you cannot assert yourself against Miss Crawford or Miss Shearer or Miss Garbo when they have the screen. (Miss West manages to make herself a character in ten seconds and is never tiresome, even if patches of her pictures may be.)

The movies might easily do character. I am not arguing from any holy artistic ground on this matter. I am, as ever and as always, just a friend of the big boys in

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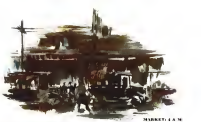

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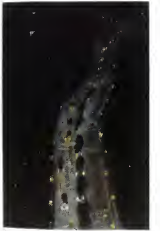


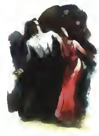
30 STORIES ABOVE THE DRIVE

CITIES NEVER SLEEP

A PORTFOLIO

by

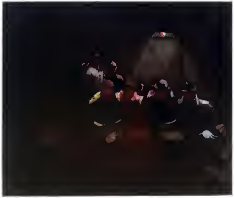
MAURICE FREED



TEN DOLLAR HOTELS

TWO-BIT HOTELS

NIGHT BUS



BETWEEN TRAINS

DAWN PARADE

SHAPES IN THE NIGHT

PEOPLE are shapes and things are shadows, places a blur and faces a blank. All people sleep sometime but cities never—and never all people at once. The city's roar is a decrescendo from midnight on, but it never dies down to silence. Most windows are dark, most lights are out, but never all. There is the unending business of giving and taking life—there are marriages to be consummated and violated—there are lives to be saved under surgeons' knives and lives to be taken under automobile wheels—there is work for ambulances and buses, for taxicabs and garbage wagons, and there are the markets to be made ready and the milk to be delivered—there is work for cops and waiters, for house dicks and ladies of the evening—and at the zero-hour of dawn, roisterers returning from play pass laborers going to work. Cities never sleep.

CAB STAND

OPEN ALL NIGHT

"*Don't hold it s-ho damned high*"

The House That Adam Built

Illuminating the convulsive dark moment when a man, for no reason, is brutal to his wife

by NORMAN MATSON

• FICTION •

APPROACHING the day was a gradual process, as through tunnels. He was conscious of his heart, and his stomach trembled as with astonishment. The eventful and populous evening swarmed to him. Finally he lay broad awake behind his eyelids, wondering had anybody but himself said a word or laughed.

Very carefully something was put down on his table, something that rang clearly, softly. Then he heard and felt his young wife get in beside him. It must be late. Kids were yelling in the square.

That small sound as of clashing chains was from roller-skates. The "L's" protracted roar supervened.

At his back his wife spoke. "Headache?"

"No, not much."

"You'd better drink what I brought. There's ice in it."

He opened one eye, drank, considered what it might be, as if listening, drank the remainder. It was of the dog. He sank back to observe two leisurely processes—the one of remorse dissolving; the other the flow of a peaceful health into all his members.

"Thanks," he said. "You're an angel. Was I . . . ?" Oh, the hell with it, he'd better not begin by apologizing.

"You talked a lot"—her voice was fresh and cool, a very young voice—"and you were charming."

"I'll bet I was."

The "L" had never been so loud. It seemed, it really seemed as if it were rushing across the backyards and through this room. It was the voice of the city. His thought, peculiarly bright and defined, suddenly and for no reason, included an unpainted barn all black as fell because of the night's rain. It was not a remembered barn. It was Barn, so to speak.

And that started it. He conjured country quiet, saw the highest sky, the roundest hill—in a simplified reality, bright as happiness.

His wife asked cautiously, "Are you asleep now?"

"I'm making something up," he said. "I'll tell you."

She moved a little. "All right."

"It's about you and me."

"Yes."

"And the House we're going to have."

"Tell me."

He smiled into his pillow. "First off think of a square-cut privet hedge and a white gate, curved on top."

"Yes. I see it."

"Something is moving behind it—a sail, so small you see its whole triangle between the palings. The slope this side of the harbor you can't see because it starts down just beyond the gate, do you see?

"The garden path is white crushed oyster and clam shells; it's *very* white, and on both sides of it are pinks, all the kinds there are, and stock, and Shasta daisies, African daisies, columbine, white and the yellow sort.

"Near the fence, a hell of a lot of delphiniums, all dark blue, tall as the hedge, but the nicest thing and the queerest thing is that though there's a clear strong wind blowing through the world and round clouds are bowling before it, in our dooryard nothing's moving. The delphiniums aren't bothered."

"That's good," his wife said. "Am I there?"

"You are walking toward the gate, in a blue smock, and you look down thinking about weeds."

"Yes." He knew she stretched herself. Maybe she was smiling. "Where is the house?"

"Your back is to it—a long low house of gray clapboards, the porch not built onto it, but into—you know the kind, like a cave. Over there, going down a little, is the barn, silver-gray where it has dried from the rain. From in there you can hear the good sound of a mallet on wood. I am making something."

"What?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, tell me."

"A little square table about knee high."

"Then I've had a baby."

"Long ago. She—"

"She?"

"She follows you, repeats what you do, looks down at the pinks, puts her fat little hands at her back. She has no hat and when she stoops to sniff a flower with a wrinkled nose, her hair, white-gold and silky, falls across her cheek and she brushes it back with spread fingers, and her cheek is round and smooth as a plum, pink as the rosebuds printed on her challis dress.

"Because she is silent for two minutes you ask her what she is doing. 'I am thinking,' she says, 'about my father. I am thinking I will visit him.' You say, 'Your daddy is busy.' All the same she starts off toward the barn . . .

"No, please."

"Oh, yes, she does and though you call she goes on her way. And just then her dad shoves the big doors apart and comes out."

He thought back over his hill-top world, heard its crystalline silence, felt its weight. Suddenly he wanted to get away from it.

"And then?" his wife said.

"I don't know."

"Of course you do. Please."

"No, that's all there is to it. That's the end." He was sick of it now.

"But you must tell me more," she insisted.

Like a witch's pregnancy resentment moved in him. He had given her just the kind of house she wanted, and garden—not that she knew much about gardens—wasn't that enough?

Oh, if she insisted. "Baby," he began again, "is busy picking a bouquet for her daddy, so busy that she is quite red in the face, but the bouquet is one of those kid affairs, a useless heap of broken stemless blossoms." His mind's eye leered at that clever, realistic touch.

"And when you show me what you have been doing, I am rather surprised because they weren't weeds you pulled, not wild carrot, but seedlings of the double cosmos I had sown. I say nothing, though I do grab baby, and she begins to cry, kicks out at me."

He thought for a moment, viewing the changed landscape. The very air was less pleasant and the delphiniums were harassed by the wind.

"That's all," he said. "Was it a good story?"

After a long silence he turned to look at her. Her cheeks were wet, her eyes closed. Something, his heart, moved with an actual physical pain.

"I'm sorry," he said.

But being sorry wasn't enough, nor even her forgiveness, nor a little later, her happy laughter.

That evening he brought her presents, presents that delighted her, but they were things and could not replace what he had destroyed.

The loss was complete, it seemed to him. Very slightly but forever their life was changed.

For the first time in his life he knew sin, that dark word.

"Pardon sir, did you promise matrimony to a Miss Toots O'Leary?"

These Too Shall Live

Five men against fate in an epic of desperate struggle to save the lives of the crew of the Saginaw

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

• SEMI-FICTION •

HISTORICAL NOTE

The story of the cruise of the Saginaw's gig is historically accurate in all essential details. The account of the wreck of the Saginaw and the subsequent rescue of the shipwrecked crew is based entirely upon authentic documents. The account of the privations of the crew of the gig has been built around the reports of Captain Sicard to the Navy Department and the story of Halford, the survivor. All of the actual details—such as the courses sailed by the gig, the overturning in the surf, the spoiling and loss of the provisions, the storms encountered, the temporary mental collapse of Francis, the fortunate catch of the bird and the flying fish—actually happened.

I have tried to paint a completely truthful picture of the privations of the gig's crew; the descriptions of their sufferings and of the incidents of that terrible voyage are mine (except where I have quoted from Halford's account or from various reports of the trip), though that suffering and those incidents are history. I have taken the liberty of supplying some of the conversation and—knowing something of the characters of the brave men who comprised the crew, I have tried logically to describe their reactions to each recurrent hardship. My object has been—rather than a dry-as-dust history of the cruise—a dramatization of this little-known but ever-living incident of our navy. "They too shall live."

The yellow glow of the sperm oil hurricane lamp flickered over the open logbook. Ensign Garst, officer-of-the-deck of the *Saginaw*, thumbed the pages, read the brief record of Robinson's watch:

"From 8 to Midnight—Cool and pleasant, with light breezes from Nwd and Ewd. Moon set at 9 p.m. Engine making 5 revolutions. Ship rolling heavily. Moderate swell from Nwd.

G. H. Robinson
Mate, U.S.N."

Garst took up a pencil, turned a page to start a new twenty-four hours. The slow plump of the paddle wheels, the sighing surge of long Pacific combers licking up against the laurelwood strakes of the little *Saginaw*, the creaking of blocks, the sharp rataplan of the halliards against the mainmast mingled in that strange but distinctive medley of a ship at sea.

"Log of the United States Side Wheel Steamer *Saginaw*," he scribbled, filling in the blanks. "4th Rate—6 guns. Making passage from Midway to Ocean Island under the command of Lt.-Comdr. Montgomery Sicard, U. S. Navy. Sat. Oct. 29th, 1870. Commences and until 4 a. m.—Weather cloudy but pleasant; moderate breeze from Nth and Ewd. At 1 a.m. clewed up topgallant sails, furled them at 2—"

Garst laid down his pencil; he would have to complete his log later when his watch was over. . . .

At 3:22 a.m. the *Saginaw* stranded on the coral reefs surrounding Ocean Island, tiny mid-Pacific atoll, and started to go to pieces almost immediately. Garst had heard the booming of the surf and sighted the creaming line of breakers a few minutes before she struck. Captain Sicard had hurried to the hurricane deck; the engines had been backed, the jib taken in and the topsails clewed up. But the steam had been low and the current setting in toward the islands strong; she had ridden high on the reef and the lacy spume of the breakers had shrouded the fourth-rate ship *Saginaw* in a white pall of foam.

For a few moments there was confusion; the crew was "paralyzed with fear." Then the strong voice of Captain Sicard roared above the pother, and ninety-three officers and men on the *Saginaw* commenced to salvage what they could from the wreck and prepared to abandon ship.

The sharp coral outcroppings of the reef bilged the *Saginaw* in ten minutes; the sea washed through jagged wounds into her holds, her launch carried away, and her smokestack crashed over the lee side. Great rollers broke in a smother of foam over the wreck; aft, the colored steward, locked in irons and with the key lost, sang mournfully, "*Way down upon de Swanee ribber.* . . ."

A marine was washed overboard; the same comber threw him high upon the reef. As a scarlet sun bulged above the eastern horizon some of the crew scrambled onto the reef, standing knee-deep in the boiling surf. The boats were launched to leeward—just in time; the forward half of the ship broke off and was heaved high upon a coral ledge. Axes flashed in the morning sunlight; the mainmast was cut away and fell splashing into the sea. Across the still lagoon beyond the reef, tired men rowed back and forth in cutter and captain's gig from wreck to sandy shore saving what the sea had left of the *Saginaw*.

Soon after the "necessaries of life" had been saved from the wreck and the crew had started to establish a permanent camp, Lieutenant John G. Talbot, sailing master of the *Saginaw* and second in command of the shipwrecked crew, volunteered to take a boat to the Sandwich Islands, eleven hundred miles away, to summon help for the castaways. Captain Sicard and Talbot and other officers held a conference.

A small boiler, supplemented by brass speaking tubes salvaged from the wreck of the bridge, had been fashioned into a rude distiller, which, with the rain caught in sails, had solved the water problem until by accident a fresh-water well had been tapped. Enough salt pork, hard tack, flour and canned goods had been saved (some of it dried out in the sun) to subsist the crew on quarter rations for almost three months. A storehouse had been rudely constructed on stilts to keep out the rats; tents of sail cloth and awnings had been set up, and the scant diet of staples had been supplemented by the tough flesh of the goonies or brown albatross, which nested on the island in great numbers, by oily but rich seal steaks and by an occasional catch of a few "yellow tails." The one match saved from the wreck had started a fire which was kept burning day and night until some lanterns and a barrel of sperm oil were eventually salvaged.

But Sicard knew that Ocean Island was far from the steamer track; the *Saginaw* had come there—ironically enough—only to look for castaways. Uninhabited Midway, where the *Saginaw's* crew and her contractor's party had been attempting to blast a harbor entrance through the coral reef, lay fifty-five miles to the eastward, but there was no succor there, no help nearer than Hawaii, eleven hundred miles in a direct line to the east southeastward, but almost eighteen hundred miles with sail and oar by the usual sailing route at that season.

"God-a-mighty," one of the men said, "we might rot on this blasted shoal and never the world know."

Sicard and Talbot and the rest knew that this was true. Already the men were sick; dysentery and its griping pains had decimated the crew. They were a hard-bitten lot, but the water-spotted log already recorded a growing list of punishments for fighting, for disrespect, for insolence. Even William Halford, coxswain of the captain's gig, a large square-faced man with a walrus moustache, had been clapped in "double irons under sentry's charge for disrespect to superior officer."

Captain Sicard directed each officer to file with him an "opinion on the feasibility and necessity of sending a boat to the Sandwich Islands."

On Nov. 5, 1870, the gig was carried well up on the beach and set in a cradle to be prepared for the eighteen-hundred-mile cruise.

Within two weeks—two weeks of varying winds and sun and rain and toil—the gig, a double-ended, fine-modeled whaleboat, had

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The Super Bridgers

**Double, double, when in trouble,
husbands bid and wives redouble,
partners boil—but is it Hoyle?**

by R. J. B. DENBY

•HUMOR•

The Conklins and the Teagles were the hottest bridge players in Rosedale Heights. They had studied and assimilated every system—Culbertson, Sims, the Vanderbilt, the Waldorf-Astoria, the one-over-one, the 5 & 10, the A & P, the Sam Goldwyn and even the Catch-as-catch-can—if those are the correct designations of the several systems that have been devised.

Jim Conklin worked for an advertising agency, Bill Teagle was a minor officer in a wholesale drug business. Each drew a salary that only just sufficed to meet the expenses of his small suburban home and allowed him to keep a sedan car of a make about one grade better than the cheapest.

It was a combination of natural card sense and the necessity of having to watch over their pennies that had made such expert players of these two couples. For years they had cleaned up a few dollars almost every night from their less skillful neighbors, until the time came when the residents of Rosedale Heights grew weary of paying to compete in one-sided contests. When these bridge sharks called up their friends and suggested a game, there was an interval while the Jacksons or the Blakes or the Winterbottoms conferred in urgent whispers, after which would come the slightly embarrassed reply that Mildred Jackson had a headache, or that Walter Blake was all in from a heavy day at the office. "But thanks for asking us—let's do it some other time."

In due course their prey having dwindled to practically nil, the Conklins and the Teagles were reduced to playing against each other. But they were bridge fans, and while they missed the easy money that had once been contributed so regularly by the suckers, these hard-fought games were better than no bridge at all. The jousts took place about five nights a week, alternately at the Conklins' and the Teagles' homes.

When the visiting team arrived there was no sitting about and making desultory conversation until someone, as though it never before occurred to him, asks, "Shall we play a little bridge?" whereupon the others look surprised and acquiesce and the host hauls a dusty card table out of a closet and arranges lamps that give insufficient illumination, while the hostess rummages in drawers for cards (finally producing a couple of mangy decks) and then wastes a further ten minutes getting dishes of peppermints and nuts from the pantry.

No, that was not the way with the Conklins and the Teagles. When the foe entered, a spindle-legged table was already set up, four chairs stood in readiness against it, a powerful bridge lamp was in position and turned on, two clean decks of cards lay invitingly in the center of the table and at each corner thereof had been placed a score pad, sharpened pencil, ash-tray and a handful of cigarettes. There were no peppermints, no nuts. After a casual greeting someone spread out one of the decks fanwise. They cut, sat down, and the battle was on—grim and earnest. There were no chatty interludes. Nobody told of the cute thing Junior had said that afternoon, nobody held up the onslaught to tell the latest Mae West story; there was no talk of clothes or stocks or the N.R.A. Throughout the entire evening the players concentrated on the game and rarely did either side fail to get the most out of a hand, rarely was a trick missed in defending. Only small sums of money changed hands—they played for ten cents a hundred—but the rivalry was intense although neither side ever spoke of it in the hearing of the other.

The note-book in which Ethel Conklin secretly kept an account of winnings and losses with the Teagles showed that she and her husband were in the red to the extent of eight dollars and sixty cents. Only twice during the six months they had played regularly against the Teagles had the balance been the other way. This rankled in Ethel's brain. Not that the amount was anything much after so many hundreds of rubbers. What galled her was that the Teagles, because of the slight balance in their favor (she was quite sure that Marion, too, kept a secret account) probably imagined themselves to be the better players. And this, as Ethel put it to herself, was just so much broccoli. Certainly the Teagles were tough people to beat, but up to now the cards had run their way. Had they been playing duplicate she and Joe would have kicked the everlasting pants off them.

One Saturday morning, early in May, the Conklins drove out to join the Teagles at the latters' ramshackle summer cottage near Danbury. It was to be a solid week-end of bridge. And Ethel Conklin, while waiting the arrival of cocktails, found herself more than ordinarily irritated by Marion's cocksure laugh and manner. She longed to end-play and squeeze and Bath Coup the hell out of her.

Presently Bill Teagle came hustling in with a gigantic shaker of Dry Martinis and a plate of crackers spread thinly with some kind of pale paste that looked like kennel ration. They drank the contents of the shaker. Bill replenished it—and they finished that, too.

By the time they began lunch Ethel was feeling full of optimism. In her present mood she itched to do things—*big* things—which led to her making a suggestion that rather surprised the others.

"I've got an idea!" she announced suddenly. "Let's play for a penny a point like everyone used to before times got bad."

"That's a bit high, isn't it?" her husband remonstrated. "It's ten times what we usually play for."

"Well, what of it?" Ethel replied. "Come on! Let's have a gamble just for this once. It'll be fun."

"It's all right by me," said Marion.

"Goody!" Ethel exclaimed. "I knew you were a sport, Marion."

As they sat down to play, some jesting remarks were exchanged concerning the increased stakes, but once the cards were dealt all unnecessary talk ceased. This was a serious encounter. It was as though a team of Montagues opposed a couple of Capulets.

For three rubbers the game went fairly evenly—the Conklins having the best of things by about three hundred points. In the fourth rubber, with the Teagles vulnerable and no score for the Conklins, came a hand with the cards distributed in a manner which the writer has been told is a little out of the ordinary. Marion Teagle, the dealer, held all the spades. Ethel Conklin

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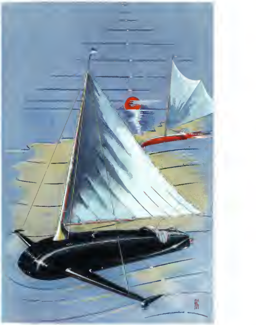

PUTTING THE STREAMLINE ON ICE

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

Here is a new type of streamlined ice boat made unusually light so that it will skim along very smartly. Its modern design pays due respect to certain sail details which are borrowed directly from a sail boat. It also reflects the newest aerodynamic lines of airplanes and automobiles. Its graceful, fleet appearance truly indicates its capacity for speed, and its mounting, the controls of its sails, runners, and windshield are all authentic. The boat in the background is a different type, somewhat lighter, and very similar to some models that are built in this country.

"But I love both of you!"

What a Bud Thinks of Beaux

The quarry pauses in the chase to take a few pot shots at the hunters, classes a, b, and c

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

A DÉBUTANTE is informed by every male with whom she comes in contact, and always in the accent of Balboa discovering the Pacific, that she is the identical twin of all her sister buds.

From the male point of view, she thinks, says and does exactly what every other deb thinks, says and does. This is neither given nor taken as an insult—just a well-worn gambit of conversation. However, to be told this, day after day and night after night, by one trousered explorer after another, tends to shake one's faith in the male intellect.

It is true, of course, that débutantes appear to be as alike as ball-bearings, but there isn't much variation in the men with whom they play either. These men have been taught from the cradle that without them a débutante's life would be a desert, and it no more occurs to them to speculate on the real thoughts, if any, of their dependents than it occurs to many golf players to investigate the souls of their caddies. And since the evidence of a deb's popularity is the number of men about her at all times, she keeps her long, deep thoughts to herself. It is not until she discovers the dispensability of men—usually by falling in love with one of them—that she dares to spill the legumes.

So here goes—

The sub-species of *genus homo* known colloquially as the "deb's man" can be classified in three groups, more or less distinct. They are (a) the débutante politician, (b) the too tired and bored young business man and (c) the callow, comic collegiate.

The most important of these is the débutante politician. His one objective in life is to be invited to every party large or small. At the beginning of the season, he gives small cocktail parties and informal get-togethers of a Sunday night—very intimate and inexpensive. To these he invites only the debs who, according to his form sheet, will entertain and be entertained the most during the months ahead.

These affairs are dull for the customers, none of whom know each other and behave like yearlings before their first race, but they are a sound investment for the host. He expects the interest on the loan of his attention to be repaid—and it generally is, compounded.

Should he not be invited to a small dinner to which you have purposely not asked him, he is likely to telephone and ask you to the theatre for that evening. Long experience has made him clever at this sort of thing. If he finds out in advance that you are giving a party from which he has been omitted, he will call and inquire "are you mad at him?" When you respond with a convincing "Why—what an idea!" his voice goes tremolo; he wonders lengthily what he could have done to offend you, and finally, unless you have a harder heart than most débutantes, you give the creature his bid. Thus, he is everywhere. Where there is free entertainment—especially alcoholic—there you will find him.

For all his low-brow wangling, the Débutante Politician considers himself an intellectual. He assumes a passionate devotion to classical music and swoons at opera. His nose rises at modern art, but he is eloquent about the Old Masters—in direct proportion to the ignorance of the listener. He has a trick of assuring you that alone among débutantes, you are refreshing because you think. This is because you have given him your patient attention.

He prefers beer to hard liquor, because he finds it more conducive to serious conversation. He is a great fellow for hobbies and is almost sure to collect first editions, pipes or Viennese waltzes. He smokes a pipe and would rather lunch with you than dine because he considers it more sophisticated and cosmopolitan. Though a *poseur*, he is amusing and although as man and friend débutantes rate him zero, he is considered a useful means of getting to parties.

The second type of "deb's man" is the least important but the most fatiguing. Proclaiming himself altogether too tired to have anything to do with the life of a débutante, he nevertheless clings to it. He thus produces an ennui far more acute than he pretends his own to be.

He is usually not more than two or three years out of college. In his undergraduate days he was very popular and either captain or president of something very important. He is usually an insurance salesman or clerk "working up from the bottom" at a negligible wage. His one ambition is to make money and marry—or vice versa. He professes to consider débutantes too young, and their régime too flighty. He is torn between the desire to picture himself living in a bachelor apartment surrounded by dogs and books, and as the happy husband who hurries home to wife and kiddies. In the meantime, he lives with his parents who annoy him by still considering him their baby.

He says he can go out only on Saturday nights due to the early hour at which he starts working up from the bottom. However, he is to be seen at every party, regardless of the day, and is always the last to leave. Should there be no party, he takes some deb to the movies, ending up at the favorite hangout of his pals. One "night-cap" runs to not less than ten and he is never home before one. He is contemptuous of débutantes, but is with them constantly, always vaguely fretful at their failure to appreciate his true worth.

His life is routine and though extremely bored by it can think of nothing to make it more exciting. In despair, he drinks too much. Most of his conversation, therefore, deals with the antics of intoxication—his and others. Exhausting this subject, he is left with gossip, athletics and the memories of dear old Swash. Abstract subjects bore him, and he is unable to argue about anything without reverting to some prank of his youth.

He likes to talk about himself but finds it difficult to express himself, even on that theme. He considers it his rightful due to be amused, and makes no attempt to reciprocate. As a great treat, he will take you to a quiet bar where his fellow captains of industry congregate and there discuss with them the finer shades of hockey and football. Should there be none of his cronies there, he buys a newspaper and goes into a trance over the sports page. You can talk to the bartender, or yourself—or just sit.

Eventually, with the aid of many Scotch and sodas, he may condescend to talk to you of marriage and the kind of girl he intends to wed. Should you offer a feeble protest at the idea of spending an evening thus, you are promptly told that you are high-hat or incapable of living without bright lights. Being highly susceptible, he is likely to fall in love with you after the fifth drink and is puzzled at your preference for a tavern to his engagement ring. He would be still more puzzled if you were to tell him that the only reason for his existence in your life at all is the stag line.

The third type of masculinity from which a débutante is supposed to choose her mate is the college youth. Unlike the other two, he is unquestionably invited everywhere and is never too tired or bored to enjoy himself.

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"He says he's a tax payer, he is, an' he's got a right . . ."

El Borego Grande

Even the wariest of hunters may be lured to a parched death by the quest of ram on the desert

by MAJOR HOWARD S. REED

• ARTICLE •

SPEAKING of droughts—have you ever been really thirsty? So damned thirsty, I mean, that your mouth wouldn't shut over your distended tongue and you blubbered like a kid out of gratitude for a hatful of slimy water that stunk to heaven?

Most men, thank God, don't know what thirst is. I had no idea myself until I stumbled over the bleached bones of two prospectors out in the Imperial Valley years ago and even that gruesome sight simply emphasized the vague idea that men do die horrible deaths from lack of water. Later I saw it demonstrated in the Southwest much less academically when two lads were brought into town, delirious and temporarily blind, by an old settler who had found them face down in the sand.

They had started across the desert in an automobile—the same desert which last year took sixteen lives, five of them in one party near Mexicali—and well away from civilization their car stuck in the sand and wouldn't budge. In the blazing heat they dug to the point of exhaustion, never more than partially freeing the wheels but always making just enough progress to tantalize them to further frantic efforts. The heat and their labor made them dry and, being tenderfeet, they soon drank up what water they had. Likewise, being tenderfeet, they didn't have much to start with so by the time they decided to sleep until morning, the drinking supply was down to zero.

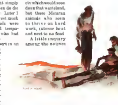
Next day, of course, was just a duplicate of the first, only longer and hotter and drier. Their ignorant courage of the previous evening began to ebb with their hopes; they could neither pull nor dig out the car; nobody passed to give them a tow—or a drink. The heat's withering fury mounted with the sun and with it their panic. By noon they had passed being thirsty; they were parched and maddened. They drained the radiator and gulped down the filthy liquid which dripped out, then they started for the nearest town on foot. It was a full week after they were found before they could even talk.

Such an object lesson should stick with a man for life, yet even after seeing it I managed to let the recollection grow dim enough to permit my walking into the same kind of trap.

It all came about because I acquired a yen to shoot the largest Bighorn sheep on record, larger, that is, than the famous Carnegie ram brought in from northwestern Mexico by Drs. Hornaday and Phillips. That same territory offered the best possibilities and knowing the country well, I headed for it, formulating my plans en route.

We would start, well provisioned, in a buckboard which would most easily convey us to the road's end at the fringe of the desert; there the duffle would be loaded on the accompanying pack mules and the wagon parked for our return. The mules, incidentally, were not the famous "Missouri hummingbird" variety which would soon die in that wasteland, but those Mexican animals who seem to thrive on hard work, intense heat and next to no food.

A little inquiry among the natives quickly uncovered the fact that I had made a good guess, for this particular territory was the home of none other than *El Borego Grande*, fabulous and legendary old ram who had been hunted in vain for years. He was a cunning, sly old hermit who shunned the flock and free-lanced it on his own; he knew all the answers to hunters' problems before they thought of them and, consequently, he was dean of all the Bighorns. The mere mention of his name brought a hush of envy and admiration into the natives' voices, and the prospect of bringing him in was overpowering. You could see that by the way their eyes sparkled gloatingly as they described him with back-spraining gestures to give you a clear idea of the sweep of his tremendous horns.



Taking this magnetic enticement with liberal portions of salt, we headed southward into that hundred-mile stretch of arid basin lying between the Coast Range and the Gulf of California. The party consisted of two Mexican *vaqueros*, Pedro and Ramon, and two Cocopah Indians, one of whom possessed the most remarkable eyes I've ever seen in a human. Once we had just come panting over the edge of a precipitous box canyon and had stretched on the hard ground to catch our breaths when the Cocopah suddenly leaped to his feet, staring into the sky. I strained my eyes—which, incidentally, are keen enough to keep me up to par as a sharpshooter—but I couldn't see a thing.

After a pause he said, "*Gusta miel?*" Do you like honey? And upon my reply that I did, he sat down again without further explanation. Next morning when we arose he was gone, not returning to camp until after breakfast. With him he carried a four-gallon water bucket full of wild honey!

In that treeless, utterly barren region, the feat seemed a miracle—and after he explained the simple process, it still remained a miracle as far as I was concerned. What he had seen over the canyon that afternoon was a bee so early next morning he was up scouting for more. At a height which would baffle any other human eye he would spot a bee flying and would mark its course. Presently he would see another bee and another, and by observing the direction of their flight he would eventually detect the point at which their courses converged. Standing under that spot for awhile, he would get the line and follow it to the hive in some rocky cleft or cave.

Well, so much for the Cocopah and his supernatural eyes; the point now is that it was those human telescopes which not only signed the death warrant of the largest Bighorn in Mexico but also rubbed my own name off another warrant already made out for me. It was the afternoon of the honey quest that the Indian suddenly touched my arm and pointed off in the distance.

"*El Borego Grande!*" he murmured softly.

And with the aid of the glasses I finally made out what I couldn't possibly see with the naked eye: the faint outline of a Bighorn standing on the highest point of rock in the distance, silhouetted dimly against the sky. He didn't impress me then, but after we'd moved toward him for a half hour he shaped up better through the glasses; he was, indeed, enormous.

My heart beat faster as we halted the pack train and I prepared to close in. Dismounting, we screened ourselves behind the bodies of the mules which the ram was intently watching, and while the others waited I made my way to the shelter of the

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The Coarse Feeder

Vienna—first of a series of mouth-watering articles to make American men's stomachs feel at home abroad

by JOHN GUNTHER

• ARTICLE •

VIENNA, which is the capital of Romance as well as Austria, is the city of Maria Theresa, Metternich and Dollfuss, of the greatest Breughels in the world and the finest Jan Vermeer, of ten thousand dark blondes who walk in the spring rain in the Prater and of aged and brittle countesses in high reception rooms and of *unnerschuttel* whipped cream and beer.

If I had time for only one more meal in Vienna I would, I imagine, go to *Sacher's*, not only because the food is superlative but because *Sacher's* so intimately represents both the glamour and the pathos of the town. Frau Sacher, the mythical personage who founded the restaurant, is dead but her spirit still dominates it. She was a remarkable old woman.

The daughter of a butcher, she had only one rule: she served the best. She ran her restaurant for love, not money. The riches of Midas could not rent a room in her hotel next door if she didn't happen to like the prospective guest. She took the dishes away from people if she disapproved of their table manners. To her headwaiter she would shout, pointing to a visitor, "Who is that woman painted like a circus horse?" She smoked big Havana cigars and, in her old age, sat in a wheelchair between the kitchen and the restaurant, tasting every dish that passed to see if it had truly reached the Sacher standards of extreme and exquisite perfection and precision. When she died, she left gifts to the amount of two hundred and eighty thousand schillings (about $56,000) to everyone she liked, including penniless aristocrats who had not paid their bills for years, but no one ever got the money because no one could ever find it. Fashion forced her to build a bar; she detested it and never entered it and did her best to ruin its business.

Today at *Sacher's* you enter a small dim room lit by high candelabra, full of red plush and gilt and the ghosts of Hapsburgs. Every table has a romantic history. At the one to your right the cronies of Crown Prince Rudolf heard the news of his suicide at Mayerling. To your left, the Archduke Otto once greeted the wife of a great Ambassador dressed only in sword and busby. Wagner, the headwaiter in the private rooms, has been there forty-two years, Paul, in the restaurant proper, twenty-two years. The first chef, Posewat, with almost fifty years of service, no longer cooks; he is too old, but he still has a job—he tastes.

In the *Sacher* you may have *coquilles de poisson Mornay* ($.80), fish baked in shell with mushrooms, truffles and cheese; *escalope de veau Florentine* ($1.20), fillets of veal baked with spinach and cream; *gratinée ris de veau Demidoff* ($1.00), sweetbreads on toast, *sauté* with truffles; and, of course, *Sachertorte** ($.30), the famous chocolate cake the formula for which is secret. *Sacher's* is expensive but, after all, it is one of the most famous and distinguished restaurants in the world. And in the bar (even if Frau Sacher hated it) you can get an admirable *table d'hôte* lunch for about a dollar and a half.

I would, I think, go to *Sacher's* for my last meal in Vienna but I would hate to miss a final crack at the *Dalmatiner Weinhaus* (Rechte Wienzeile 27) before catching the train.

The *Dalmatiner Weinhaus* is one of the roughest restaurants in Europe, just as *Sacher's* is one of the most elegant. The boss, who cooks himself, is a reformed Serbian bandit, and very voluble.

Go there during the dull hours from ten thirty p. m. till midnight, shout for a waiter and order *Lissa*, an incredible Dalmatian red wine with the kiss of a hamadryad and the kick of molten dynamite.

The *Dalmatiner Weinhaus* is an acre of tables without cloths and it stinks to high heaven of garlic and onions, and roars with noise. One waiter (stripped to the waist if the night is warm) parades the agitated aisles with a boiler of corn on the cob, another carries bread in a big bushel basket, a distraught female serves trays of cheese and butter, and her haggard sister, shouting at the top of her voice, dispenses onions, pickles, paprika. You shout for what you want. Your voice roars through the metallic din: "Bread! Corn! Sausages!" The boss, at the grill, throws chunks of hashed meat into the grill and molds them into sausages called *cevapcici* (five for $.20); though Serbian born he is Viennese by residence and hence polite: he stops cooking to say good-by to every guest—usually with fragments of sausage or sprays of beans still clutched in his enthusiastic hands.

Try not only the *cevapcici* but *kufti*, meat balls inside of dumplings ($.27), and a bizarre cake of beef, bacon and beans called *musaka Strudl* which costs a schilling.

The best things to drink in Vienna are water, beer and coffee. The water is superlative. It comes from Sommering, sixty miles away in the Styrian Alps, and is ice-cold from the tap, so that the glass mists even on the hottest summer day.

Most people drink open wine in Vienna and it is of fair quality and cheap. It is served in quarter or half litre pitchers, red or white; the white is apt to be the better. Many Viennese drink wine in the form of a *Gespritzter* (capitalize the nouns, please; it's an odd German habit)—half wine, half seltzer water. Amiable *Weinstubes* are the *Urbanikeller*, the *Alterhofkeller* and for Hungarian wine, the *Ungarische Weinhaus*, a thoroughly good establishment.

In the outskirts of the town are the *Heurigers*, small wine shops located actually in the vineyards which surround Vienna. When the proprietor's wine is ready, he hangs a pine bough on the door; the wine is new, astringent and deceptive, it tastes like mildly acid lemonade and you can't believe it contains alcohol until, without warning, it strikes you with bewildering violence and sets you climbing trees or singing songs you didn't think you knew. Its later effect is usually narcotic. I have taken dozens of guests to *Heurigers* and they always say "What? You call this liquor?" and about an hour later it is time to call an ambulance.

The late Mayor Cermak was a guest of mine on an occasion of this sort, and so was Mr. Howard Vincent O'Brien. The only person I ever took to a *Heuriger* who was not smitten as by a mallet to the base of the brain was H. G. Wells, whom I had always suspected of having a strong stomach anyway. The best *Heuriger* in town is probably the *Kleine Rockenbauer*, in Grinzing, Sandgasse 14. Drink the *Grinzinger Alt* (white), $.80 a litre.

The two great Austrian beers, *Schwechater* and *Gösser*, are first rate. I like *Gösser* best but only by a shade. It is full, creamy, sound, tart and bright; of all light beers in the world I would put only *Pilsner Urquell*, drunk at the brewery, higher. The best places to drink *Gösser* in Vienna are the *Laudenkeller* (Rotenturmstrasse) and O. Petter's beer hall (Elisabethstrasse) where it is well kept and handled. The *Reichenberger Griechenbeisl*, near the Fleischmarkt, is the most popular beer place in town, but it is too crowded for my fancy; another good haunt is *Stadler's Beer Klinik*, near the Amhof, which was founded in 1566 A. D.

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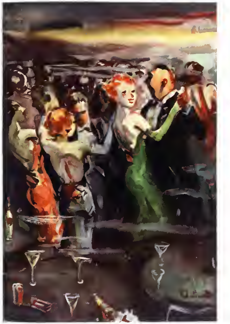
*Prices at present exchange



"Doesn't this remind you of some place you've been before?"

"Third from left, second row?—Sorry, sir, I'm taking her home tonight myself"

From Snow to Slush

How much is a man's pride worth to him, when he can sell out at a scalper's price?

by JOSEPH H. COLE

• FICTION •

I JOINED the waiting line at its tail. There were at least six people in front of me. They were all rather smartly dressed and a little aloof. In this marble theater lobby on this rich red rug I was glad the weather called for rubbers, for they covered my shabby shoes and were new.

My wife and I hadn't been to the theater (barring a few movies) for a long time. This was going to be my Christmas present to us. The critics had more or less chosen it to be the finest production of the season. The *Times* devoted a full page to it in their Sunday supplement.

Christmas Eve fell on a Sunday, and so the tickets would have to be for Saturday. I looked at the scale of prices. In the evening the mezzanine would cost two and a half dollars. We prefer the mezzanine because it offers a fine perspective of the stage and yet is within audibility, and we do not care for matinées as they are usually attended by women's clubs.

What I wanted was two in the mezzanine for the evening of the twenty-third.

Then the question of money came up. Five dollars was quite a lot to be spent on just a show. Of course it was Christmas and we were young and we did have a right to some pleasure—yet five dollars was almost a week's rent. There were cheaper seats, of course, but when I see a show I like to see and hear it—not stretch to see it nor strain to hear it. And so, with a sinking midriff feeling of desperateness, I stuck to parting with the five.

By this time the line had been greatly reduced and I was within peeking distance of the girl in the box-office. She was quietly pretty, in a blond, Junior League fashion. She seemed to be losing patience. The old fellow in front of her couldn't make up his mind whether he ought to take one in the eighteenth on the side for that night or one in the center balcony for the following afternoon. I smiled in sympathy with her and made sure that I knew what I wanted. Two in the mezzanine for the night of the twenty-third. Right! I took out the five that represented our last month's savings and which should have gone into the bank. Then I gazed at the girl in calmer confidence. I was next.

The blond head turned its blue eyes upon me inquisitively. I was nervous. I didn't want to stammer or take up too much time. But I managed to say my little speech quite clearly, if none too steadily.

"It's a relief," she said, "to find somebody who knows what he wants." And she smiled upon me.

I gave her my five dollars and took the tickets which she had placed in a small envelope.

"Thank you," I murmured and left the theater.

It was well that the girl had smiled and spoken to me so prettily, for it spared me a lot of uneasiness I might otherwise have felt. Normally, while waiting for our date to approach, I would start to regret spending so much money on a mere two hours of mummery. But this was not the case now. Whenever my mind turned to the play, it plumed itself upon the fact that the pretty blond girl had smiled upon me. It may sound foolish, but that cashier's smile brightened four weeks of my life.

My wife laughs at me for worrying so much; she is so practical that she has eliminated thinking about things—she just goes ahead and does them. When I told her I had bought the tickets, she felt I had been extravagant; however, the money was spent and she allowed no regrets to spoil her pleasure. Grace loves the theater even more than I; she is too practical not to get her money's worth.

We both wanted this to be the happiest Christmas in our lives, for it would be the first we would spend together—we had been married less than a year. Avidly, we read every review of the play we could lay our hands upon. When a magazine damned it with faint praise I felt rather weak and tried to dismiss the haunting paragraphs from mind. Not even the memory of my smiling blond could make me cheerful. But when we read that the work was a triumph and that it would probably go down to posterity as one of the finest American plays, then we smiled at each other in silent pleasure.

When the day finally came, we were all ready to do what the fashion magazines call "stepping out." I had received a cast-off suit from a thoughtful relative, and the tailor had altered it into an almost adequate fit. It was a little baggy under the sleeves and the coat was somewhat too long, but the general effect was quite tasty. I did not polish my shoes but spent ten cents for a shine plus a five cent tip. I wanted to do things in the grand manner. Grace, too, wore her best clothes, but I believe that I was more conscious of her worn shoes than she was. She merely shrugged and said if she were to worry about such things there'd be no sense in going at all.

It started to snow just as we left the house. We were pleased; it would be a white Christmas. Before getting on the subway, I made one last magnificent gesture. I bought Grace a corsage of sweet-peas. I even wore a white rose-bud as a boutonnière.

The performance began at eight-thirty, but we always make it a point to be at least half an hour early. We like to stay as long as possible in the soft and mellow atmosphere of plush and carpets. It always gives us a thrill to be conducted to our seats, to glance at the program, and then to go out into the lounge where one can smoke and talk and laugh and watch the other playgoers.

This night, however, the clock on the bureau had been ten minutes slow. I hurried Grace from the subway station and we reached the theater at eight-fifteen. Those lost fifteen minutes made me feel as though I had been cheated of fifteen dollars.

As we entered the lobby, I was saying to Grace, "It's too bad we can't have the right time in the house!"

She looked at me in that pert way of hers and giggled. "You ought to be happy now you've got something to worry about."

I grinned, but I really was upset and I reached into my waistcoat pocket for our tickets.

"I beg your pardon, but have you good seats for tonight?"

Startled, I turned around. A rather tall

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The Five Soldiers

Who killed the Tsar? A thrilling two-part story in which five men furnish a blood-chilling answer

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

The captain was drinking tea with his orderly. They had something to talk over. Something that seemed serious.

Of course some months before no captain ever drank tea with his orderly. At least, not openly, in a corner of the barracks. But revolution, that convulsion of the fibre of society, brings all men down to the same level, and when I say they drank tea I should add, tea without sugar. We soldiers also had tea without sugar, and we sat around the barracks with little or nothing to do.

This was a hell of a place to be sent to but here we were, an odd detachment of men raked from the four corners of the vast land that was once an empire. The Czar and his royal family were prisoners in the fortress of Ekaterinburg and here we were close by, an armed force, ready for any emergency. We were held ready to stamp out any royalist plot or any forced attempt to free the royal prisoners. We marched the streets and showed our strength daily. We guarded the fortress. But nothing happened.

While the captain was drinking tea with his orderly, one of our men suddenly jumped to his feet and cried: "Don't call me that! I told you a hundred times that my name is Beetle!"

"But we have your full name on the roll."

"The roll is only a piece of paper. The hell with the roll! Papers are nothing! I could show you papers." He took a document from his pocket which was written on the stationery of the Department of Justice. This was a sworn statement that the records showed that our friend had been duly accused, tried, convicted, condemned and imprisoned for his revolutionary activities. This paper entitled him to exemption from military service.

"Then why are you here?" we asked.

The First Soldier

"What is the good of talking a lot of nonsense? Why am I here? What difference does it make to you where I am? You are a soldier and I am a soldier. What then should I be? Do you think I can go home and live in a house where the whole business of existence centers around a kitchen stove? What kind of a life is that? And where would I find such a place? I can do as I please. And if I want to be a soldier, it's my privilege to be a soldier. My rifle is as clean as any, but I am still waiting for the day to fire it off. But I tell you once more, for the hundredth time, you won't find out anything about me; and the mere fact that my name is written in the roll means nothing. My name is Beetle. That is what I was called and that I will remain.

"If you had climbed up the wall of a prison cell twice a day for four years, you would know what it is to be a beetle. That is what they called me when I was there and that is what I will always remain. A bug that crawls up a wall. When you are confined to the River Fortress, and if you are lucky enough to land in that underground tier, then you learn quickly how to climb. You become quite nimble.

"And why should one be sent to the River Fortress? Well, that is one of those things I can't answer. But suddenly the world has closed in about you. There is a knock on the door. The police are before you. They are commanding. They are fierce. At once they are at your desk. They examine everything with a hard glassy eye that has already convicted you. They take away the letters. They also have found some pamphlets, and you are arrested. All right, well and good. You're not the first one, and you won't be the last. They question from morning till night and you keep repeating one thing and one thing only, 'Yes, I'm guilty, but that is all I will tell you.'

"Yes, I am guilty. They try me, and still I am guilty. They condemn me like anyone would be condemned who is guilty or who should be guilty. And that is how you are sent to the River Fortress.

"Twice a day the river tide came into the cell and twice a day I stood on the rusty iron cot to keep out of the water. In winter the water was cold, but then the tide only rose a little. But in the autumn when the moon was full the tide came up four feet into the cell, and it was then, twice a day, that I climbed the wall. For an hour each day I joined the others and we were marched into the yard and given a breath of air. This was only a part of the torture to keep you alive, so that you could climb and keep climbing twice a day.

"In a prison like the River Fortress every third man is a spy, and so I refused to make friends. When they asked me what my name was, I said: 'Call me what you like—I have no name. I have only a number and, as you can see, it's a wet one.' It was then that the other prisoners named me the Beetle. And Beetle it remains.

"I was told that no man survived for more than two months in the underground tier. And I replied: 'A beetle is a beetle.' At this the wardens laughed.

"Four agonizing years went by. Twice a day I climbed the walls. And suddenly the revolution set me free.

"Now I am a soldier. What then do you want me to be? Do you want me to sit in a kitchen and listen to the gossip of a lot of women? Or do you want me to dress myself like a dandy and parade the boulevards looking for girls? It is true, I am free to go as I please—my paper here gives me privileges—but a time comes when there's no place to go. And that is why I am here. And I hope you will have the kindness and decency not to dig into my past. For now it is too late and my name hardly matters. It means nothing. I have become a Beetle, and I have survived, and having survived as a Beetle I would like you to call me by this name and no other."

This was the story of the First Soldier. We shook his hand and assured him that we meant no offence, nor were we trying to pry into his life. We assured him also that we would call him by no other name than the one he desired. There was nothing more to be said. We had all of us heard of the River Fortress and of the underground tier. But we never knew that any man lived who had been nourished on two tides a day. Certainly he had earned the right to call himself just what he liked.

The captain was still drinking tea with his orderly in a corner of the barracks and they were discussing something between themselves. And a few minutes later the captain wrote something on a piece of paper and the orderly took it from his hand.

He came over to where we were sitting and giving it to the Beetle he said: "The captain would like you to take this to the colonel upstairs, if you don't mind. You'd better take your hat with you."

There were some marks on the paper and a word was written, but it didn't seem to make any sense. The Beetle folded it in his hand, took his cap and departed.

The orderly went back to his corner and poured fresh tea for his captain. They still had more to talk over.

We were all soldiers, and there didn't seem very much need of anything secret between us, and usually everything was open and above board. But this day somehow or other the captain had something quite serious to talk over with his orderly.

A name is a name and we got to talking about different names, when one of our company related as follows:

The Second Soldier

"I am not so particular about my name. It is just plain John. I was born John, I lived John and I'll die John. And everything would have been all right except for that year and a half on the Roumanian front. That was a hole to get stuck in. And I believe we would have still been there if we hadn't taken things into our own hands.

"Of course, a soldier must obey his officer and he is not supposed to answer back or to question anything. And for a long time no one dared. But then we elected a committee, and I was one of them, and we went to the officers' hall and said to them frankly: 'If you want us to stay here, you must give us guns.'

"'You have guns,' they said.

"'Excuse me, major,' I said. 'What you say is true, but it is not the whole truth. Some guns we have, but not enough. There is only one rifle for seven men.'

"The major became very angry, and said it was no fault of his for he had ordered sufficient. But there was some trouble with those higher up.

"'Why don't you say some more?' we asked.

"'What more do you mean?' he commanded.

"'You will pardon me if we are bold enough to repeat what everybody seems to know. And you should know it also. First of all, we are a blind army without planes, and the reason for this a poor soldier wouldn't know. But why don't the general's staff explain it to us? We are here to die for them. Surely they can do that little thing for us. And how is it that men are sent to the front with only one rifle to seven? Do you wonder that we have so many dead to bury every day? And how do the Germans know beforehand exactly what we are going to do? Don't you think there's some reason for all this?'

"'What's the reason?' thundered the major.

"'The reason is simple. Some of our high officers have been trained in Germany and are sympathetic to their cause. But they do not want to say so openly. There are rumors that the Minister of War himself is not above reproach, and if you must know the whole truth—for everyone knows it, and you'd better know it also—the Empress herself is in the clutches of a superstitious, dirty monk. And he is against our army. And we are bought and sold from one day to the next! We are only cattle!'

"The major jumped to his feet and cried out: 'Arrest these men at once! There will be a court-martial tomorrow!'

"A court-martial is a very simple thing. The officers wear their best uniforms and all their decorations. They use a few very patriotic words, and then you are shot. But the court-martial never took place, and the reason why I cannot tell you. All I know are a few simple facts. It is true there was only one rifle for over seven men. The rest of us were armed with sticks, pieces of metal or whatever we could find. Against a well-equipped German battalion we had no chance at all, and the men realized it. But one rifle to seven was quite sufficient for the fighting that took place that night. Six of our officers had been shot rather mysteriously. At night we were taken from prison by our own company so that we could help bury these men with military honours.

"The next day we elected our own officers and, according to military rule, we sent notice of our election to military headquarters back of the lines. Such a thing had happened before and we knew very well what we could expect. We would probably receive orders in a day or two to move our whole company. And then, of course, we would be divided up and absorbed by other divisions. This was usually done to break any spirit such as we displayed. But several days passed and we received no marching orders. If your officers cannot give you orders, then it is time for you to give them orders. We did.

"'We need guns, ammunition and food without delay. A failure to comply with this request may bring about unpleasant circumstances.' The tone of this order was almost threatening, but once you put your foot into a stirrup you must ride.

"To our surprise, they sent us several wagons of ammunition and a few hundred rifles, but there was no food. Instead of returning the wagons, we shot their horses. And the next day the same thing happened again. And again we shot their horses. And on the third day they sent us strict orders that the wagons were to be returned. But we sent the drivers back on foot. We had not tasted fresh meat in over a year, and horses were only horses.

"I must also tell you that in this lovely place, called the Roumanian front, we had to keep very much under cover. There were enemy planes passing over us many times a day, and at night it was not possible to have any fire, for the light would betray our position. And in the daytime it was also not possible to have any fire because the smoke would indicate exactly where we were. And so those horses that we ate were devoured raw. And that is not all. The other food we got, mostly cabbage, was also devoured without cooking.

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Table Tennis Leaves the Parlor

Twenty million paddles are in use and they're not all used on fraternity pledges

by ROBT. E. HART

• SPORTS •

IN 1912 something happened to lawn tennis. A young chap by the name of Maurice McLaughlin left his native California for an extensive campaign of the Eastern tournaments. He had flaming red hair and a devastating cannonball serve. The crimson thatch never bothered his opponents but the serve made them look very silly. Fast and low it crashed in like the proverbial shot out of hell. Familiar only with the soft pat-ball serve in use at the time, even the best players couldn't touch McLaughlin's cannonball offerings. He won the national championship that year. Not until several years later did any other player develop a game fast enough to compete with McLaughlin's terrific speed. Spectators wept openly when he finally lost his championship. To him lawn tennis owes its present popularity. He changed it from a dull, colorless game to a spectacular display of thrilling speed and action.

Table tennis, too, has had its Maurice McLaughlin, but just who he is would be hard to say. Until recently nobody considered the game important enough to keep records of such things. Perhaps the name is Cornelius Schaad of New York, who through his scientific treatises on the subject first showed that table tennis could be made a most interesting sport, one requiring both speed and skill. Unquestionably some credit must also be given Coleman Clark of Chicago. A flashy player and winner of many titles, Clark's numerous exhibitions throughout the United States have done much to create a liking for the game among people of all classes.

However, to credit any one person with the responsibility of making an international sport out of a former parlor pastime would be eminently unfair to the countless thousands of players whose enthusiasm for the game has made it so popular. The fact remains that table tennis is now truly an international sport in every sense of the word. Here in America, for example, it is estimated that there are ten million active players. Should this figure sound ridiculously large, bear in mind that last year manufacturers of table tennis equipment reported sales of twenty million paddles. And then remember that these figures are for the United States alone. The game is even more popular in other countries. A French tournament isn't considered a success unless it has at least five thousand entries. Paris, incidentally, is the home of Viktor Barna, present world's champion. Karl Szabados, the previous title holder, hails from Budapest, Hungary.*

In all, twenty-three nations are members of the International Table Tennis Federation, with which is affiliated the United States Table Tennis Association. Included among the member nations are Japan, where the game has practically become the national sport, and England, whose own association is composed of six hundred individual clubs.

Table tennis, you see, has gone places since the time, not so far back, when Mother and Dad thought it was a dandy substitute for taffy-pulling on long winter evenings. Just as lawn tennis is a far cry from the game as played in the pre-McLaughlin days, so is table tennis far removed from the slow, tedious parlor sport so popular with Mother and Dad. Today, table tennis is fast and slashing with speed and action every second. It is no longer a parlor game for the simple reason that few parlors offer a large enough playing area. Many players run back from the table as far as twenty feet to recover hard shots.

Much of the game's present popularity can be attributed to the hard-smacking lads who have made table tennis almost as exciting to watch as it is to play. When a couple of these wizards face each other across the table and start walloping the little white pill, you see an exhibition of speed and scientific play as fast and thrilling as any other indoor game in the world. Bang-bang-bang-bang—it sounds like machine-gun fire as the ball shoots back and forth. Sometimes the celluloid sphere travels just a little faster than your eye can follow. But still these boys keep socking away. These are the players who put the fire-works in the game—the Ellsworth Vines' of the table tennis world.

Foremost among the American hard hitters are Sydney Heitner and Abraham Krakauer of New York, and Paul Pearson, Edwin Lewis and Billy Condy, all of Chicago. The three Chicago players use the penholder grip, which should be news to those readers who have heard at some time or another that this grip isn't all that it might be.

On the other hand, so that there will be no hard feelings among us, here's some welcome information for those of you who think the tennis grip is the one and only way. Most of the stars who feature a steady, all-around game, combining offensive and defensive tactics, rely on the tennis grip. Included in this group are Sol Schiff, New York, present national champion; Marcus Schussheim, New York, who represented the United States at the world's championship matches in Paris; Viktor Barna, who won the Paris tournament, and Coleman Clark, Chicago.

A word here about Coleman Clark. Veteran of the game and a former national champion, he is still one of its most colorful players. While attending the University of Chicago he starred in football, basket ball and tennis. At one time he held the Central A. A. U. shot put title. During the war he drove a rickety Ford ambulance along the front line trenches. Well over six feet and proportionately husky, Clark doesn't strike you as exactly the type of fellow who would get his exercise and relaxation out of table tennis. In which case he'll gladly straighten you out on the matter.

"Table tennis as played today is just as strenuous, just as fatiguing as any of the so-called he-man sports," says Clark. "It's fine entertainment, but you can also get a real workout from it. In my opinion it requires just as much stamina as wrestling, boxing* or football.

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*Hungarians as a whole are considered the greatest players in the world, probably due to the fact that table tennis is a required sport in most schools. A flash from Oklahoma City advises us that Oklahoma City University is now giving academic credit for table tennis. What effect this will have on America's international standing is problematical.

*In example in accord with Clark is a certain student at Marquette University, Milwaukee. After going through an entire boxing season without a scratch the unfortunate youth broke his arm when he slipped during a game of table tennis.

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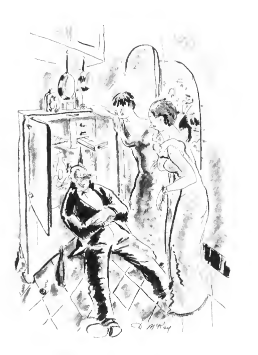

"What'll we do now? He's the life of the party!"

"Youse can't argue with a Harvard man"

The Escape

The schoolmaster comes face to face with his own self, over the body of an athlete

by L. A. G. STRONG

• FICTION •

"Six."

"Sir!"

"Very well, then. Five."

"Sir!"

"You know perfectly well by now, Russell, that if you are dissatisfied with my marking, I'm always ready to revise it—in the downward direction."

"Oh, sir!"

"Are you satisfied, or do you wish me to revise still further?"

The victim sighed, rolling his eyes with every symptom of polite ill-usage.

Champernown looked down at his book. He took a grip on himself, digging his nails into the palms of his hands. The moment had arrived. He glanced at the next few lines of the text. No, they were not unfairly hard. No one could say that he was deliberately choosing them because they were unfairly hard. Even supposing they contained opportunities for just the sort of mistake that . . . Was it fair for a man, whispered some inner voice, to use his psychological knowledge, his knowledge of a boy's character, in a guess to the boy's undoing? Nonsense, he retorted. Nonsense. It was the boy's business to know the whole piece, every word of it!

"Henderson. Translate."

A fair-haired, handsome boy looked up with an air of surprise.

"Me, sir?"

"Your name is Henderson, I believe."

"Quite right, sir."

"What did you say?"

"I said it was, sir."

Champernown ventured to look up and glared into the blue eyes that with such deceptive frankness met his own.

"Translate, then—if you will be so good."

The boy smiled. He stretched out his arms as if shooting imaginary cuffs, pulled up his trousers, settled himself erect at his desk, smiled once more obligingly and gave the passage his attention. He looked at it for a couple of seconds and raised his eyebrows. The man must be humoured, said his gesture, and he contrived also subtly to suggest that what was being asked of him was unreasonable.

"Let me see, now," he murmured, as if to himself.

"Get on," exclaimed Champernown thickly, and stopped, saying savagely to himself, Fool! Fool! don't let yourself be drawn.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Get on," said Champernown.

The boy looked again at the text, inclining his head first to one side and then to the other.

"*Inde*," he began. "Thence—or thenceforward."

He paused, and looked expectantly at Champernown, who kept his eyes grimly fixed on his book.

"*Inde*," repeated Henderson. "Thenceforward, or thence. No, thenceforward, I think. Thenceforward. *Atrocias certamen*." He hesitated for a moment. "The atrocious strife—"

Champernown uttered a noise midway between a growl and a hiss.

"Isn't that right, sir?" asked the boy, leaning forward as one terribly disappointed by the failure of his effort to please.

"Tacitus, as you may possibly have noticed," observed the master with elaborate sarcasm, "has an occasional habit of leaving out the verb."

"Yes, sir. I had noticed."

"It is a pity, then, Henderson, that you do not learn by experience."

"Mr. Bernard Shaw says that we never learn by experience, sir."

Champernown saw red. The boy was deliberately provoking him. Never mind. He would not let himself be drawn. He would not be led into making a fool of himself again before the class. Henderson did not know his piece. He had concentrated upon the difficult bit near the end, the bit with all the words to it, supposing that Champernown would give it to him. Champernown had guessed he would. Evidently the guess had been sound. All that was necessary was to sit tight and let him establish his ignorance.

He sat tight, refusing every red rag, every bait, and soon was able legitimately to pass sentence.

"Since you have omitted the formality of preparing your lesson, Henderson, you will remain in and repair the omission this afternoon." That sounded final enough.

"Repair what, sir?"

"Do the lesson which you have not done."

"I'm awfully sorry, sir, but I'm afraid that's impossible."

Shaking his head from side to side, the boy regarded him with sad blue eyes.

"Impossible?"

"Quite, I'm afraid, sir. You see, I have to attend fielding practice with Mr. Bevan." Russell looked regretful.

Champernown swallowed.

"Very well, then. You will do it tomorrow afternoon."

"Impossible too, sir, I'm afraid. The Silchester match."

• • •

It was a point of principle, and Champernown was not going to let it go. He had had Henderson badly on his nerves for weeks. He had been ready to like the boy, to be friendly with him. *He* hadn't begun all this. Yet, for no reason at all, the boy baited him without mercy, seldom giving him a loop-hole for open action. Even so, he told himself, this was not the reason for pursuing him. It was a point of principle.

As he expected, the day after the match found Henderson equally elusive. Apparently he had another rendezvous with the headmaster. Doggedly, Champernown made his way after lunch to Bevan's study. He felt at a disadvantage before he had begun, but persisted, face and ears reddening.

"Oh, come." The great, bluff, prematurely bald man eyed him tolerantly. "Oh, come. Rather ancient history, isn't it?"

Champernown swallowed. He had known before he started that he was on a fool's errand. Henderson was the apple of the cricketing headmaster's eye and, to make matters worse, he had made seventy-four in the match.

"Very well." Champernown was saying in a few minutes. "As you wish, of course. It will make matters difficult for me with my form if I have to show preferential treatment—"

The headmaster raised his eyebrows, but refused to be ruffled.

"Hardly preferential treatment, Champernown," he said benignly. "Boys are understanding creatures, you know. They'll understand all right."

They will indeed, thought Champernown bitterly, as he made his way to the Common Room.

"Hullo, Champernown. Coffee? Black, isn't it?"

"Thanks, Forsyth. I'll pour it out myself."

"You look hot and bothered. Anything wrong?"

Champernown hesitated, then poured out his grievance.

"I shall announce it before the whole class."

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Old Soldiers Never Die

Character study of a small town hero in a panic and a major who turned out to be a master psychologist

by EDW. L. McKENNA & GEORGES SURDEZ

• FICTION •

1898 Little girls had yellow kid dolls, little boys had Admiral Dewey swords. Skirts rustled, and party dresses were made of pagoda foulard, China silk and organdie. It was considered rather unmanly to smoke cigarettes, but one might anoint his curly locks with Florida water or bay rum or brilliantine. As the poet said: "*From the fields there came the smell of new-mown hay.*" So, no doubt, there did, and likewise the pungent fragrance of Japanese incense lighted against the mosquitoes, and the scent of patchouli and musk and orris and the clean cool smell of starch. Girls looked like girls and men wore moustaches in those brave days.

Now, in many ways, life reached its heights for Harry (born Harold) Wilson in 1898. Bands played for him as he marched away with two stout companions from Alta, Illinois; bands played as the transport swung out of Tampa into the stream.

They had singing armies before 1917 and fighting armies, too.

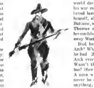
One thing is certain: Harry Wilson did some actual fighting in Cuba. He heard guns pop and saw men die and doubtless he did as well as the next. The fever got him and he lay for months in hospital and came back at last to Alta, Illinois, thin, yellow, wasted and a hero.

It was a long time before he got back on his feet and perhaps it's more correct to say that he never did. He worked in a little bicycle-repair shop for awhile and next he began to make and mend carriage lamps. He hated automobiles and never learned to drive one, but what could he do? He found himself precariously in the automobile accessory business and learned at least that he could understand the peasants who till their crops on the slopes of a volcano.

No doubt he had had luck and no doubt, too, he was partly to blame. Nobody would ever call him a clever fellow, though he was skillful enough at his tinkering. He was obstinate and cantankerous and, as years went on, he grew a little sullen and cross. He never married; probably nobody would have him. And he drank a little, and his usual comrades didn't amount to much and neither did he.

Of the three who marched away, he was the only one who returned to Alta. A small town loves a hero, and perhaps that's how the story started. It's quite possible that Harry Wilson started it himself while in his cups, or perhaps some local liar began it and Harry Wilson either grunted or nodded his head, or at least took no pains either to corroborate or to deny. At any rate, the tale grew and grew, and by 1910 every school boy in Alta knew it. This is what it was:

Harry Wilson had saved his Major's life at the great risk of his own. Reports varied as to the precise details: some said it was four of the enemy he had been blithe to slay and some were less conservative. Some declared he'd knocked the hero down; some that he'd lifted him and carried him to safety.



As it happened, the Major was a man of high destiny. Three times he was governor of his own State, and all his life a commanding figure in national politics. A huge, laughing, noisy man, he was a fine man, too, and no one in our time has had a tighter hold upon our hearts. His name—his name of course was Archer Thomas. It's characteristic of him that the title he preferred was Major Thomas. But the voters called him "Arch" and never anything else. There was only one Arch, all the time he was alive.

Now, in 1928, Major Archer Thomas was campaigning for Mr. Hoover. To the delight of all the residents but one it was announced that he would make a speech at Alta, Illinois. The town is seldom so favored. It's small and it always has gone Republican anyway.

Harry Wilson, naturally enough, was the citizen who was disturbed. He was fifty-two years old and looked sixty and felt at least that old.

He'd drunk a lot of pretty bad liquor in his time, and there was bad liquor long before Prohibition. The depression hadn't started for Harry in 1929; it had started about 1903.

He'd passed the stage where he was hopeful about anything. He was old.

Only one thing in the world distinguished him: his war record. People believed him a hero; he was himself, almost, persuaded. But now, with Major Archer Thomas coming to town, his confidence began to fade away. Would he be found out?

Had he ever spoken to Arch? Why, yes, of course, he had. But had he? Had Arch ever spoken to him? Wasn't that imaginative too? How could he be sure? A man who drank could never be quite sure about anything, neither could a man who was for long times alone. It was hard to tell what was reality, what was a dream. You told stories to yourself to cheer you up, harmless stories. Then, maybe, when you got drunk, you repeated them. You didn't mean any harm. Your stories wouldn't hurt anybody.

What could you do? Maybe you could sneak away, move to another town. But it was hard enough to make a living, even where you were known.

After they found out—after they found out, you'd never be able to hold up your head in Alta again. Make a living? What good was a living without honor, without pride?

Well, what can you do, when there's nothing else to do? You can walk up and take it, anyhow. You can say to yourself: all right, I'm a liar. I'm a drunkard. I'm a foolish fellow. But I'm no coward and I never was one. I'll stay. I'll stick. Do what you like. I'll come to you. I won't get it going away. Meantime, of course, if you're a drinking man, you drink. Drink and count the days.

Then, when the big day comes, you dress with trembling fingers. You've tried to sober up—you didn't have a drink all yesterday, but your head and your nerves are dreadful just the same. Well, you can't help it. You shake your head sullenly and say: well—I was there. I'd have done it if I got a chance. I never did have a chance, never in my life.

You mumble to yourself: To all of them you'll be just a stringy, droopy, watery-eyed old man, and not a hero.

Now then, Major Archer Thomas was a man more or less like the Emperor Napoleon.

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"Righto"

"Some night it's gonna bust open, that hot water bottle, and raise hell in here!"

A Cowboy's Christmas

No smoke, no noise, no smell of gasoline here. Just the pure, clean, quiet desert all around

by HENRY HARVEY

• FICTION •

It was cold that morning. There was a thin film of ice on the trough in the corral. That's cold on the Mojave Desert. Dan put on his heavy coat over his brush jacket. He knew he would be peeling it off after the sun came up, but he didn't want to ride along all drawn up in a tight shivering knot for the next hour or two. It wasn't daylight yet. He had to be at the mouth of Piñon Canyon by daylight to cut for tracks.

These old rambling Arizona cows were still trying to quit the country on him. Every one of the twelve hundred head on his part of the range was a natural leader it seemed. And for the past two months he had been in this camp alone. Only he wasn't in camp much. Locating new shipped-in cattle on a big open range in winter didn't leave a fellow much time for grub and sleep.

He had hardly seen the camp in daylight. He had learned his way around it in the dark. It had been midnight when he had ridden into it the first time, bringing the cattle from the railroad point where they had been unloaded. And he had left before day the next morning, starting the work of scattering and locating the cattle on this desert range for wintering. It had been that way ever since—long rides, short winter days—long nights but mighty short sleep and rations.

The feed wasn't what it should have been either. It had rained some, just enough to beat down the tender dry filaree so the wind would scatter it and bury it in sand until the cattle couldn't find enough to do them much good. It had been too cold for new feed to start. The sand grass was getting short too.

And even with plenty of feed these old cows were hard to hold and locate on new range. They had the drifting instinct.

That meant cutting for tracks at the right places every morning as soon as it was light enough to see—one day in one direction, the next, in another—and there were few days when Dan hadn't had to trail at least one bunch and bring them back. He often smiled while riding his long circle, thinking of Old Bob's way of telling the boys how to locate their cattle on new range.

Old Bob was a good cow-boss who knew his stock and his range and his men. But he couldn't say the simplest thing without calling on God and the Devil and all their near relations to help him out. But Bob's profanity was never offensive; he just used the words—that was all. Bob's tone and manner were always true parts of his patient kindly nature and a blend of earnestness and levity gave his speech a rare charm.

Bob would say in his slow soft drawl, with long-drawn syllables rather than loud tones for emphasis: "He-e-ll's a-fi-re and Go-od Almi-ighty, Boys, them critters want to tra-avel. They want to ro-oam, Boys. We've got to get arou-ound 'em. Ho-o-ly He-e-ll, Boys, we can't let 'em dri-ift. Sta-ay on the outsi-ide. Boys, sta-ay on the outsi-ide—let the middle take care of itself—just sta-ay on the outsi-ide."

Well, Dan was sta-aying on the outsi-ide. He was making his long circle every day and he hadn't lost a cow yet. His horses were getting a little leg-weary though and he would have to have a fresh string before long.

He decided, without knowing just why, to pack a little lunch this day. So he rolled up in a piece of flour sack a few strips of jerky and a couple of baking powder biscuits from last night's baking and stuffed it in his coat pocket. He put in a handful of dried apples "to top off with."

He could see the white mist of his horse's breath this morning and the ground was crusted hard under its hoofs as he rode over the wide sloping mesa, winding around greasewood (Creosote Bush) and cholla cactus and tall yuccas (Joshua Trees). He was thinking how hard it would be to follow cow tracks made late in the night after the ground was frozen this way. But it wouldn't be more than a few hours before the sun would thaw it all out soft again. One good thing about this desert country was the soft footing for horses. And practically no rocks. He didn't have to do any shoeing out here.

In the spring when the cattle got to working back into the rocky foothills he would have to keep his horses shod. They got tender more easily in hot weather too. He had often noticed this with different kinds of stock. Even his dog would get sore-footed over the rocky ridges in hot weather where it could follow him through the winter without any trouble.

There wasn't a fresh track this morning on his outside circle. At the mouth of Piñon Canyon Dan turned down the long slope toward Coyote Springs. Within a mile on this leg of his ride he cut fresh tracks—a little bunch, about fifteen head, had drifted over that way too far. They would be in the hills before another night if he let them go. He put his horse on the zigzagging tracks and followed them out. Fresh dung on the tracks told him these cattle were not far ahead of him.

The sun was just coming up over the faraway desert buttes when Dan overtook the drifting cattle. He rode around them and turned the leaders, bunched them up and started them back toward the windmill where these cattle watered. He drove them nine miles, keeping up a good pace so they would be more inclined to rest there awhile when he dropped them at the water. He wanted them to be glad to get back there.

When he finally left them standing around the troughs and licking the white and yellow sulphurized blocks on the salt-ground, Dan was gratified to see that familiar look of submission and resignation even in that old high-horn whiteface cow that was one

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For the Love of a Horse

The sheikh of sheikhs who'd give his kingdom for a horse—and toss in his fair daughter, too

by KONRAD BERCOVICI

• FICTION •

WHEN Ibn Rashid gathered the reins of power into his hands at the death of his father, he sent out his men on fast camels from oasis to oasis, from khela to khela and from Bedouin camp to Bedouin camp to count all the horses. And when they returned and told him how many they had counted, his broad face beamed with joy and his black beard became blacker than crow's-feathers.

"One hundred thousand!" he repeated. "I didn't know how rich I was."

And then Ibn Rashid ordered that each tribe send him two of its best horses that he choose one on which to ride himself.

In less than two weeks a thousand young mares stamped and milled in Ibn Rashid's stone-paved courtyard. The great sheikh looked them over closely. He loved horses. He knew horses. He had inherited that knowledge and that love from his father who, it is said, cried on the battlefield when he was told that his enemy, the Turk, had lost a thousand horses in the war.

And there wasn't one horse in the courtyard that Ibn Rashid really liked.

But one day a young man came riding a black little mare from Nejd and said to Ibn Rashid as he dismounted:

"I am Daud, the son of the sheikh of the Foukara. My father sends you this mare."

Ibn Rashid forgot all about the other horses and, swinging himself on the little mare, he took the stone wall surrounding his courtyard on the run and galloped away.

The Arabs looked at the Nejd mare and swore they had never seen such an animal. There were swifter ones in Arabia, but not one as beautifully formed, with legs so finely veined, with such a proud head and such intelligent eyes.

Five camel journeys from Damascus there lived a small tribe of Fehjiri Bedouins. A hundred people. Thirty black haircloth tents. Fifty camels. Five horses, some sheep. The old sheikh of the tribe, Zolog, had a son, Kinder by name. At twenty Kinder was a full grown man. Strong. Resolute. Handsome. Swift.

And Kinder had one horse. His father had not thought her good enough to be sent to Ibn Rashid, but the young sheikh was certain there was no other horse like her in the world. She followed him around wherever he went, even to the coffee tents, and entered the tent to nudge him to come out to her when he tarried there too long.

After Ibn Rashid had accepted the Nejd mare, the Foukara tribe began to lord over all of the tribes of the desert. When they went to the market place of Hayil they wanted the best dates. On the road they pushed their camels past other people's cattle. At the water wells they elbowed everybody away to water their kine. And as the Bedouins discovered to their dismay that it was useless to complain to the Emir in Damascus, the Foukara bore down on other people's tents, crouched around other people's fires and ordered other people about as if they were their serfs and not free Bedouins.

One day, when Kinder Ali was away at the market place to buy dates and rice for his father's tribe, a Foukara chief alighted at Zolog's tent and asked the Fehjiri sheikh how much he wanted for Kinder's horse.

"She is my son's mare and not for sale," Zolog answered.

"I haven't asked whether she is for sale or not," the Foukara answered. "I have asked how much you wanted for her."

"All the horses in the desert," Zolog answered.

Upon that the Foukara grabbed the reins of the horse and said:

"It's a bargain. I take her. Go and collect all the horses of the desert."

And two hundred Foukara warriors standing behind that sheikh had their fingers on the triggers of their matchlocks.

When Kinder returned on his camel and was told what had happened, he went wild with rage. Running from man to man he asked why they had not laid down their lives for his horse.

"Are you Bedouins or townswomen?" he cried.

That night a group of shepherd Bedouins with their camels and sheep camped close to Zolog's tents. As soon as they had sat down around the fire they began to sing a song about Ibn Rashid and his Nejd mare.

"A thousand horses the Emperor of the English had offered for the Nejd mare."

"And India and the jewels of the crown he had thrown in."

"No one shall ever ride her but myself," answered Ibn Rashid to the Emperor of the English."

Kinder listened. It occurred to him that Ibn Rashid was the only man in the world who would understand him. Only a lover could understand the pain of a bereaved lover.

At dawn Kinder left for Damascus on foot, for he would not ride another horse, and with only a bag of dates on his shoulders.

Five camel journeys over the hot sand is the distance from Zolog's camping ground to Damascus. And Bedouins riding their camels on the road asked Kinder to mount beside them. He refused and told them his tale. Some people shook their heads, thinking that Zolog's son had lost his wits, but some, after listening to him, counselled him to return home and forget his grief. And one Bedouin offered him his own horse as a gift if he desist from going on foot to Damascus. Kinder thanked the man but went on.

On the eighth day at sundown, his cloak torn, the soles of his feet ragged flesh, covered with bleeding sores where the sand had bitten in the wounds caused by the burning heat of the sun, pale, emaciated, hungry and thirsty, Kinder Ali was at the gates of Damascus, "The Pearl of the Desert."

The great Emir's palace was not far from the gate of the city. Kinder could see the three towers—the red one, the green one and the golden one—rising into the blue of the sky. A great Emir, Ibn Rashid! They were lucky, the Arabs, to have one like him. And that Mezuna, his daughter, was she as beautiful as they said she was? And would he see her?

At the gate of the Emir's palace, a heavy iron gate studded with copper stars and hinged to a stone wall, stood two round-faced, beardless eunuchs, bare to their thick waists, with arms as thick as young oaks. Seeing Kinder approach the gate they moved forward.

"I have come to see the Emir, my Lord," the young Bedouin told them.

"You can see him at sundown when he rides out on his Nejd mare," one of the eunuchs said, motioning the young stranger away with the handle of the heavy leather-tongued whip he carried in his hand.

"It is to speak to him that I have come five camel journeys and not but to see him," Kinder answered, stretching himself proudly to his full height. "Go and tell him that Kinder Ali, Zolog's son, wishes to speak to him."

And the young Bedouin's voice was so firm the eunuch opened and closed the gate behind him. A moment later he reappeared and said: "Tomorrow, after sundown."

Upon that Kinder left, satisfied that Ibn Rashid had agreed to see him. He turned, however, before disappearing behind a corner to have another look at the palace. One of the windows was framing the face of a beautiful young girl. For a moment Kinder forgot why he had come to Damascus. But only for a moment.

And it was the will of Allah that Mezuna should be at the window of the palace the following sundown to watch the Emir ride out his black mare.

When the gates were swung open and the Emir rode out on the black mare, Kinder's heart leaped high. The Emir, all in white, with a large jewel on his white turban in the middle of the forehead, black-bearded, wide-shouldered, was a majestic figure.

The eunuchs were plying their heavy whips into the crowd.

"Make way for the Emir! Make way for the Emir!"

Kinder Ali sprang forward. One of the eunuchs barred his way and laid hands on him. Kinder shook him off as one shakes off vermin.

The Emir turned around at the disturbance.

"Who are you?" he asked the young Arab.

"Kinder Ali, Zolog's son. Sheikh of the Fehjiri."

The Emir motioned the eunuchs away. Theoretically, every sheikh was of the same rank as Ibn Rashid himself.

"And?" he questioned Kinder who had come closer.

"You love this mare?" Kinder began.

"I do. Why do you ask?"

"Because I too love my horse. And she was not brought to me as a gift when she was full grown. I raised mine from the day she was born. You can understand my love for her, Ibn Rashid? Can you? But the Foukara who have given you this one here have taken mine away from my father while I was in the market place."

"The Foukara!" the Emir said. "Have they paid for her?"

"No."

"Have they offered to pay for her?" the Emir questioned.

"My father, old and well advanced in years, has named a price they couldn't pay," Kinder explained, stepping in his path. "Five camel journeys have I travelled on foot through the desert to ask you to send word to the Foukara they should return my mare."

A hundred people had forced their way close to the two men and were listening. The Emir felt ill at ease. The Foukara were a powerful tribe allied to many other powerful tribes, and he was grateful to them for the Nejd mare.

"If they have offered to pay, your father should have accepted the price. I cannot ask them to return her after he has named a price."

"She is my mare and was not for sale," Kinder rejoined.

"But what was the price your father asked for her?" the Emir asked, squeezing his knees to the saddle.

The mare took one step forward.

"The price was all the horses of Arabia," Kinder said. "I take this one first." And before anyone had realized what had happened he had unhorsed Ibn Rashid, swung himself on the saddle and taken the nearest wall on the run before even the mare had come to know that another was riding her.

* * *

Hours after the sun had set, Kinder Ali reined her in, to water her at a little brook, the last one before they entered the flint desert. The Nejd mare lapped greedily at the water, but when Kinder patted her she shied away as if she had only just realized that another than Ibn Rashid had ridden her. The first joy of being ridden, so masterly and vigorously, was followed by a feeling of revulsion toward the man who had ridden her. She reared and kicked. Kinder understood the horse—thought of his own mare and wondered whether she was as faithful to him as the Nejd mare was to the Emir.

Kinder hobbled his horse's legs crosswise, right front foot to left hind one. When the mare tried to rise she fell on her side. He sat on her ribs until she ceased quivering in anger, tore out a handful of grass from under a bush and offered it to her. She sniffed at it, looked at him, but refused to eat.

He tore out several handfuls, placed them near her and stretched himself on his back on the ground, to think of what he had done. What he had done he had had to do. He had believed that Ibn Rashid would see the justice of his demand. And Ibn Rashid had spoken to him not as one sheikh speaks to another but as a sheikh speaks to a *habah*, to a vagabond. The Emir had sat on his horse while talking to him. A hundred pairs of eyes had been looking at him while he spoke to the Emir. A hundred pairs. And one pair from behind the lattices of a window. He could not have done otherwise than as he did. He was Zolog's son.

As a horseman the Emir should have understood. But he was no horseman. He was a man who had received a fine horse as a gift. Kinder looked at the Nejd mare. No, Ibn Rashid wasn't worthy of her. On the morrow, after she had eaten, he would ride her again and then she would forget her former master. She would feel the sand under her hoofs and the rider on her bare back and the hot wind in her nostrils and she would forget the padded stall, the foul air of the city, and be a Bedouin's horse again.

When Kinder awoke the moon was vanishing in the blue and the morning sun was raising her golden head on the green-blue horizon.

Kinder jumped to his feet. The grass he had left close to the mare's mouth was still there. She had not touched a blade. Her big eyes looked sadly at him. Again he wondered what was happening at that time to his own mare. Was she refusing food from the hands of the Foukaras who had stolen her?

A sharp, low wind was sweeping the desert. Mounds of sand rose, sprayed the air and fell like waves on a sea. Kinder unhobbled the horse. She rose to her feet, neighed and stood ready and defiant before him. He swung himself on her back and they were soon gliding in the air at a swifter and swifter pace. He wondered that she should have so much speed despite her not having eaten. She was all in a lather, yet she carried him with terrible bursts of speed faster even than the day before.

At noon he came upon some hobbled she-camels. He milked one of them in his cupped left hand and offered the milk to the horse. She blew it out angrily from his palm. He milked another handful, refreshed himself once, twice, then tried the mare again, tempting her and talking to her. She wouldn't taste it. Yet she was willing to carry him. After he had ridden her another hour and she

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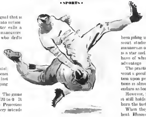
Stop that Man!

The unsung scouts detect a shifty foot, a wetted thumb—and stars fall on football fields

by DICK CULLUM

• SPORTS •



CLIFF MONTGOMERY shrills a signal that is to send Columbia's attack into action. A second later Princeton's center calls a signal to direct the defensive maneuvers. The ball goes to Montgomery who drifts back to pass. Tony Matal, Columbia's brilliant end, courses down the field. This is the play the Nittany Lion's opponents fear, the light, swift, bull's-eye pass from Montgomery to Matal.

But now half the Princeton team converges upon Matal. He is lost from sight among scurrying, leaping men in black and gold.

The pass fails, and others fail. The game wears on and Princeton wins by 20 to 0. It seems as if every man on the Princeton team knows whenever Montgomery intends to pass to Matal.

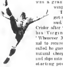
Well, that is the truth of it! *Every man does know.*

Stolen signals? Of course not. Expert scouting. That's the answer.

Campbell Dickson, scouting for Fritz Crisler, had made a discovery. That discovery had tipped the balance in Princeton's favor in a game which either side could have won. Thus the football history of 1933 was heavily influenced, for both teams went undefeated through the rest of the season and Columbia advanced to defeat Stanford at the Tournament of Roses.

Thus do football scouts, the unsung drudges of the autumn spectacle, deal their telling strokes. There was nothing uncommonly important in the part scout Dickson played for Princeton that day. Scouts win as many football games as star halfbacks. As often as not, the maneuver, either on defense or attack, which determines the outcome of a close game is evolved from a scout's report.

Scout Dickson had followed Columbia through her early games. He had known that Montgomery and Matal were the men Princeton would have to beat, the key men in the enemy's attack. The pass, Montgomery to Matal, was especially dangerous. It was a grand scoring weapon.



"I believe I've got something," said Dickson to Crisler after the Columbia-Virginia game. "Whenever Matal's signal to receive a pass is called he goes out of his natural charging stance and slips into a sprinter's starting position, the better to make speed down the field. It is not a marked change but our men can get it."

"Check it twice," Crisler told his roving center. "If you find Matal still shifts his stance to start for a pass, call the signal. The tackles will rush the passer. Everybody else will fall back to cover the receiver."

Columbia's biggest gun was spiked and Princeton won, thus making sure of the grandest season in its modern football history.

The football scout must have sharp eyes, an orderly mind and a huge bump of perception. He must work fast because the play goes fast.

Perhaps the play he wants to get occurs but once in a game. It is the play that his team may have to stop a week later. There is a huddle, a shift to positions, a "hip" and a "hike" and all is confusion, legs churning, arms waving, heads bobbing—and the whistle.

It is estimated that a hundred and sixty plays are executed in one game, and the stop watch shows that there are, at the most, twelve minutes of action in sixty minutes of playing time. The average play, therefore, consumes four and five tenths seconds from the moment the ball is snapped until the whistle sounds.

Not much time to chart in minute detail the positions and the movements of eleven men, but there are scouts who always get their play.

That, however, is but one phase of the scout's work. He charts the formations and guesses what new maneuvers can be developed from those formations later in the season, but he also makes an intensive study of the personnel of the team that is performing before him.

If that team has a star ball carrier who has been slipping through all opposition or an impervious lineman who has been piling up every play in his vicinity, the scout studies every action, every trivial mannerism of the man to determine why he is a star and what hidden weakness he may have of which future opponents may take advantage.

The practice of concentrating the football scout's peculiarly acute faculty of observation upon personnel as well as upon formations is almost as old as the game and will endure as long as the game endures.

However, it took a new impetus—which it still holds—when Red Grange began to burn the turf for Illinois.

When they finally stopped Grange and beat Illinois, scouts everywhere realized that all formations took their potency from the strongest man and that the easiest way to stop the formations was to find a weakness in the star.

Let us have a reminiscent look at Grange of Illinois.

There he goes, fading off to his right, out in front of him the bulky shoulders of Earl Britton carried low, propelled by fast, driving legs. Grange is running with the lightness of a breeze. He can turn on the whirlwind when he wants to but he is in no hurry.

A tackler takes his shot. Grange merely presses the spring, darts lightly ahead and the tackler misses him cleanly. Another tackler takes his shot. Grange stiffens a leg and stops. It seems almost that his motion is arrested in midair. The tackler misses him cleanly, this time in front of the target. At the moment the hurtling body goes past, Grange is at normal speed again.

That change of pace!

But all the while he is drifting toward the sideline, waiting for his chance. Not a driving, bone crushing runner going for a few yards on each play—one first down after another to a laboriously earned touchdown.

Not Grange. He is the opportunist. It is a touchdown or nothing. He lets them stop him while they play their defense perfectly, but let them make one mistake, let them put their secondary off balance, let them leave one opening that suits his fancy and he is away.

Let us go up to the press box. Telegraph instruments clicking, typewriters clacking: *Red Grange on the rampage again.*

Continued on page 106

"It all started when Aunt Hattie sent me that 'Robe de Nuit' from Paris"

"I just thought they'd look better with a smile on their faces!"

Old Badmash Tusker

The etiquette of pig-sticking: being a breakneck chase after the scimitar-snouted wild boar

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

• SPORTS •

THE wild boar combines in his unlovely person the characteristic qualities of a bull, a rhinoceros, an elephant and a fox; he is the ugliest-snouted, worst-tempered, fastest-moving creature in the whole Noah's Ark of nature, and is as full of tricks as a thirteen-spade bridge hand.

At a mile he can outrun any horse in the world, and most horses raise a lather overtaking him in three. When he can run no longer he turns on his pursuers, lowers his massive head and joyously gores horses, dogs and men with his scimitar-like tusks—hooked and murderous ivories, often a foot long. His humped shoulders and muscle-sheathed neck rank him just below the bull in sheer weight-lifting strength; an angry boar can knock down a horse and rider, fling a boarhound over his shoulder like a tomato and break a heavy five-barred gate by ramming it with his skull.

When exhausted and mortally wounded he reaches heights of courage unknown to any other beast; with three spears in his vitals he still comes charging in, and the nearer he approaches death the more dangerously does he scatter it around him.

A full-sized boar weighs anywhere from two hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds, stands three and one-half feet high at the shoulders and takes no nonsense from anything in jungle, field or forest. He is the only animal that dares drink at the same pool with the tiger, and the difficulty of getting elephants to face a charging boar is well known to hog-hunters. Add to this catalog of strength and savagery the fact that the boar is among the most guileful of animals, and you get some idea of the excellent sport that has been had hunting him through the centuries. Boar-hunting, pig-sticking or hog-hunting, as it has been variously called, is an immemorial sport in England and on the Continent; the Schwarzwald and the gloomy forests of Russia once teemed with the *sus cristatus* or fighting hog. Hunting the boar in the English north country was formerly the most cherished prerogative—and proof—of nobility; so choice a prey was the tusky pig that only great lords were allowed to hunt it.

Spears were the traditional weapons, and an old border ballad tells how the Earl of Bagehot lost his life when his lance broke in the shoulder of an enraged boar.

The ballad does not celebrate, however, the fatal experiences of countless peasants who were gored to death by this predatory tusker, more dreaded than wolves or swamp-angels by the defenseless yeomanry.

The modern paradise of boar-hunting is India, where British officers and attachés—always in need of something to ride for—have substituted the hog for the fox and have developed the sport into a highly-organized and very brilliant convention, as common as steeple-chasing or polo. It must be noted here, somewhat parenthetically, that good pig is also to be had in Brittany and the Argonne, but the French sportsman shoots his boar with a big-game rifle—which seems fearfully unsporting after one has become accustomed to the gamer English method of taking pig with a spear. To take a pot-shot at a boar from a shooting-box (the former Kaiser used to knock off fifty or sixty pig a day in this fashion) is very nice target practice, but to face an angry hog with only a six-foot spear between you and his ivory gnashers is, to coin a figure, a pig of another bristle. Bluntly, it's the difference between killing a bull with a revolver and going in over his horns with a sword.

The Englishman in India, being a queerly casual fellow, doesn't dignify his sport by the grandiose name of "boar-hunting"; he calls it "pig-sticking" and tries to fob off the hazards of the game by telling you how frightfully important it is to wear the right type of pith helmet when you go for old badmash porker. But that doesn't take the edge off old badmash porker's tusks. After listening to the average Tent Club conversation you'd think that a wild boar was a species of pink-whiskered rabbit who puts candy eggs in the pockets of little boys' rompers. But these same Britishers give away the whole show when they actually form their lines for a boar hunt. The amount of care, time and money they lavish on fine horses, top-cut equipment and all the trappings of a regular *shikarr* makes one realize that boar-hunting is a serious business with them—often, as you shall see, a matter of life and death.

Short of a lion-hunt, a Tent Club pig-sticking expedition is the most carefully planned of all group-hunting parties. Boar is rarely taken solo; veterans recommend that everyone kill a boar by himself at some point in his life—to develop resourcefulness and self-reliance—but for the most part pig-stickers ride out together. You get more pig and, as things turn out, more actual sport that way, for an element of competition enters into the chase as soon as it gets under way. You ride not only for the boar (the man who gets "first spear" into the pig is the day's hero and can claim the creature's head or tusks as taxidermic proof of his prowess) but you ride also to embarrass and jostle your rivals by every legitimate means. On the other hand, a certain fine courtesy exists among pig-stickers; violators of the code are fined a dozen champagne for every offense. For instance, if you are "on the pig" (i.e., nearest to and directly behind him) and I dash in from the side and spear him, I must stand you a case of *Pommery Sec*; but if you make a cut at the pig and miss him, then I can close in and try my spear.

In addition to the *etiquette* of the hunt, there are also a few sharp *Must Nots* or taboos. A man who knowingly chases a sow is expelled from the hunt; expulsion is also the fate of a man who throws his spear. No matter what the exigency, you're expected to keep a tight grip on your lance, for neither you nor anyone else wants the atmosphere charged with winging spear-heads, sharp as a surgeon's lancet.

It's not difficult to raise a boar in good pig country. Your beaters are all out there ahead of you, rummaging around in the *jhow* or tall grass, and your hunting-companions have taken their posts at various points that the boar must pass when he is finally rooted out of his retreat. Suddenly you hear the cry of *Wuh Jata* (there he goes) as the boar decides to make a run for it. And can't he run! You'll never believe until you see him streaking along like a dark blue flash that such a clumsy-looking object could move so rapidly. He looks like a shaggy Gladstone bag tumbling end-over-end at breakneck speed through the roughest parts of the *jhow*. Relying on the old proverb, *A horse can follow wherever a pig leads*, you joyfully give your mount a touch in the flank, and the chase is on.

If the terrain is fairly clear and your horse is exceptionally fast, you may overtake the boar in that first mad dash. Getting close to him is the warmest kind of excitement, but the second act of the drama—blooding your spear in him—is a trick that calls for ultimate courage, mind and skill on the part of horse and rider. The boar is not a fair, fat and indolent target. He is as shifty as a pickerel in eelgrass and cooler than cream in a butter cellar. He never

Continued on page 1[illegible]

A Portrait of Jafsie

Poet, student, teacher, athlete, philosopher and friend, he was as busy as a centipede with fleas

by ALBERT PARRY

• ARTICLE •

To the rest of the world, Dr. Condon, alias Jafsie, is the X-element in the Lindbergh case, an eccentric and slightly ridiculous and somewhat suspect and decidedly mysterious old gentleman. To the Bronx and northern New York generally there is nothing much mysterious in the retired school principal. An ebullient busybody, yes, but not an eccentric enigma is he. Nor is Dr. Condon an overnight celebrity made by his participation in the ransom deal. Rather he is a homespun worthy of slow growth and solid standing who dates his fame to times long ere Lindbergh himself was born.

John Francis Condon was born on June 1, 1860, in the Condon Homestead, also known as the Bluestone Cottage, on the Boston Post Road where it now meets East 169th Street. Dr. Condon has remained true to the Fenian tradition of the Bluestone Cottage. To this day he maintains that he is as proud of his Irish ancestry as he is of his American birth and allegiance. In his busy rounds he stops now and then to toss off a lachrymose poem dedicated to the distant isle. Thus, in March of 1932, in the midst of his negotiations with the kidnapper, negotiations then as yet unbeknown to the public, he paused long enough to share with his Bronx admirers his poem entitled *Emmet's Epitaph*. You will find it in the *Home News* of his borough for St. Patrick's day of that year. It rings an exalted note, as per example:

All dear sons of Granua wake from your dreams
With courage and patriots' fire,
Stand firm as of yore for dear Erin's shore
Carry on! For the goal you desire.

The present fondness of Dr. Condon for piccolo-playing can, in a way, be traced to military tradition in his family. As a small boy skipping around in the wild woods of Morrisania and West Farms, he imagined himself a Union Army soldier calling his fellow-men to march and attack. He beat the drum and he played the fife. His fife he had fashioned himself with his jack-knife out of an elderberry branch. Later he was able to procure a fully keyed fife, which is, of course, the piccolo. Yet later, in the 1900's, as a school principal in the Bronx, he was to teach boys and girls to play the drum and the fife, saying it did the kids a lot of good, and organizing one of the best drum-and-fife corps in the city. "It is," he was to say, "among the drum-and-fife organizations as Beethoven is among composers." As a youth John Francis also had a fiddle. First it was merely a cigar box and a stick with strings, but later he achieved the wealth of a real instrument. On his piccolo and on his fiddle he played jigs and reels for the Irish dances of his neighborhood.

The gentle memory of his past was rummaged through in a cold-blooded manner when in the spring of 1932 representatives of the American law and order were checking up on Dr. Condon's record. In his raptious phrase, they investigated as to whether any of his ancestors in Ireland had ever stolen pigs.

John Francis Condon received his primary education in the local schools, but for his higher he traveled to the big burg where he enrolled in City College, quite a piece from home down the primitive pike of the time. But he stuck to it and in 1882 received his AB. Two years later he began his teaching career in the educational system of New York City, the career which was to last officially, all of forty-six years, and unofficially even beyond his retirement.

Public School 12, at Overing Street and Frisby Avenue or the so-called Westchester part of the Bronx, was in Condon's home territory. Here he was more than sure of his grounds. He thought this was a good place and time to try out a few ideas of his own. For he did have some decided ideas of his own.

Before this he had tried them in Manhattan but rather modestly and to no great echoes in the world of education. For instance, he had said that he was a mathematician of profound originality, and he had employed what he termed the visual sense in teaching math. Now, in the Bronx, he tried it not only with mathematics but also with fourteen other subjects. A former pupil of his recalls this great-mathematician stuff and visual-sense method quite vividly, saying: "He made me laugh."

But it was because of this visual-sense business that John Francis became what he is today, Doctor Condon. So preoccupied was he with his theory that, to bolster it up, he, a teacher and principal by day, became a student by night. In 1902 he emerged from Fordham University with a degree of master of arts, and in 1904 from New York University with a degree of doctor of pedagogy. By this time he had children of his own, took part in patriotic and athletic affairs of the city, taught summer school, a prodigiously busy man, and trying to make everyone else as busy.

This, in addition to the visual-sense scheme, was then the kernel of his reform: make the pupil as patriotic and athletic as you can, keep him busy in work and play, and on your own level, too.

In those days he was over six feet in height, his two hundred and fifty pounds were well distributed, his black moustache, with its first glimmer of gray, was military-looking, as was his entire figure—a vestige of his early admiration for his warrior uncles, no doubt. "His athletic build was the most impressive thing about him," recalls a former student. "As an animal he was a fine specimen."

He was the coach of every team in the school. He organized baseball teams without an end and himself played on the sandlots with the boys, a terrific blow to a principal's dignity, thought the teachers. He went to every outstanding baseball or football game or boxing bout in the city, and was a friend of every outstanding champion. Frequently he brought the champions to his school to inspire the boys and girls. If he did not play himself in a game, he umpired. If he took a rest from boxing, he utilized the spare time in teaching boys—sometimes mere tots—to swing a mean right. He arranged amateur boxing performances. This, he felt, was true education. In 1926, he was to sum up his efforts of the many years: "Every year I have noted the steady advance toward ideal manhood and lovely manhood . . . (thanks to) . . . clean and wholesome sport in contests where temper is restrained and manliness is of first importance." In the fateful spring of 1932 the authorities tried to find the kidnapper of the Lindbergh baby by checking up on those former pupils of Dr. Condon's who grew up to have criminal records. They brought a name to him. "You are mistaken," he said, "this boy has no criminal record. You may mean his brother Pete who has never been a pupil of mine. But this boy never. He couldn't have. You see, he pitched baseball for me." Such is the good Doctor's overpowering faith in the purifying qualities of the ball.

When in the fall of 1919 the Third Avenue system discontinued trolley service between the Bronx and City Island, Dr. Condon solved the problem by rowing himself and his sons and daughter to and from school and work. He took his boat through Pelham Bay and across Long Island Sound to a dock in Westchester in the Bronx, covering a distance of three miles in twenty-three minutes, repeating the stunt and

Continued on page 177

On the Road

"I'm tired . . . hongry . . . cold," cried the big black man: all doors but one were shut to him

by LANGSTON HUGHES

• FICTION •

He was not interested in the snow. When he got off the freight, he never even noticed it. He must have felt it seeping down his neck, cold, wet, sopping in his shoes. But if you'd asked him, he wouldn't have known it was snowing. Sargeant didn't see the snow, not even under the bright lights of the main street, falling white and flakey against the night. He was too hungry, too sleepy, too tired.

The Rev. Mr. Dorset, however, saw the snow when he switched on his porch light, opened the front door of the parsonage and found standing there before him a big black man with snow on his face, a human piece of night with snow on his face, obviously unemployed.

Said the Rev. Mr. Dorset before Sargeant even realized he'd opened his mouth: "I'm sorry. No! Go right on down this street four blocks and turn to your left, walk up seven and you will see the Relief Shelter. I'm sorry. No!" And he shut the door.

Sargeant wanted to tell him he had already been to the Relief Shelter, been to hundreds of relief shelters, supper was over and the beds were gone, the place was full and they drew the color line anyhow. But the minister said, "No," and shut the door. Evidently, he didn't want to hear about it. And he *had* a door to shut.

The big black man turned away. And even yet he didn't see the snow, walking right in it. Maybe he sensed it, cold, wet against his jaws, wet on his black hands, sopping in his shoes. He stood on the sidewalk hunched over—hungry, sleepy, cold—looking up and down. Then he looked right where he was in front of a church. Of course! A church! Sure, right next to a parsonage, certainly, a church.

It had two doors.

Broad white steps in the night all snowy white. Two high arched doors with slender stone pillars on either side. And way up, a round lacy window with a stone crucifix in the middle and Christ on the crucifix in stone. All this was pale in the street lights, solid and stony pale in the snow.

Sargeant blinked. When he looked up the snow fell into his eyes. For the first time that night he saw the snow. He shook his head. He shook the snow from his coat sleeves, felt hungry, felt lost, felt not lost, felt cold. He walked up the steps of the church. He knocked at the door. No answer. He tried the handle. Locked. He put his shoulder against the door and his long black body slanted like a ramrod. He pushed. With loud rhythmic grunts, like the grunts in a chain-gang song, he pushed against the door.

"I'm tired . . . Huh! . . . Hongry . . . Uh! . . . I'm sleepy . . . Huh! . . . I'm cold . . . Uh! . . . I got to sleep somewheres," Sargeant said. "This here is a church, ain't it? Well, uh!"

He pushed against the door.

Suddenly, with an undue cracking and screaking the door began to give way to the tall black Negro who pushed ferociously against the door. By now two or three people had stopped in the street, and Sargeant was vaguely aware of some of them yelling at him concerning the door. Three or four more came running, yelling at him.

"Hey!" they said. "Whey!"

"Uh-huh," answered the big tall Negro. "I know it's a white folks' church, but I got to sleep somewhere." And he gave another lunge at the door. "Huh!"

And the door broke open.

But just when the door gave way, two cops arrived in a car, ran up the steps with their clubs and grabbed Sargeant. But Sargeant for once had no intention of being pulled or pushed away from the door.

Sargeant grabbed, but not for anything so weak as a broken door. He grabbed for one of the stone pillars beside the door, grabbed at it and caught it. And held it. The cops pulled and Sargeant pulled. Most of the people in the street got behind the cops and helped them pull.

"A big black unemployed nigger holding onto the church!" thought the people. "The idea!"

The cops began to beat Sargeant over the head, and nobody protested. But he held on.

And the church fell down.

Gradually, the big stone front of the church fell down, the walls and the rafters, the crucifix and the Christ. Then the whole thing fell down, covering the cops and the people with bricks and stones and debris. The whole church fell down in the snow.

Sargeant got out from under it and went walking on down the street with the stone pillar.

He was under the impression that he had buried the parsonage, too, and the Rev. Mr. Dorset who said, "No!" So he laughed, and threw the piller six blocks up the street and went on.

Sargeant thought he was alone, but listening to the crunch, crunch, crunch on the snow of his own footsteps, he heard other footsteps, too, doubling his own. He looked around and there was Christ walking along beside him, the same Christ that had been on the cross on the church—still stone with a rough stone surface, walking along beside him just like he was broken off the cross when the church fell down.

"Well, I'll be dogged," said Sargeant. "This here's the first time I ever seed you off the cross."

"Yes," said Christ, crunching his feet in the snow. "You had to pull the church down to get me off the cross."

"You glad?" said Sargeant.

"I sure am," said Christ.

They both laughed.

"I'm a hell of a fellow, ain't I?" said Sargeant. "Done pulled the church down!"

"You did a good job," said Christ. "They kept me nailed on a cross for near two thousand years."

"Whee-ee-e!" said Sargeant. "I know you glad to get off."

"Yes, I sure am," said Christ.

They walked on in the snow. Sargeant look at the man of stone.

"And you been up there two thousand years?" he said.

"I sure have," Christ said.

"Well, if I had a little cash," said Sargeant, "I'd show you around a bit."

"I been around," said Christ.

"Yeah, but that was a long time ago."

"All the same," said Christ, "I been around."

They walked on in the snow until they came to the railroad yards. Sargeant was tired, sweating and tired.

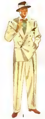
"Where you goin'?" Sargeant said, stopping by the track. He looked at Christ. "I'm just a bum on the road. Where you goin'?"

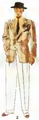
Continued on page 154

"Did I hear someone knocking?"

GRAPHIC DRESS CHART FOR THE TRAVELER

DAYTIME

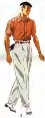




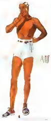
1—Double-breasted light cream color gabardine suit, lapel rolled to bottom button. Soft green broadcloth shirt with white starched bold collar. Indian madras bow tie. Brown leghorn hat with white silk pugree band. Brown suede shoes with black leather soles and heels.

2—Single breasted three button notched lapel brown Glen Urquhart odd jacket. White flannel slacks. Tan broadcloth shirt. Green foulard tie. Brown and white combination last sport shoes. Green 'pork pie' hat.

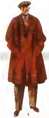
PASTIME

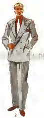


3—Wearing a short sleeve open front rural color linen shirt. Grey flannel slacks. Silk pugree belt. Horizontal stripe lisle hose. Black and white moccasin type shoes. Blue beret.



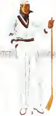
4—Short white knitted ribbed swimming trunks with blue web belt. Twine leather-soled sandals.



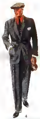


1—Single breasted Harris Tweed balmacaan topcoat with colored overplaid. Brown flannel suit with chalk stripe. Blue oxford button down collar attached shirt. Red and yellow knitted striped tie. Grey Glen Urquhart cap. Brown calf shoes.

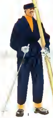
2—Double-breasted grey flannel suit, lapel rolled to bottom button, side vents. Brown suede shoes on town last. Red Jersey polo shirt. White wool tie.

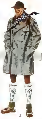


3—White cable stitch sweater with long sleeves, red and blue club stripes. Navy blue polo shirt. White flannel trousers. White buck shoes with red rubber soles and heels.



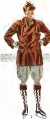
4—Black and white Shepherd check cap. Blue and grey hound's tooth check tweed suit. Oxblood check shirt with round collar. Navy blue wool tie. Black brogue shoes.



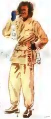


1—Navy blue skiing Parka that is light in weight, wind-proof and water repellent. Blue worsted flannel ski trousers. Heavy yellow turtleneck sweater. Navy blue Norwegian skiing cap. Norwegian mittens and heavy yellow wool anklets. Black skiing boots.

2—Double-breasted heavy tweed short warm with fleece lining and fur collar. Brown heavy wool breeches. White Norwegian pattern hose. Green wool anklets. Brown ski boots. Blue polka dotted silk square muffler and green rough Tyrolean hat.



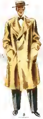
3—Double-breasted short leather coat that has heavy wool lining. Tweed knicker breeches. Green and white check heavy wool muffler and gloves. Heavy wool hose and fur cap.

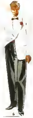


4—Light tan poplin Parka with skiing trousers to match. Under this is worn heavy wool clothing. Note that the mittens are suspended from a string, and that under his mittens he wears fingerless wool gloves.

Robert Goodman

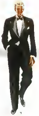
NIGHT TIME

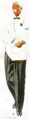




5—Double-breasted camel's hair polo coat. Light weight tropical worsted dinner jacket. White pleated bosom dress shirt. Wing collar. Butterfly tie. Sennit straw hat with colored club band.

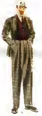
6—Single-breasted white shawl-collar dinner jacket of washable material with black trousers of same fabric. Patent leather pumps. White dress shirt with fold collar and long shape bow tie. Maroon cummerbund. Dark red carnation boutonniere.

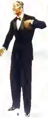




5—Single-breasted peak lapel dinner jacket with white single-breasted waistcoat. White linen dress shirt with two studs. High wing collar. Black butterfly tie. Patent leather oxfords. Red carnation boutonniere.

6—Double-breasted white shawl-collar dinner jacket of washable material with black trousers to match. White silk shirt with collar attached. Black bat tie, blunt ends. Patent leather pumps. Blue corn flower boutonniere.

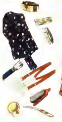


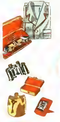


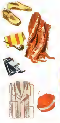
5—Single-breasted loval green brown tweed suit with a red overplaid. Wine color knitted vest. Grey flannel Glen Urquhart shirt and wine crochet silk tie. Black heavy brogue shoes.

6—Double-breasted midnight blue dinner jacket with starched dress shirt, fold collar and butterfly tie.

SUNDRIES

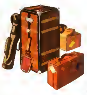




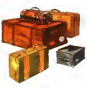


LUGGAGE

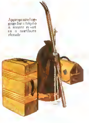
Appropriate luggage for a trip to a winter resort in a semi-tropical climate.



Appropriate luggage for an ocean passage or a cruise of more than seven days.



Appropriate luggage for a trip to a winter resort in a northern climate.



"I collect them—a hobby, you know"

Bidding You Bon Voyage!

Being a compendium of useful and even interesting facts for ocean voyagers, written with E. E. Poler

by CRITCHELL RIMINGTON

• ARTICLE •

Captain Felix Riesenberg, nautical man of letters, recently provided the Introduction to a brief book on marine etiquette. Therein he said; "The sea voyager may be safe enough to lapse his insurance. But is he, or she, serene? First voyagers on the maze of decks amid the crowded sophistication of a luxury liner, hate to be constantly asking about the things the really informed already know. The voyage is often somewhat of an ordeal."

It is the hope of the writer that the following may provide the means of escaping far more than *mal de mer*.

What To Do First

1 *Don't* unpack your baggage until the ship leaves dock, unless you make certain that your steward locks your stateroom door, for while the ship is in dock the steamship company is not responsible for personal property.

2 Write your last-minute letters immediately after the ship leaves dock in order to catch the mail via the pilot. Mail should be in the postbox or in the hands of the Lounge Steward or Purser half an hour after sailing.

3 Expected letters or telegrams will be found at the Purser's or Chief Steward's office. Packages are usually in your cabin when you arrive. In the event that you have been given flowers or fruit, have your steward immediately place them in the refrigerator room.

4 Valuables should be turned over to the Purser to be lodged in the ship's safe. A nominal fee for this service is usually deposited and repaid at the end of the voyage.

5 Set your watch according to the ship's clock, and note that en route to Europe clocks are put *forward* one-half hour to an hour depending upon the speed of the ship. On westbound trips the clocks are turned *back* similarly. When the ship's clock above the bridge booms out eight resonant "bongs" it is either noon, 4 p.m., 8 p.m., midnight, 4 a.m. or 8 a.m. We trust that you will have a pretty good idea when you hear this maximum number of notes which of the above times it is.

Hours for meals are posted on the ship's bulletin board and are usually something like this:

Breakfast	8 to 10
Luncheon	1 to 2
Dinner	7 to 8.30

6 A bugle or a musical chime is the usual call to meals. Most steamship lines have special ditties for each meal. On some vessels meals are announced in the Tourist and Third Class by gong rather than by bugle.

7 Read the notices posted in your cabin carefully. These not only concern the correct method of wearing a life belt, and the location of your boat station, but such matters as "time of meals," "care of valuables" as well as the name of your steward and stewardess.

The First Arrangement

Your first duty, if not previously arranged when you obtained your passage, is to secure your place in the dining salon. This is done through either the Chief or Second Steward, who will assign you a place which goes into effect at the time of the second meal. Seats for the first meal are never assigned. Enquire whether the ship has one or two "tables" (periods of serving meals).

If you like to linger over your meals to the point of being classifiable as a dawdler, ask to be assigned to the second table. (There will probably be only one table anyway, unless you travel at a peak season, such as the Easter rush to Bermuda.)

In the event that you choose to dine in the à la carte restaurant, such as the "Ritz" of the *Majestic*, you must request a regular seating. On some liners a reduction of $25.00 is made for those dining in the à la carte restaurants exclusively. At these restaurants the price range is something like this:

Breakfast	$1.25
Luncheon	2.00
Dinner	5.00

I might add that the food in these restaurants is superb, and that their chefs are often world-famous.

As you will note, however, this type of eating still is expensive and advised only for those gourmets or epicures with a taste for "Grouse à la L'Église Madeleine" or "Terrapin à la Main Street." Regular bills of fare however will astound the novice voyager. Special dinner parties or extra-curricular dishes may be arranged with the Chief Steward.

The Second Arrangement

Next in order of things to be done is securing your deck chair and steamer rug. These are obtained from the Chair or Deck Steward and are rented for the voyage at a nominal price ($1.50 to $2.00). When Europe-bound it is preferable to have your chair amidships on the starboard side (this is the right-hand side facing the bow) due to cold winds from the north, and on your return voyage vice versa. Your deck chair is not only numbered but will have your name on it as well. Don't forget your number and your receipt.

The Third Arrangement

Equally important is the matter of the Bath Steward, unless your cabin has a private bath attached. Baths may be arranged (for periods of fifteen to twenty minutes) at almost any hour, and you can secure either fresh or salt water. Don't be bashful about being seen in a bathrobe—there are hundreds of people on board, more or less, who will be similarly clad at one time or another.

Passenger Information

Money and Traveller's Checks. Already mentioned is the sagacity of depositing your cash with the Purser for safe keeping. This also is advisable with valuables of any nature. Under no circumstances will you be able to cash your personal check on a bank back home while aboard ship, but Certified Traveller's Checks are honored everywhere. Convert the bulk of your money into this medium of exchange before leaving home, as the rate is very low, seldom exceeding $.75 for $100, in this most convenient of forms. Before landing in any foreign country where U. S. money is not legal tender, the Purser will convert any desired amount of your capital to francs, shillings, marks or whatever happens to be the needed "brand."

Never address an attendant as "waiter" or "boy." He is always "steward" (and "stewardess" for a woman attendent).

All special dispatches, social events, the day's mileage, etc., are to be found on the bulletin board. A ship's newspaper is published daily, including wireless reports and stock market operations, and is presented to each passenger with the compliments of the line.

Most liners have a variety of shops, as well as a professional photographer, a hairdresser, etc. If you don't see what you want, pay a call on the barber shop—which is a veritable floating "general store."

Binoculars and a camera do double duty in widening your horizons and preserving

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"All right then, Mr. Frisbee—we won't insist on the castor oil"

A Place to Lay One's Head

Continued from page 35

There was no thought in him. He did not wait, unmoving because he feared if he moved he might rouse some sleeper. He waited, motionless and thoughtless, feelingless, because he was in equilibrium, cradled perfectly in some imminent presence.

He waited a long time.

There was a step below. The little crack of gleam within the balustrade winked out so silent its demise, that it was like a signal from a distance. He felt her coming toward him. Her shoulder faintly touched his. Then he followed her in the dark with a knowledge that was thoughtless, sightless. His following her was the mere wake of her walking—like some immutable effect of a cause in nature. A door shut behind them both; he heard it lock.

* * *

Sleep softly pushed him to a dawn whose light was the stirring of his mingled senses. He turned his head, and only then opened his eyes which fell, already focused, on her face. The girl slept. Her hair was a chaos all about her ordered slumber. The shut eyes tremored faintly, a hand lay open on the coverlet. Still without thought, he rose, dressed and went.

When he reached the sea, he again flung off his clothes and swam. The water on his flesh was, strangely, a salute: the sea seemed to accept him, infinitesimal and yet its equal.

At nine o'clock, the sun stood high on the pines which margined the earth from the Pacific. He thought it safe, now, to return to the hotel. He had designed his little strategy. Thought, he had forced himself at last to come to. And with thought, as he came out of the perfection of his trance in which act and impulse had been so miraculously attuned, came a quiver of self-satisfaction—a self-salute at his prowess.

He strode, still glowing from the sea, into the hotel lobby. It was a dingy transformation from the night before: men and women were grouped in it like clumsy grotesques of a perverse creator gibing his own beauty.

Behind the old-fashioned desk squatted a round and ruddy woman, the proprietress.

"Good morning," he smiled at her.

She stared at this creature, as if his presence were impossible, indeed for her it was, coming in connection with no train or bus. Her bosom, high as a shelf beneath her dress, did not budge as she ducked her head.

He pointed to his bag which still stood where he had placed it.

"I arrived late last evening. There was no room for me. So I left my bag and went. It was a beautiful night. Can you accommodate me, today? I hope to stay some time."

The landlady's face took on a puzzled frown.

"You were here last night?"

He nodded.

"No room, you say?"

"I missed the bus. The young lady was most kind. But there was no room."

"She said there was no room! Why, that is strange. And you had to tramp all the way back to the village! What a pity! How careless of the girl. *Of course* there was a room!"

The Super Bridgers

Continued from page 64

on her left, held all the hearts, Bill Teagle all the diamonds and, of course, Joe Conklin was simply crawling with clubs.

Now, as already mentioned, the people at this table were finished players, and it follows, therefore, that each was thoroughly familiar with all the subtleties, stratagems, tergiversations, deceptions and general skulduggery appertaining to the game. Each sorted his cards with outward unconcern and laid diabolical schemes for getting a succulent double and redouble out of his hand.

In Marion Teagle's place a sucker would have disclosed the situation either by uttering a maniacal croak of "Seven spades" or by going off in a dead faint. But not so the wily Marion. She waited to light a cigarette, then took the first step towards engineering a coup by bidding one heart. Ethel Conklin, holding every heart from here to Cochin China, did not bat an eyelash. She considered her hand for a moment, after which she indulged in a spot of counter-chicanery by bidding two diamonds. Bill Teagle, knowing it would be taken to mean that he was void in diamonds or that he held the ace bare now mentioned three of that suit. And Joe Conklin, certain that his wife would give him another chance to speak, said "Four diamonds." So ended round one.

It was now up to Marion again. To give the impression that her hand was a two-suiter, and to make sure that her partner would keep the bidding open, she jumped to five spades. Ethel, hoping that simulation of taking a desperate plunge and making a shut-out bid might bring about a rash double, now swallowed hard and piped up with "Seven hearts." Passes came from Bill and Joe. Whereupon, Marion assumed the expression of one making a sacrifice bid and went to seven spades.

Now all those readers who have held thirteen of a suit and been deprived of the luscious satisfaction of playing the hand in that suit will readily understand Ethel Conklin's desire to choke Marion. But murder in its literal sense being no part of the game, Ethel was obliged to turn her thoughts to punishment of a more conventional nature. She felt sure from his having made a bid that her husband held at least one trick, so she doubled. It was passed around to Marion who loudly and gleefully redoubled.

There followed a pregnant silence during which Ethel, out of the corner of her eye, observed that her hostess was smiling. The wretched creature was gloating! And she would only be gloating, Ethel reasoned, because her hand was a virtual laydown. Almost overcome now by a horrible nausea, she calculated swiftly the probable cost of the impending slaughter. Seven tricks in spades doubled and redoubled would be 840 points, 2,250 for the vulnerable big slam, 700 for the rubber and no less than 100 for honors—making a total of roughly 4,000 points. And that at a penny per point per person would cost her and Joe *eighty* dollars. A ghastly sum!

Something must be done about it. But what? For a moment she toyed with the idea of making a wild sacrifice bid of seven no trumps. But that might prove even more ruinously expensive. She would be doubled—and a freak distribution could result in her going down a record-breaking number of tricks. Ethel was burning up! She just wouldn't stand for being beaten and robbed by these Teagles! She took time to consider the situation. If Joe held a few high cards, a no trump call *might* get her side out of the jam with a less hideous result than allowing the slam in spades to stand; also there was a bare chance that Marion did not have her bid cold.

The average bridge duffer would not know what to do in this delicate predicament, but it was right here that Ethel Conklin showed herself to be a really fine, crafty, resourceful player. She looked up with a start from her hand and peered frowningly at the window in front of her.

"What is it, Ethel?" Bill Teagle asked.

"I thought I saw a face looking in at us through that window," exclaimed Ethel.

"A *face*!" Marion gasped as she and the two men turned their heads quickly in the direction of Ethel's gaze. And as they did so, Ethel, by leaning first to one side and then to the other in an ostensible search for another sight of that non-existent face, obtained an excellent view of both her opponents' hands. And what she saw there brought from her a sort of strangulated gurgle, a sound that can only be described as a mixture of a motherless lamb's bleat and the plaintive bark of a sex-starved seal.

The heads of the three other players turned back towards Ethel as though jerked by a single string.

Marion became fearful from her guest's appearance that she might die before the hand was played out. "Bill," she said, "poor Ethel's upset. Go and see if there's anybody hanging about outside."

Ethel protested that she was not scared—it was just that something had seemed to get stuck in her throat—she was quite all right now. However, Bill went out to take a look round.

During his absence Ethel applied her wits to the knotty problem of saving her side from the appalling licking with which it was threatened. Her peek at the opponents' cards had given her a perfect count of the hands. The bid of seven spades was, of course, on ice. And if she bid seven no trumps, Bill, on her left, would double and lay down his thirteen diamonds, thereby setting her thirteen tricks.

Now here again it must be pointed out that the average player would have muffed things. With Ethel, a strategist of the first order, it was different.

By the time Bill returned and reported that he could find nothing stirring outside, Marion was in a lather to play her sweet hand. "Well," she said, "let's get on with the game. I bid a big slam in spades, Ethel doubled, and I redoubled. Now the bid's up to Ethel again."

Ethel said, "And I bid eight hearts."

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The Super Bridgers

Continued from page 99

The others looked at her in some surprise.

"Oh, come on!" Marion said after a moment "Don't waste time, darling"

"I'm not wasting time" Ethel answered firmly "I said eight hearts—and I meant it!"

"But there's no such bid!" Marion protested "You know that"

"There certainly is! And I've made it!"

"Now really, Ethel" said Bill, "you can't put in a bid that wouldn't be possible under any circumstances to make"

"Did you never hear of taking a sacrifice set?" Ethel asked

"But I don't believe honey," Joe began, "that you can contract to

"You keep quiet!" Ethel snapped. "I claim my bid is legitimate and I'm not going to be talked out of it! They can get back at me by doubling—or they can go to eight spades What's fair for one side is fair for the other"

Bill Teagle shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you mean to say," Marion asked wrathfully, "that you insist on making that phony bid?"

"That's my bid" Ethel replied "And it isn't a phony"

"It's the most outrageous thing that ever happened at a card table!" said Marion "Downright unethical! It's worse than that! It's——it's——"

"Go on!" Ethel cut in "Say it! Say it's cheating!"

"That's just what it amounts to if you must be told the truth!" Marion spluttered

"So I'm a cheat, eh!" Ethel said, getting up and dropping her cards on the table. "Well let me tell you, Marion Teagle that neither you nor anyone else can call me that! I'm through with you!"

"Now, honey," said Joe, coaxingly "don't say things—"

"Shut up!" Ethel commanded. "Go and get our bags. I won't stay in this place another minute!"

The look that passed between the two men said "Our wives have had too many cocktails. Better separate them" They put down their cards and rose from the table

Addressing Ethel Marion said bitingly "You certainly thought up a cute way to get out of a tight spot Look at this!" She spread her hand

Ethel ignored her hostess

"And I wonder what you hold," Marion went on, turning over Ethel's cards "All the hearts eh? Clever girl! On your illegal bid of eight you'd get doubled and go down a hundred But your five honors would give you a profit of fifty points on the hand. Oh very smart!"

"Well" said Ethel, "perhaps you're satisfied now that you've done me out of my fifty points Joe are you going to get our bags or do you expect me to drag them out to the car?"

A few minutes later without any farewells having been said, the Conklins were returning to Rosedale Heights Ethel was slumped in her corner, asleep After awhile she muttered, without waking, "Eight hearts—oh, boy!—that floored her!"

Shortly thereafter they were having a scratch meal together in the kitchen

"I saw Bill and Marion come back just now," said Ethel.

"Yes," Joe answered "I noticed their car parked over there"

Following a silence Marion said "Guess I behaved pretty badly today, Joe I shouldn't drink gin on an empty stomach."

"The first dozen didn't seem to bother you It was after you got up to about the—"

"Oh lay off the sarcasm! Tell you what Joe. You make out a check for what we would have lost to them and take it over after supper"

"I was going to do that."

"And you can say I'm sorry about busting up the party this week-end D'you s'pose they'll ever speak to me again?"

"Sure honey! Who else could they get for a bridge game 'round here if they didn't play with us?"

"Huh huh. I never thought of that

Joe finished his coffee and went over to the writing table.

"I'd like to take a crack at getting some of that money back" said Ethel "Besides it's Saturday night and we ought to be doing something. Maybe you could get them to come over and shoot a few rubbers—if they're not too mad at me"

"They won't be mad any more when they see this check," Joe answered, getting up and making for the door

Ethel had only just finished clearing away the supper débris and stacking the dishes in the kitchen sink when she became aware of approaching footsteps and heard Marion's familiar "Yoo-hoo!"

Stop That Man!

Continued from page 26

Who are those fellows over there binoculars glued to their eyes, pencils jotting quick, sharp lines and angles, conversation snapping tersely? They are the scouts. Pity them. They must go home and tell their head coaches how to stop Red Grange.

But in the end they stopped him. That is the percentage that lies in favor of expertly informed mature, professional scouts against college kids who are pushed onto the field and told to do the best they can.

There was one occasion however, when a man who is, in my opinion, the shrewdest football scout in America did not make a full estimate of Grange's ability How could he? He had no gauge by which to guess the resourcefulness of this fellow

Fielding Yost of Michigan went to Nebraska to watch Grange. Illinois was to play Michigan a week later

Walter Eckersall, famous player, official and writer, refereed that game. He and Yost rode back to Chicago afterward

"Fielding" said Eckie "given a dry field you'll never stop Grange in spite of your great defense"

"Yes we will" Yost replied in complete confidence "Football is a percentage game and no man is greater than the percentages Give your defense five percent the better of position and not even Grange will make ground Now Grange is only dangerous when he is running to his right That's obvious because all the best plays Zuppke has planned for him carry him in that direction We'll overbalance to Grange's right when we lay out our defense and we'll stop him"

On Thursday of that week Eckersall wrote his syndicated football article and speculated upon the outcome of the Michigan-Illinois game

"I suspect," he wrote, "that Michigan will overbalance its great defense to Grange's right Saturday and may cause him a lot of trouble."

"What's this," exclaimed Bob Zuppke over his morning coffee "This is not Eckie's idea. He got it somewhere." Down came the little Zuppke fist. "He got it from Yost at Nebraska That's where he got it All right—let Yost overbalance to Grange's right I'll overbalance to his left. Grange can do it"

That Saturday Grange ran two kick-offs back for touchdowns made two other long runs for touchdowns and still spent most of the afternoon on the bench

He did all his running to his left. He was that good But how was Yost or anybody else to guess it until the demonstration had been made?

But there were other scouts following Illinois. That was the team to beat in the West and Grange was the team Up in the press box Saturday after Saturday intent observers watched his every move

"Where's his weakness? What can't he do?"

Fritz Crisler then of Chicago nudged Campbell Dickson then of Minnesota

"Never mind Grange," he said "Watch that running guard"

The glasses went on the guard

"See anything?"

"Not yet."

"Watch his feet"

"Hmm-m-m"

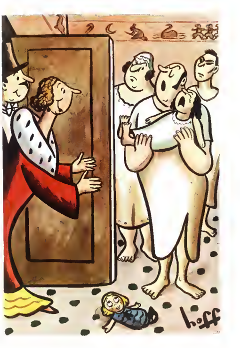
Zuppke's running guard that year stepped back and then crossed one leg over the other to get a fast start in the interference It was observed, when he lined up that if he intended to run to his right his right foot was farther back than his left foot and the reverse if he intended to run to his left. If the play was to go between the tackles his feet were square

Was that Grange's fault? Of course it was not but every man on the Chicago team and later, on the Minnesota team watched that guard and knew which way Grange was going to run

Even when they knew that much they could not stop him He ran for three touchdowns against Chicago and Stagg's team tied the score at 18-18 only because scout Crisler had decided the Illinois line was weak

"Grange has scored early in every game" he told Stagg "and the opposition has been shooting at the moon to get even They've always been in the hole Consequently they have not tried those straight short gaining

Continued on page 103



"She's been driving us all nuts, madam!"

"You threw her. Why didn't you watch where she went?"

Stop That Man!

Continued from page 100

plays into the line Let's have a shot at that line Saturday "

So they did and Johnny Marks punched his way through for enough ground to keep the score even—but they did not stop Grange

'Chicago knew where he was going but he went there anyway " said Bill Spaulding and the Minnesota staff. "We get him next. What can we do about it?"

That took them back to the Grange method of playing the defense for its mistakes He was never in a hurry to commit himself to a dash down the field until several tacklers had taken their shots and had been eluded. Then when he saw an opening he put on full speed and weaved his way toward the goal

'The thing to do," it was agreed, ' is first to take the tip from the running guard and then run with Grange Let the tacklers fade toward the sideline with him, fencing off his interference by the use of hands and feinting without lunging He's in the habit of making them miss and then breaking Don't take the chance of missing but run parallel with him and force him to make the first break "

That worked Minnesota won 20 to 7 Grange s longest advance gained ten yards All the scouting intelligence of two years distilled about the problem presented by this twenty-one-year-old phantom and abetted by the tipoff his running guard gave to every play finally worked out a defense that stopped Grange for one day If he had been forewarned of that defense he would doubtless have beaten it—as in truth, he did whenever he was in sound physical condition a year later—but it was too late that day after the whistle had blown He was out on his own after two years of intensive professional scouting

Do not blame the scouts. Scouting is a defensive practice. The coach sends his scouts out not to get ahead of his opponent but to stay even with him, but it is the fear in the mind of each coach that the other fellow will get ahead of him that makes it impossible to abolish the practice either by legislation or by mutual agreement

Human nature will not stand the strain Let Coach "A" and Coach "B" agree not to scout each other or to receive any information concerning each other's plays or players.

Somewhere in the course of the next game Coach "A" will see a defensive maneuver of such patness to the situation as to plant the seed of suspicion that his opponent did in a thoughtless moment, scan just one letter from a helpful old grad To be on the safe side Coach "A" will scan just one letter next year and, before long the scouting system is at work again

The pressure to win is so terrific that most coaches would rather have the scouting practice out in the open than live in constant fear that surreptitious scouting is putting them at a disadvantage.

Consequently, there is an exchange of courtesies. Visiting scouts call upon the head coach, receive the choicest accommodations in the stands and ply their highly technical and intensely enthralling profession with the freedom of duly accredited ambassadors.

That part of the scouting system which matches the wits of the professional observer against the wits of the professional coach is not objectionable, but that part of the business which sets the professional observer against the speed and skill of the lad who is standing the heat of battle and has no way to fight back is a stroke of injustice to the star player.

Chuck Bennett of Indiana was a ripping halfback Opponents had to set their wills before undertaking to tackle those pig iron legs Chuck Bennett was so completely the all-around football player that he won the annual award in the Western Conference for being the most valuable team man in that league

But on one occasion a scout saw him touch his tongue with his right finger tips and throw a forward pass On the next play he did not wet his finger tips and he ran with the ball

When Chicago players took the field against Indiana a week later they had been told ' When Bennett wets his fingers in the huddle let only the tackles rush and let the ends, guards and center fall back into the secondary to cover the pass When he does not wet his fingers let the line charge and let the secondary race up close to smother a running play "

Chicago had a ten-man line against running plays that day and a nine-man backfield against passes Indiana did not complete a pass and Chicago, the underdog, scored an unexpected victory.

But sometimes young Johnny Amateur holds the ace You have not forgotten Don Zimmerman of Tulane, 1929-31 He was an All American halfback In his first year on the varsity he could not control an impulse to cast a quick glance toward the end when his signal was called for a sweeping run. He wanted to see how things lay out there After two games there was not a lineman on any team on the Tulane schedule who did not know that Zimmerman tipped off his end runs. They were ready for him

A year later Zimmerman's eyes still twitched Once he looked toward the end and ran that way He did it again, and again.

But once he looked toward the end and ran a quick opening play over guard for the winning touchdown.

Those first peeks were just foolers. He had gotten his eyes under control and he rolled them for many a touchdown before all the opposing scouts could admonish their players to forget that Zimmerman had eyes.

When Dr C W Spears was head coach at Minnesota he assigned Eddie Lynch to scout one of his most formidable opponents Lynch had played end for the Doc at Dartmouth He is still remembered for the great resourcefulness he called upon to make his hundred and forty pounds effective in big league football, but his resourcefulness was heavily taxed by the assignment he had in this scouting expedition.

The opposing team had a big bruising tackle who had been an All-Western man the year before and was destined to win the same honor again It was unfortunate that he happened to be playing in just the position to annoy the strongest plays Spears' backfield had.

Lynch's modest assignment was to find a way to gain where no team had gained for two years. Each week he returned with a stack of notes which tended to prove that that tackle was the greatest tackle he had ever seen

The big game was a week away when he finally picked up a scent. ' It isn't much " he said, ' but I've been talking to the townspeople They don't like that fellow They say he's the town bully, a braggart. He is the star He knows it and he wants the world to know it He's a grandstander on the field, too."

"I know that type, ' said Dr Spears "He's a tackle who wants to play end because the position is more conspicuous He wants to be seen. Well, we'll let him be seen."

The Gophers sent play after play in the direction of the great tackle but always a little on the outside. He stopped them The more he stopped the higher he strutted and the wider he played, but no matter how wide he stationed himself the Gophers continued to feed him outside plays until, in very truth, he was playing end

Then they struck From midfield they sent a fast, hard driving play well inside It went through a gaping hole for a touchdown. The same buildup and the same quick thrust got another score later and clinched the victory

Pug Rentner of Northwestern was an All-American halfback in 1931 his junior year, a triple threat man with as springy a pair of legs as ever left chalk marks behind

In his senior year a fractured right arm mended with a stiffness that made it impossible for him to hug the ball close to his body He was at his best when running to his right but when running in that direction and using his left for a straight-arm he had to carry the ball with his right arm extended, his palm over the top, thumb down one side and fingers down the other

Scouts observed that and opposing teams, forewarned, tackled in such a way as considerably to increase his percentage of fumbles

Scouts also observed that, when he ran to his left, his injured right arm was not effective as a straight-arm. More defensive strength, therefore, could be withheld to watch for passes which, the scouts said, would have to be long passes if Rentner had the ball, for his injury required him to take a long awkward windup before passing His short passes were too slow to be dangerous

Knowing that much about this great player's condition, the defense was able to match his brilliance but if he had been one college boy playing against the resourcefulness of other college boys not especially prepared by voluminous scouts' reports he would doubtless have been as unanimously an All-American in 1932 as he had been in 1931

Football is a grand game. It deserves its high place in college life, but when you watch your next game withhold that urge to gloat over the highly publicized star who may be having his humiliating moments. The cards are stacked against him.

Life in Reverse

Put yourself in his place, or place his in yourself put, or were you born tomorrow

by GILBERT SELDIN

• HUMOR •

It all started in a movie theatre. I was a healthy specimen of twenty-five, just starting to make a go of it and without a real care in the world. My sole vice and weakness was the movies, but they proved deadly enough. You know how the camera man, slave that he is to the whimsy in his soul, likes to run a film backwards. First you see the diver take a beautiful swan into the water. Then you see the splash subsiding, the diver emerges, feet first, and in a gravity-defying leap flies back to the spring board. Well, I had been seeing a lot of that sort of thing, and in some vague, subconscious manner it had begun to annoy me. At night, after much fitful tossing, I would feel myself being wafted backwards through the air.

On that fateful day, five years ago, I was seated in the movies watching the newsreel. The first scene was of some ski jumpers imitating gulls. Then, just for the fun of it, they reversed the process. I began to feel queer. Next was a maritime scene. Several of Uncle Sam's dreadnaughts were wasting ammunition on a poor defenseless hull. Just to get even I suppose, the hull rose up from its watery grave and tossed the bullets back with unerring aim, each going right into the mouth of a cannon and pulling the smoke in after it.

I felt hot. A cold sweat broke out all over me. I was panting. A scene from a football game followed. It started out as a fake spinner, the quarterback passing to a halfback who started around the short side of the line only to lateral it to the fullback. The fullback in turn heaved a long forward to the opposite end, who all unobserved had wandered up to within a yard of the goal line. To say the least it wasn't very pretty and very complicated play. When the camera started to reverse this, The Thing happened. I heard a grinding of gears inside my head, followed by a sharp click; then all was black.

How long I was out I never knew, but when I did come to, the screen was announcing "*The End*." This gave way to the usual final clinch where the hero plays bear to the willing heroine. Then the heroine receded to a chair where the hero, by some strange machinations with a knife, proceeded to tie her with a rope and gag her. Forthwith he backed to the door and muttering something like, "Darling, I'm here at last," departed. In the hallway he maneuvered a beautiful backward leap over the prostrate form of the villain. The latter now got up and dealt the hero a terrific blow on the fist with his chin, then chased the hero downstairs, both running backwards, three steps at a time.

This was more than I could stand. Besides I felt tired and thankful for the soft seat. So I got up and backed my way up the aisle followed by an usher who used his flashlight like a tail-light.

I dug into my pocket and produced the ticket stub. The taker at the door matched this with the rest of the ticket and by some strange process united the two pieces. The blonde in the box office smiled sweetly, swallowed my ticket into the distributing machine, returned my money and asked, "How many please?" I wandered over to look at the billboards and thought I would like to see this picture. Then I took a short walk, smoking a pipe, conscious all the time of a contented and full feeling. So I went into a restaurant.

(Details omitted.)

My exit from here was accompanied by an understandable feeling of hunger. I took a brisk walk, fettered by some hazy notion of working up an appetite. Then I returned to my office. Just what possessed me there I cannot say. But calmly, and without that inane expression of the practical joker, I picked up the telephone.

"Goodbye," I said apparently to nobody. "I'll call you again before Saturday."

"Well, then, goodbye," answered a sweet voice. "When shall I hear from you?"

I came right back with "He'll be out of town for the week-end. And besides (with feeling), you know I'd much prefer being alone with you."

She, by way of counter attack: "By the way, I saw Jane yesterday. Don't you think it would be nice if I got her and you got your friend Tom to come along with us on Saturday?"

And so on for about twenty minutes, leading up to a final "Hello, dear."

"Hello?"

The phone rang. At about a quarter to ten I got up and reached for my hat, mumbling some sickly excuse about oversleeping. I tried to steal out of the door quietly, unseen and unheard. But the boss's eagle eye caught me and pointing to the wall clock he roared that it was about time I got in. And did I think that I owned the damn place? I rushed home to bed, without breakfast.

Believe me when I tell you that that particular night was the most anxious I had ever spent. It was something of a test case. If all I had been going through was merely incidental to some horrible nightmare, all would be revealed on awakening. But if on the other hand— When I did awaken I felt great for just a moment. A beam of light was coming in through the window. The good old morning sun, I thought. I hopped out of bed and pulled up the shade. The street light outside was burning brightly and its beams filled the room.

Then for the first time in my young life did I know the meaning of utter, utter despair. Not the kind that comes from some temporary disappointment, but a complete helpless despair. I sat down and stared at the street light and quivered. Maybe fifteen minutes went by before I got up. When I did, I proceeded to get dressed.

My watch said two a.m., but without so much as giving it a thought, I went forth into the night like some midnight marauder to the home of my beloved. She was not only expecting me, but was waiting at the door for me and greeted me with a kiss and a sweet "Good night." We went inside, and in really record time found ourselves on the sofa in deep, deep embrace. It was amazing: formalities were completely dispensed with. I began to think that maybe I had been underestimating my beloved.

"I wish you didn't have to go," she murmured, before such an idea had even entered my head.

The next few days I spent making objective observations. When left all to myself I found I could manage quite nicely. Only the time element was reversed then, and it's not so hard to get accustomed to that when you're merely walking or dreaming. A walk is a walk from finish to start, no different from the orthodox style of the pastime. The real trouble arose from the necessary contacts with others. I never dreamed I was such a social person. Shopping and the other means of spending money were really a delight. I quickly conquered my reticence of taking apparently undeserved money from everyone I dealt with. The one fly in the ointment was that I had to produce—and miraculously always did—such articles as cigarettes and toothpaste and fish. And even worse, I had to cough up my weekly hoardings to the boss on pay day. Never once in the course of that action did he drop that disgusting attitude that he was doing me a favor. I thought seriously of quitting the job.

Fortunately I have never been a very garrulous person, and that fact simplified con-

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"Pa musta got the damn gears in backwards—she goes mighty good though, don't she?"

El Borego Grande

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rocks. There I left my animal camouflage to further engage the attention of El Borego while I made a wide circle up the ridge, a gruelling, three hour climb. It was just before dusk when I came up over the rocks behind him and he was still standing there with a speculative eye covering the aimless wanderings of the mules so far away they seemed like toys.

One bullet in the back of the brain dropped him stone dead, and after quickly drawing and opening him, I left him on the rocks and began my long trek back to the train. Needless to say, I was stepping high, wide and handsome, for the old ram was everything the natives had claimed for him, a preposterous giant topping the Carnegie Bighorn by a wide margin. That night I slept on a flinty bed turned into down by gratification, providentially oblivious to the grim spectre which even then hovered over us.

Next morning Ramon and I made our way back with a mule for the trophy which proved so enormous that the pair of us had all we could do to get him loaded on the sturdy little animal. Two days later I got another whose horn measurements tied the Carnegie specimen, and thus infused with the lust for more successes, I went after Bighorns in a big way. Scouring the area, I eventually added ten more specimens to the bag—and damn near put the five of us into the bag, to boot!

To be sure, we started out with an ample water supply, for we weren't tenderfeet. Furthermore, we had supplemented it with milk from a wild range cow picked up on the way—milked, to be sure, at the risk of one's neck and only when she was securely hobbled. On top of that we had been prudent: old hands in the desert, we drank sparingly from the panniers carried by two of the mules, we wiped our hands and faces on mesquite leaves in lieu of washing, cleaning the cooking utensils in the same manner, we let our whiskers grow. Such heavenly luxuries as bathing or laundering were out of the question, for in that arid waste water is far too precious for such foolishness.

Thus conserving our store, we replenished it occasionally from rain caught in the *tenajas* known to the Indians, although these natural sheltered-rock basins were few and far between, often thirty miles apart. Other water supplies didn't exist, for there had been next to no rain that season, so these nooks in the canyons were our sole hope in a pinch.

The flaw, then, was not in our preparations or precautions. The first slip-up was my consuming desire for more Bighorns which kept us in that desert four days overtime; the climax was a dirty trick Nature played on us. It was on that fourth day of our extended jaunt that I realized the panniers were getting dangerously low, a discovery which brought me to my senses with a rude jolt and headed us homeward forthwith. With the wild cow, of course, there was milk for us to drink; furthermore, the Cocopahs knew of a *tenaja* on the western slope of the basin where we could fill up.

"You're sure you know exactly where it is?" I asked anxiously.

"Si, si, señor," they assured me in duet.

"And there'll be water?"

Of course! There had been water in it for these eighteen years, the sole supply in a radius of forty miles. So with a covert glance of gratitude at our unwilling range cow, we headed toward the *tenaja* just to be safe.

What I had forgotten, to be sure, was that our cow had been off her natural pasture for days and couldn't subsist on the parched leaves and seed pods of the mesquite as did the mules. Furthermore, she had had no water to speak of, either, and when we tried to milk her that night we were dismayed to find her almost dry. With that development to complicate matters, we left her alone in the hope that she might hold that bit of milk against our later needs, for when we made camp we were still a normal half day's journey from the water hole. I say "normal" because in that terrific heat and with water rations cut to a minimum, both men and mules were making very bad time, and we were resting then partly in the hope that sleep would tide us over the early pangs that were already making themselves felt.

So while the Indians attended to the mules, Pedro proceeded to hobble the precious cow against any possibility of escape. His first move in that direction, however, alarmed the overwrought beast and she charged him. Maddened with hunger and thirst, she would have gored him in two more strides had not Ramon whipped up his gun and drilled her. As she dropped in her tracks she carried with her our last reserve against the agonies which were already besetting us.

Before dawn we were already on our way, sleep being fitful and of small consequence as a palliative, but by the time the sun had been up an hour our pace slowed down to a crawl. Heat waves shimmered in front of us, burned through our thick shoes and scorched our feet as the broken volcanic rock threw it back into our faces, the very saddles grew hot enough to blister the hand wherever they were exposed to those withering rays. Our feet stumbled over the rough ground a hundred times an hour; our heads drooped like the tormented mules who were just as thirsty as we; and a half day's journey dragged its painful course into a twelve hour task. We drank sparingly, but there must be some water left in the panniers; it mustn't be touched even though our tongues felt like bath towels and our heads were splitting.

So we trudged on until late in the day we crossed the last rocky ridge and stumbled down toward the bottom of the *arroyo* where the heavenly *tenaja* lay. Talking was much too painful even for such blissful news; the gaunt Indians merely turned their tired heads toward me and I knew from the feeble glance that we had arrived. I spurred my mule for his own good as well as mine, but he was too far gone to respond, too exhausted, even, to quicken his pace at the smell of water.

A month later, or so it seemed, we fell off our animals and sprawled eagerly over the rocky basin only to discover that the mule was right. The hole was dry.

In what shade there was we waited for nightfall—and death. The frightful silence of five doomed men was broken but once by two pitiful words. "Agua, señor!" I could only shake my head as I pulled my rifle closer to me for emphasis. And as I did so the Cocopah with the eyes struggled painfully to his feet. His head rolled on his neck, so weak was he, and with difficulty he stared into the sky until I thought he must go blind.

"Birds," he grunted in English through a wooden throat. And in the middle of a feeble gesture toward the south, he rolled over on the ground and moaned.

"You will go?" I pleaded, crawling over and shaking him. Only he among us could see well enough to be of any use.

"*Mañana*," he whispered and fell into a coma of sleep.

In the moonlight Ramon and Pedro tended to the mules while I watched them, rifle across my knees. I couldn't blame them if they suddenly seized the pannier and gulped down the meager contents—but I couldn't let them: tomorrow was another day of sun and those dregs might keep it from being our last. But the *vaqueros* were game; they had guns, too, and were just as mad with thirst as I. Yet even when they removed the pannier from the mule's back they still had will power enough to set it down unmolested. And that was will power, rifle or no rifle!

At sun-up I rationed out what water there was, giving the two Indians the bulk of it since they would be traveling in the heat. The balance we three would keep while we waited for their smoke signal which would come if—if they found the birds before the birds found them, faces buried in the sand.

They left us to a torturing day of mirages. I saw more water in those creeping hours than I had ever seen before in my lifetime: torrential rivers roaring past my feet, refreshing tropical streams bordered with cool palms, crystal lakes in the distance and snow-capped mountains far beyond. The two Mexicans could see the same things; I could tell it from the anguish in their eyes. I wondered, with growing fright, if there could also be smoke mirages!

That night I decided we could no longer live without a drink, so I shook out my neckerchief and ripped it into three lengths. One by one I lowered the pieces into the half-inch of warm water in the pannier and each of us sucked on a saturated rag until it was as dry and brittle as our own tongues. It was gritty and sandy, tasted of mesquite and sweat and mule hair, but, God, how sweet it was!

Not until late in the afternoon of the following day did we see the welcome signal. Half afraid to start for fear that it was imagination and afraid not to go on for fear of certain death, we saddled the mules and with tumbling emotions pushed forward. Straight off in the distance that thin column of filmy hope pointed significantly toward heaven, and even at the risk of breaking our necks on the rough ground, none of us dared take our bleary eyes away from that wisp.

Stops for rest were frequent, not only for ourselves but for the poor mules who weren't buoyed up by the hopes we cherished, and before long we had to hoof it ourselves to spare the poor beasts. The night dragged by with little sleep but with some respite from the punishing sun, and before the last star

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TIRED OUT?
GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL

ACROSS HIS DESK flows the news of the world. Ray Baker of International News Service. 70,000 miles of telegraph wires and direct cables with foreign countries flash 100,000 words a day to Baker to be judged and edited.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES THAT POINT THE WAY TO INCREASED ENERGY!

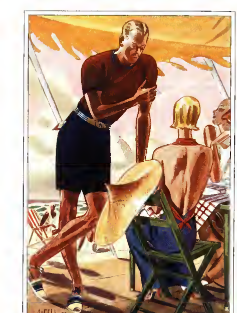
Newspaper man—hockey star—business woman—wherever smokers are placed in life, they notice a positive energy-refreshing effect from smoking Camels when they are tired or "out of sorts."

As Ray Baker says regarding his own experience: "The men on the INS news desk has a high pressure job. A big story breaks and I am on the desk for ten hours . . . twelve hours . . . working at top speed! The most enjoyable way of easing the strain that I know is smoking Camels. My experience has been that whenever I feel 'all in' Camels bring back my pep, and I can tackle the next big story with renewed energy! For over ten years I've preferred Camels. They have a rich, distinctive flavor that just suits me. And I can smoke Camels continually without jangled nerves." Science confirms the experience of smokers regarding Camel's "energizing effect." You can smoke them freely since Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos never upsets the nerves!

HOCKEY STAR "Bill" Cook says: "I guard my nerves and yet smoke all I want because I smoke only Camels. They have a taste that sure hits the spot! I smoke a lot and I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."

BUSINESS GIRL Eve L. Miller says: "I started to smoke Camels because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor and Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low."

Camel's costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!



THE RIVIERA'S TIP ON FLORIDA FASHIONS

From this year's Riviera notes the coming season's southern resort fashions may be predicted with a minimum of guesswork The sailcloth slacks which have been so popular in the past are being replaced by linen beach shorts, worn, for luncheon or for cocktails, over the regular knitted swimming trunks. They are made of natural Belgian linen as well as of colored linens in a wide range of fantastic colors of which navy, light blue, rust, white and coral are the most orthodox hues. The beach shirt that is now coming into popularity was first shown by an exclusive London shirtmaker, made up in the Guards colorings as sketched here It is really nothing more than a squash shirt, of light weight cotton or lisle The belt is of four strands of cord with vertical leather stays The cotton pocket handkerchief is of colorful Persian design The twine beach shoes have heavy leather soles

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

El Borego Grande

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had paled in the morning we were off again

Toward noon we soaked the neckerchief once more and used up the last of our water It helped but not for long We threw away our guns because they had become too heavy to carry and we needed all our energy to keep ourselves erect.

Our lips split into ugly, gaping wounds, our tongues were stiff as boards and swollen to three times their size one's breath rasped like a nutmeg on a grater and one's bloodshot eyes burned in the sockets like white-hot coals

A mule fell He couldn't rise again and we couldn't lift him—we had to leave him to his fate while we stumbled forward with the other leaden-footed beasts. Pedro no longer walked he reeled like a drunken man—staggered as if surfeited with drink while suffering from the very lack of it Half mad he fell to his knees and commenced pawing the sand, and with a thick moan Ramon dropped beside him, scooping feebly with his own bleeding hands

I inched over to them and shook them with what little strength I had left This was the beginning of the end, the sign of that mad urge which compels dying men to dig for water with their bare hands where there is no water—to dig until the vultures find them face down in the sand

Somehow I managed to arouse them from their moans and they got hold of themselves. I pointed to the smoke trailing off into the sky They struggled to their feet, eyes riveted on it. We went forward Down into a depression, a sort of rocky gully, the mules half fell, half slid after us I peered forward again just to make sure There was no smoke!

My whirling brain nearly snapped then if I had had the vocal power I would have yelled in my panic I shaded my eyes and scowled into the distance No smoke. Nothing but baked terrain in front of me; nothing but cruel, jagged volcanic rock and sizzling sand and the upward sweep of the gully—

That was it—the gully—it hid my view. With racing heart I lashed my trembling legs up that incline, forging ahead of the *vaqueros* in my anxiety Yes, thank God, there was the smoke signal again!

A half mile on we came upon the body of a dead mule Its throat had been cut but there was almost no blood on the sand The Coropahs had stabbed him, glued their lips to the wound and drained him dry The sun had bloated the carcass and the scavengers of the desert were already busy. The stench was revolting, yet it was only God Himself who kept me from falling upon that stinking corpse in an effort to get one more drop of moisture from those veins.

Well, by dusk we saw the two Indians, beckoning to us half way up the side of the distant ridge, and we knew that no matter what happened now, we were saved Water was at hand else the Indians would not have been there it was close, too, for we could see them plainly and the sight flayed our shrinking muscles into anguished obedience But the knowledge itself brought its own torment to aggravate our suffering Knowing that relief was near, we tried to hurry—and wanting to hurry more only made our progress seem that much slower.

That last mile brought me as close to gibbering insanity as I ever hope to come The desert seemed to move under us leaving us stationary the Indians on the ridge seemed to be avoiding us Our legs moved and our feet went up and down but dream-like we only travelled backwards It went on for days, weeks, centuries, it seemed, before we were flat on our bellies at the water hole, men and mules with heads crowded close together, gulping great draughts of the most precious stuff God ever made

Water Thick and black it was foul and bitter lying there in the lava basin for the scavengers to paddle in But to my dying day I never expect to taste anything with the delectable flavor of that exquisite Olympian nectar

Thirsty? Yes, I've heard men claim they were many times. I've seen them on a warm day push into some chromium bar and holler "Give me something to drink, for I'm dying of thirst"

I always smile to myself when I hear that for my memory isn't a bad one And as my thoughts wander back to the black, lava-lined basin where I once had a drink, I'm glad that few men know what thirst really is

Give a Sausage Wings

Continued from page 47

bureau prepared to close at five o'clock, our Ippy, like the Village Blacksmith, had earned his night's repose That is, almost, but not quite

For just as they were closing the doors a gigantic blond laborer, dragging a blowsy wet-eyed girl, crashed into the office, threw down his certificate in front of the startled manager and bellowingly demanded an explanation His square, blunt forefinger stabbed at the area which Ippy had decorated

The manager looked Then he arose slowly and paced down the long row of desks like a panther stalking his prey At the end of the line he halted and suddenly grabbed the stamp from Ippy's inky fist. The manager didn't need to turn the stamp over to recognize which one it was

In six short hours Ippy, with his little stamp, had divorced 3,519 couples exactly two minutes after they had been married

Even in Russia I believe this still stands as the record

This last little episode of Ippy's though perhaps not quite as droll and Homeric as some of his public performances, is one which I somehow enjoyed more than any of the others. It is a quiet and domestic scene, and almost pointless, but it casts a special, illuminating light upon Ippy the human being, who was not really so dumb after all

The wing of the Workers' Palace in which Ippy was employed also housed the famous *Hands Off* clubs These clubs consisted of little groups of violent patriots from the far-flung States of the Soviet Union whose lives were devoted to preventing the USSR from bullying the lesser States and adjoining countries There was the *Hands Off Korea Club*, the *Hands Off China*, *Hands Off Armenia*, *Hands Off Mongolia*, *Hands Off Abkhazia* and the Society of Bessarabians, or the *Hands Off Bessarabia Club*, besides several others.

In addition to washing their windows, Ippy also picked up a few *kopecks* painting the signs for their parades One day it would be a banner for *Hands Off Korea*, and the next day a box-sign for *Hands Off Abkhazia* On some days they would all parade together from the Palace out to the Park of Culture and Rest, where they would group together in apparent ignorance of each other and roar their various and sundry songs

Ippy was having the time of his life. One day he would parade with the Uzbeks, and the following morning found him in the midst of the Udmurt column, humming and mouthing words which meant nothing whatever to him

If he showed any partiality at all, it was for the Bessarabians Pop and I noted this, and we noted also that there was a particularly handsome girl who always carried the *Hands Off Bessarabia* sign Wherever this buxom beauty was, Ippy was close behind

We stood by for developments Ippy the lover-agitator was a new and promising role.

One night I came home very late There was no light in the courtyard and the house was pitch black I let myself in with a key and started across the dark hall when suddenly I stumbled, my foot caught in what felt like a large picture-frame I hobbled to the wall and switched on the light I had stepped through a large canvas sign about six feet long by two feet wide, with a long handle nailed to the frame. I pulled out my foot and turned the sign over

The lettering informed the world in no uncertain terms to keep its *Hands Off Bessarabia*. Well I figured that was perfectly all right with me I cursed Ippy for his carelessness and started up the stairs I reached my door and had already turned the knob when I heard what sounded suspiciously like a female giggle float down from the floor above The giggle was repeated, this time distinctly and in that risingly insistent scale which usually precedes a slap I looked up at Ippy's door and then down at the sign in the hallway

"Well, well, well," I thought "*Hands Off Bessarabia*, eh?"

But this saga of Comrade Ippolit Ippolitivitch the Paul Bunyan of the USSR is not yet finished That's why I read the newspapers The commissars of the Kremlin have shunted Ippy from Leningrad to Odessa from Minsk to Tomsk, but always with the above-noted results

The Ippolitivitch Problem, like that of the Collective Farmer, is still unsolved The only thing left for them to do, if they ever seriously expect to complete the Second Five-Year Plan, is to take Ippy out behind a barn and shoot him

I suspect that perhaps this same idea has occured to them, but that they can't find him I know where I'd look Bessarabia

"I want you to meet my friend Otto and one of his darlingest ermine wraps"

Clowns of the Diamond

Ball session on the cracks, yarns, gags, bluffs and boners historic to baseball, told to Cy Peterman

by CURLY OGDEN

• SPORTS •

I have been a member of nearly a dozen ball clubs three of them in the majors. By nickname I've been a menagerie unto myself: my uniforms have borne the names of our principal cities—I was a Senator from Washington, a Giant in New York. As a Pachyderm I played for Philly, and was a Bison in Buffalo. I became an Oriole for Baltimore and turned Mud Hen in Toledo, and in Jersey City they dubbed me Skeeter. Chattanooga cheered its Lookout, Toronto hailed the Leaf, and today I've crashed the peerage as a Royal for Montreal.

Roaming the country during that career a fellow hears plenty of yarns. Some are funny, some are strange, and just a few of them are tragic. I seem to remember the screwy ones best. Like all his players, I'd sit by the hour when Connie Mack became reminiscent. He goes back to the days when baseball was mostly for fun with little money thrown in. And because that era is the beginning of the game I'll start with two clowns whose baseball lives are a legend. From them I suppose, we should date the by-play on the field, the blunt retort, the coaching box jockey and the dugout dance.

Probably the greatest pair of characters to clown their way through baseball were Rube Waddell and Ossie Schreckengost. Connie Mack's famous battery of thirty years ago was as strong at the bar as it was on the field, and when the Old Man today starts recalling the past, the boys gather 'round in a hurry. For the adventures of the Rube and Ossie defy duplication in this enlightened era. Connie tells more and more of their antics, but I always give the prize to the tale of their potted pitching parley.

It seems that Rube and Ossie were both somewhat groggy when on this afternoon they were sent to the firing line, and passes were abundant. After several woozey moments in which Waddell's control was hardly worse than Schreck's receiving, Rube beckoned unsteadily to his friend.

'Hey, whassa matter 'th you t'day?' he demanded. 'Cantcha hol' onto anything?'

'Sure I can, but why don't you two guys make up your mind which's gonna pitch?' was Ossie's thick reply.

Everyone has heard tall tales of the Rube and his fast ball, of how he'd call in the outfield and strike out the side, but how many know the actual facts? We once asked Connie about it, and he smiled apologetically. After all he was manager of the madcap and to permit such monkeyshines was bizarre confidence indeed.

"Well, Rube did it once that I remember," the McGillicuddy said, "but it wasn't a league game. I couldn't stand for that, of course. We played an exhibition at Steelton, Pennsylvania, however, and I used the Rube and Schreck; the fans always yelled for them and stars in those days were just as eager to show. Steelton had a good team too—collegians and semi-pro boys—but as usual Waddell was Waddell and we were ahead in the ninth as the home team came to bat.

"I wasn't paying much attention at the time, but all of a sudden I heard a clamor. Rube was waving to the outfield. 'C'mon in you guys,' he shouted. 'Won't need you any more.' The outfield took him at his word, but that wasn't all. Without a word the infield walked off the field as well, leaving Rube and Schreck to fight it out alone. But the Rube never flinched. He grinned, spat in his glove and waited to see what Ossie would do. For Schreck was the kind who always went you one better—he did this time.

"Deliberately he sat down in the dust behind the plate, legs sprawled out in a 'V,' held up his mitt and signalled for the fast one. And do you believe it—Waddell dynamited nine such strikes past the next three hitters: they never even fouled one? He did! Fanned the side, tossed his glove in the air, and with Schreck started for the nearest saloon!"

Mack also tells the old beefsteak story on Schreck, that took place at a New Orleans training camp. Those were the days when ball players didn't rate the best hotel in the town, and many a manager took out cyclone insurance when he finally consented to garage a club.

The meals in this particular place were none too good, but the hard hearted proprietor wasn't moved by increasing protests. Cleveland's team had left by request the previous spring; Schreck was then a member of that club. When Connie moved in and the *maître d'hôtel* saw the terrible catcher, he threw up his hands in refusal, fairly exploding with his story.

When the steaks had grown too tough the spring before, Cleveland's boys developed a brilliant scheme. Every time they sent one back that dried mastication, each man was careful to carve his initials on it. Thus, when the meat came back, they had a record of its trials.

One day after Ossie had struggled ten minutes with his sirloin, he flopped it over to find two or three tell-tale marks. Without a word he got up, carried the steak to the cashier's desk and in stern tones demanded a hammer. This obtained, the catcher with unerring strokes nailed it to the dining-room door while the guests stood by, aghast. Needless to say it required considerable diplomacy by Connie to get Schreck reinstated.

Down in Baltimore years ago they had a tall chimney named Parnham, also goofey enough to be called Rube. Parnham's pranks were legion but his first love was poker. With the Orioles sailing toward monotonous pennants, the spare players took to a small game in the clubhouse, paying small heed to the current conquest.

In such a session Parnham was engaged one afternoon when something went wrong outside and Jack Dunn's usually airtight pitcher blew up. A quick call for Rube reached him in the midst of three jacks and an ace. Calling for one card, he hastily grabbed his cap and glove, shouting from the door: 'Don't throw 'em in, boys. I'll be right back.'

"Are you warmed?" Dunn called as Parnham strode to the peak, but the pitcher never paused. Instead he looked once at clogged bases, wound up and served one down the middle that no batter could miss. As the ball arched over the fence and the game ended, Parnham hustled past his foaming manager to the clubhouse and picked up the second ace.

"Full house!" he cried, raking in the pot. "Your deal!"

But don't get the idea we pitching gents

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"P'sst"

The Ice-Breakers

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"Captain," I asked, "mind if I go along with my photographer?" He gave the matter sedate consideration. "On your own risk," he granted.

"Aye, aye, sir!" I clicked in Piltias' fine style. I was taking a hand myself in the game—japingly.

Hamlin was talking to Murphy. "I'd be happier," he said, "if I had a metal bottom under my feet in that ice."

"I would too," bumbled Murphy. The wrinkles on his shrunken face doubled their number. I approached him. "What's wrong with a wooden bottom?" I asked. "Why is a metal bottom important?"

He swung about wrathfully. "Wooden! Metal!" he shrilled in a voice as wizened as his face. He pointed me out to Hamlin. "Listen to the damn' fool!"

It was bitterly cold in the open dinghy—three or four below zero. But there was no wind. That's what made it not unbearable. The frosty air stood perfectly still. Rigid, empty and surgically clean. Not a medium for habitation.

Zanders and I sat precariously on a crossbeam at the stern. The others stood. A deckhand pushed us away with a boat hook. *Put-put-put!* We were off into the thin rivulet between the ice banks. Piltias surveyed the eight hundred yards that separated us from the *Alice*, lying sodden as a sponge. "We'll have to swing far around," he said. "Wherever the ice is thinnest."

At first the ice broke almost like eggshells under the prow. But soon it was hard and had to be fought. It had to be butted with engine full speed. The ice resisted. The engine struggled and panted. *S-C-R-A-P-E*. Ice tore across the wooden sides like a rake, toothy and rugged. Hamlin winced—as if each time the ice were scraping over his own flesh.

Bump! Suddenly we were standing stock still. Engine was up full speed—prow was tearing fiercely at the white rock. But we didn't move forward one inch. *Puff! Puff! Puff! Whee-e-eeze.* Ice and boat were locked like wrestlers. Ice and boat were immobile.

R-r-r-rip! Under the prow timber was tearing.

"More! Give her more!" Piltias cried stubbornly.

"All she has, sir," answered the deckhand at the wheel.

"Hold it!" bellowed Hamlin's voice suddenly, the large metallic voice. "For God's sake hold it! You're tearing your boat open!" His flawless derby had fallen askew. His nose, his mouth, his eyebrows—all bobbed excitedly in his face. The deckhand looked from Piltias to Hamlin. From Hamlin to Piltias. By the laws of the sea—even brackish Chesapeake Bay—Piltias was commander. But Hamlin was older; his authority sounded louder and greater. Piltias gaped confusedly—and deferred.

"Yes, take it easy," he said. Hamlin recovered from his emotions. His nose, mouth and eyebrows settled down.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said, "I thought it best not to buck too hard. It's like dragging her over rock."

"Aye, aye, sir!" Piltias clucked heartily. As an afterthought he cried out, "Everybody equip himself with a life preserver!"

I looked around. There was one single life preserver aboard, of the jacket kind, for the eight of us. It was not meant seriously, of course, that any of us should move toward it to take it himself. I winked at Piltias.

There wasn't any real danger, of course. How could anything happen to me, or those among whom I was? A fine spirited game, Piltias and Hamlin. But only a game. Piltias did not wink back.

We were backing up in our own obstructed channel. Hamlin was investigating with a boat hook, tapping the ice on all sides. Finally he found a thinner sector and we squirmed ahead. We swung in a wide arc, progressing generally toward the *Alice*, but at the apex carried somewhat beyond. All the while Hamlin poked with the boat hook, guiding us three inches one way, four inches another, as though mincing with sabots among bombs.

My greatest concern was that I was miserably cold. I had lost contact altogether with my frozen feet. They were no longer part of me. I ended at the ankles. The air I breathed stiffened my lungs. Zanders sat like a man of rock on the narrow crossbeam. What he was thinking about, I could not guess. It might have been something very profound.

The *Alice* grew bigger before us, the *Comanche* grew smaller, flatter and thinner behind us. The moonlight glowed softly on her gray-painted side. On the ice it sparkled. As we neared the *Alice* a hatch opened. Warm orange light flowed out. Into the chamber of light stepped two men. They waved. Zanders snapped to life. His stony fingers turned dexterous, set his camera instantly. He held a flashbulb on high. *Click*—the shutter opened, the flashbulb flared into an instant sunburst that died again. *Click*—the camera closed. Hamlin was first up over the side, with Zanders—in his new mood of activity—a step behind. Camera and bulky reflector in one hand, he climbed with an agility unsuspected in his rocky limbs.

The center pit of the engine room was deeply flooded. The first engineer held a sharp flashlight over the pit. Into the light's circle came three bedraggled rats floating on their sides.

"Maybe ten feet of water," he said morosely. "Pumps gone. They wouldn't throw up a cupful in five minutes." He was a very big man, besmeared with grease from his shaggy hair to his broad toes. He smoked a gurgling pipe.

"Still shipping water?" asked Hamlin.

"Resting in the mud." The *Alice* quavered opportunely. "Settling a trifle. We're all right, though." Her captain came in. He was in a bad humor at the bay and the winter and its ice.

"Just about tore her bow off. Water came in very fast. I told myself no use tryin' to make Baltimore. I'll sand I'll beach her."

"Correct," Hamlin agreed. He went below to the cargo holds. I stayed in the engine room with Zanders and Piltias.

One of the deckhands came in. "Ice worse than ever, sir," he said. Hamlin frowned. "We'd better be leaving now, if I may make a suggestion, sir," he said with a bow to Piltias. His voice had a pleasant nuance of apprehension. Pleasant to me. More "danger." More excitements and alarms. More startled barks of command. In the end, of course, we would get back perfectly safe. This I was sure of. They were sure, too—but they would play elaborately at fighting mock dangers. Nothing would happen to us. Other people die.

As we came out on deck, the two deckhands were chopping vigorously at the prow of the dinghy. Hamlin shooed us in. We crawled out with pain in one direction. We reversed and tried the opposite. The first was better after all—in a Hobson's choice. Back in the first, then. *Put-put-put.* We pushed into the ice. *Crackle-crackle!* The breaking ice exploded like a chain of firecrackers. Piltias slowed the engine. The rapid fire slowed into separate long-drawn *cra-a-a-ackles*. We moved forward steadily. I looked out over the green-sparkling floor of the bay. The *Comanche* was a long way off. And it was even colder than before.

We battered along almost two hundred yards. Each time a boulder of ice scraped the boat Hamlin felt it on his own flesh. Gleim grew friendlier. Standing at the stern, he pointed to our wake.

"See?" he asked.

"What?"

"You've got a blessed blindness," he said. "Look at the broken ice. Look how it's re-forming." I looked. I saw. Five yards back the churned-up water was becoming ice under my eyes. It stopped stirring, settled, thickened, hardened, whitened—was ice again. All the way back to the *Alice* our wake had hardened.

"Oh, that," I said. "Very interesting."

Gleim spat.

Hamlin was bellowing again. "Jones!" he called to a deckhand. "Murphy! Come here. Chop!" We had been slowing up, moving more roughly, with louder scrapes and harder bumps. "Chop!" Hamlin repeated. "Under the prow there. We're hardly moving."

Even as he spoke, we stalled altogether. The engine puffed and shrilled, but the wooden prow ground vainly on the ice. Not a grain crumbled. "Chop! Chop!" Three men stood erect at the prow. Straight up and down their arms drove the boathooks, chopping, chopping on the rocky ice. Their silhouettes were sharp and black in the green of the moon.

"Zanders!" I called. He came over. "Camera!" He understood.

"What are you all so fussed for?" I asked Gleim. "What's Hamlin acting up for? What can happen?"

"More bad than good can happen."

"What can happen?"

"How long can you bang wood on stone? This boat could tear open any minute. It tears open. It sinks like a rock. If you're fast you scramble on the ice. Do you think you could take a long stroll on that ice? Nobody knows where it's thick and where it's thin. Under eight of us—" He clucked with his tongue, simultaneously pointing his right thumb downwards.

"What else?"

"Do you think if we can't get out of here, the *Alice* or *Comanche* ever could get a boat in after us?" he clucked again, firing a ser-

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The Ice-Breakers

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cal salvo at my optimism I smiled "We haven't moved now for four or five minutes I offer you a first rate chance of getting stuck here in the ice like a fly on fly paper Do you know people freeze to death? There's a choice—you can drown in ice water, or freeze in ice air"

"Go scare somebody else" I said "Those are things that happen to other people"

"You're crazy," he said, grimacing He walked away

Zanders was now ready with his camera and flashbulb He looked at me mutely I pointed again to the three silhouettes at the prow Zanders got set

Flash! A sunburst of quick golden light It lived It expired

Hamlin bolted like a wild horse The boathook fell from his hand "What's that? Goddam it, who did that?" His derby teetered on his head—stayed on "Who the hell did that?"

Piltias walked two steps toward him "Picture," he said soothingly He was on our side—agreeably "It's their living"

"Goddam them! What's this? A church picnic?" His lips wriggled like two worms He couldn't halt the momentum of his rage "Goddam them! Once more and—I'll pitch the two of them over"

"No more" Piltias promised

He retrieved his boat hook, straightened his derby "Chop! Chop!" he muttered

We moved forward in spasms Two inches. Three inches Two inches One inch No progress. Deadlock We moved back gathered ourselves and catapulted suddenly forward again at the barrier

BUMP! The boat was jarred fearfully, as if it had tried to knock down a stone wall. Every timber rattled and tore at its nails. Back we went back in our own channel But not far We could no longer move far in any direction. Even as we had moved inches forward before, the ice had formed again at our stern

"Chop! Chop!" bellowed Hamlin They had relaxed for a few minutes during Hamlin's excitement at the picture, and the ice had gained on us swiftly, was entrapping us. *Chop-chop! Chop-chop! Chop-chop!*

Up and down, up and down their strong arms drove, strong arms like a machine's iron arms Up and down, the black silhouettes of their arms *Chop-chop!*

I nudged Zanders "Make a second shot," I said "in case the first missed" He prepared He aimed

Flash Another golden sunburst.

Hamlin's reaction this second time was almost sensational He snapped together at the waist like a jackknife He opened again instantly and catapulted forward—his body out of the boat

"Man overboard! Hamlin overboard!"

He had fallen on his hands on the ice His wrist bones crackled sharply His hat flew off, plunked right side up on the ice.

"Goddam!" he howled

He was hauled back quickly by the legs quivering His dignity suffered from the awkward posture When he was all hauled back and straightened out, he reached for his boat hook Then he turned around "You bastards" he said He stalked stiffly toward us Zanders was standing in front of me, motionless but observant

Down came the boathook—down to where Zanders' head had been It landed on the wooden crossbeam with a loud bang The unpredictable Zanders had moved over two feet in the twinkling of an eye "Goddam! Goddam!"

Piltias again threw himself between us "Quiet, sir" he coaxed "No more" Hamlin sat down and cursed "Of all the goddam fools" he concluded "We're fighting here for our lives—their lives too—Pictures!"

I wanted to laugh His misery was comic The talk about fighting for our lives—that was punishment for Zanders and me He was going to punish us with fright That too was part of the conspiracy, Gleim's conspiracy to take things seriously

At last Hamlin calmed himself provisionally and returned to the prow "Stuck!" he announced bitterly as he looked over the sides

Yes we were stuck. The ice had crawled inches up our sides and closed like a fist Interesting

Piltias started the engine gingerly He stopped at once. There was a new noise of alarm The propeller groaned sickly

"Stop!" Murphy ordered "Propeller's clogged in ice! You'll rip it off!" But Piltias had already cut the engine

Far over the green mirror, before us, lay the *Comanche*, thin and graceful as a wing Behind us sulked the dark mass of the *Alice.* Both separated by hundreds of yards of moon-flaming ice Piltias' eyes followed mine, to the *Comanche* and then the *Alice*

"We're on our own," he said. Just what Gleim had said Piltias too was a partner in the conspiracy of taking things seriously But alarm now was a tale diluted by three-telling

Hamlin tuned in again "Rock!" he squawked I misunderstood him

"I'm not rocking" I protested, feeling finally somewhat persecuted.

"No, rock! Rock it Everybody"

Five of us stood and began to rock At the prow the three men chopped, their arms the pistons of fierce machines

"More" Hamlin ordered We—the rockers—swayed faster and faster, frenzied mourners *Rock-rock Chop-chop Rock-rock Chop-chop* Faster and Faster

"Rock—rock more!" commanded the great radio voice. We swayed fiercely, but the boat did not We were part of the ice, one with it.

Hamlin dropped his boat hook and sat down. "Nothing more I can think of," he said quietly We felt the cold more keenly looked at the far-off *Comanche* together That was the coldest moment of the trip But again I wanted to laugh Hamlin was a man of droll misery, quiet or clamorous. Murphy and Jones had also stopped chopping We had the five of us, stopped rocking What now?

I hunched myself up on the crossbeam and smoked thinking again of how beautiful the bay was It was their profession, the mariners', to worry I was only a passenger on that boat and their worry

Murphy's face had wrinkled so deeply that it looked like a pineapple But suddenly it smoothened considerably

"Never mind the bow" he said "Free her first on the sides."

Towards him Hamlin was respectful. "What do you mean?" he asked

"When they rock, we'll chop at the sides —not the bow Get her free at the sides. Then we'll worry about the bow"

We renewed the fight. We rocked again and on each side two men chopped Each time our weight bent down to one side two men chopped and dug the ice from the other *Rock-chop Rock-chop* A new rhythm *Snap!* Finally *Snap,* again *Snap SN-A-A-P!*

"Rock! Keep rocking" Hamlin broadcast Murphy shook his head with approval at the proceedings and their results.

In a minute the boat was resilient under our feet We were loosened from the ice. We were rocking on water

"Now rock slow But keep rocking We'll try to clear her prow"

The choppers went forward. We rocked They chopped The *Comanche* had lighted her beacon Out swept the long hard light to investigate. It swept in a half circle over the bay It fell on us fleetingly swept onward, halted and turned back Now it was directly on us shining right into our eyes so that we were light-blinded. Piltias shooed at it. It passed on, lit off

Chop-chop-chop went the poles now in a triple rhythm, though there were four poles. The choppers dug and pounded at the ice with the hatred a man has for a stubborn enemy.

"Start her engine!" Hamlin speaking Victory, at least in a minor skirmish "But slow!" The engine started The propeller swung freely "Slow! Slow!" We made a journey of—four inches "Hold her" That was our longest journey in nearly half an hour We had moved four inches in half an hour

More chopping and more rocking A foot —we had won a whole foot from the ice this time A whole foot and four inches nearer the *Comanche.* Hamlin gloated for the foot and four inches. But the ice was still thick before the prow and our channel narrow On went the fight. Two feet A yard more The choppers, exhausted, slowed their beat. Suddenly the point of one of the poles, investigating sidewise, broke quite easily through the ice.

"Thinner here!" Gleim cried "Swing her to starboard." As if in a strait-jacket, the launch squirmed sidewise.

"Chop! Chop!" The rockers slowed down The choppers speeded up We gained faster now, two yards for one before On we moved in now unbroken progress, the chopping poles working half a foot before the prow

"Chop! Chop!"

"Much thinner here," Gleim reported He pointed a slightly different course

"Good," Piltias said "Maybe she can break through on her own now Let's try"

"Slowly str— —if I may say so" As Hamlin's emotions settled his nautical courtesy rose. Things must be going better The choppers pulled back their poles. *Crunch Cru-u-u-unch* The prow pushed forward obstinately and authoritatively Then it snagged again It kicked up a wake but did not move. Again there was a scrape

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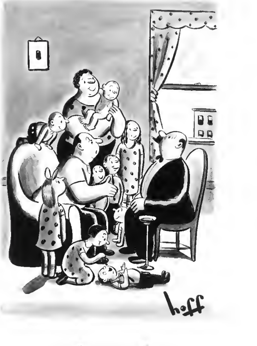

"She still disagrees with Margaret Sanger"

The Ice-Breakers

Continued from page 114

again the timbers screamed. With them screamed Hamlin.

"Ouch," he cried, his flesh again feeling pain for the tortured wood. "Slow! Reverse!" We backed up again. The choppers worked again.

Hamlin suffered once or twice again. Once or twice again, from his agony I expected to see water purling through the boat's bottom. But finally we were in thin ice again, in a sector that broke like eggshells. There was a long stretch of this. The fight was won. Beyond lay running water and the *Comanche*. Hamlin relaxed now. He turned back Piltins' command to him and didn't speak once again.

I remembered again that I was very cold. Gleim happily pulled from his pocket a flask of whiskey that he had kept secretly against emergencies and offered it around. I tipped it high. Whiskey. I let it flow freely. It was red and warm like the flames I lunged after. I was so cold that I did not taste it. I only felt sunshine coursing through my blood and thawing it.

Fifty long yards more. We were at the *Comanche*. It had taken an hour and a half to crawl the eight hundred yards through the traps of the ice.

We sat in the mess room again. The steward brought two cups of coffee for each of us. Hamlin dozed off. Zanders dozed. Piltins was on the bridge making a report.

Gleim, sitting two feet from me, looked embarrassingly into my eyes. "You crazy kid," he mumbled. "Ever before been near losing your life?"

"What do you mean . . . losing my life?"

"Don't you know people sometimes drown or freeze?"

"Other people."

"Don't you know you were that close tonight?" He held his thumb and forefinger an inch apart.

"Don't be a bogeyman." I was finally indignant. "I don't say you're trying to throw a scare into me. But you look like you're trying to throw one into yourself."

"You're just dumb."

"I'm not."

"Hamlin doesn't lose his head for nothing. Did you see all the water in the *Alice?*"

"Yes."

"What did that?"

"The ice."

"Now if the ice could tear a hole like that in a big boat like the *Alice* . . ."

"You mean . . . what would it do to a thirteen or fourteen foot dinghy?"

"Right. Do you see what it might have done?"

"My God!" I said. My stomach tightened as though squeezed between two hands. I felt sick. "I might have lost my life." I felt sick. I saw wet bodies hauled by hooks from the winter water. As I had read in books and newspapers. I saw one that was myself.

"I didn't think of that," I said.

Clowns of the Diamond

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are the only screwy nuts on the diamond. It was John King, the philosophic oldster, who said, "Forty thousand southpaws went to war and it was just my luck they all came back."

Another odd skelch was Jay Kirke, the old Louisville slugger who played both the major and minor circuits until long past the usual span. It must have been Jay's personality that kept him up there, for he couldn't hit a curve one year in the big time. The story also is told on Bobby Veach but Kirke holds the copyright.

Jay had been in a doleful slump getting nothing but hooks the whole summer, when he found himself on deck one day as the batter hit to the outfield and a runner tried to score. As the throw whizzed in, a beautiful peg over the plate, Kirke leaped forward and crashed it over the fence. Of course he was flagged, ruled out for interference, and his manager began to rail.

"You big dumb ox, don't you know better than that?"

"I know, I know," Jay conceded, "but that was the first fast ball I've seen all season and I couldn't pass it up."

Stories on Babe Ruth are unnumbered, and I doubt if the Bam himself has heard half of them. He never reads the papers, you know. Mrs. Ruth has to keep track of the Babe's fortunes and fame through the press. One yarn involving a teammate's sense of humor almost got Ruth into diplomatic difficulties when brought to official notice, however.

During the Presidential campaign of 1928 Ruth, a loyal New Yorker, was all for Al Smith. So when President Hoover came to town one day, there was a report he might attend the ball game and would shake hands with the Babe.

Hurriedly the King of Swat sought his counselor and friend, Joe Dugan. Joe had gone to Holy Cross—a college man would know best.

"You know," said Babe, "I'm for Al in this battle so I don't want to be tossing votes to Hoover. But at the same time—"

"I understand," Dugan assumed a thoughtful attitude. "Let me see—yes, the fans might even think you're Republican. No, that's risky, Babe. Still, he's President and we can't snub the big shots. Hurts the game. Let me think—" But Ruth had been thinking himself and now came up with an inspiration.

"I got it, Joe! This'll fix it. You tell this secretary fellow I'll be glad to shake with Mr. Hoover—but it's gotta be under the stands."

The game's greatest showman, Ruth stands for a lot that other players neither would nor could. I think the one they tell about his meeting with Marshal Foch was invented, but it's worth repeating. As the Frenchman beamed upon the mighty Bam, Ruth stared at the rows of decorations across the marshal's breast.

"Gee, General," he finally blurted, "you must've been in the War!"

Umpires are heroes or villains of many an unvarnished incident. A good many, too, are as brusque in manner as their grim exteriors, and Bill Guthrie of the American League was a type. When Bill was impatient or bored he could be as blunt as the words "Yer out."

After a very hot night in Gotham one season, Bill was calling them behind the Yankee plate in weather that promised no relief that evening.

Such a time Benny Bengough, peppery Yank catcher, took to criticize a third strike. Bill ignored him. Benny persisted. The protest became an oration. At last Guthrie had enough.

"Yer done," said he. "Beat it." Then, as a slight figure in Yankee white approached, "An' take that bat boy wit' you!" The "bat boy" was Miller Huggins coming out to join the parley.

At other times Guthrie could be lenient and affable. Washington was the scene, Jimmy Dykes the narrator. Rube Walberg had pitched a hard game in broiling temperatures and as the eighth inning closed he sank on the mound in a sweaty heap. The sun had done its work. Guthrie, aware the pitcher had collapsed, ambled slowly into the diamond, speaking as he moved. "Go ahead, take yer time, kid. Take yer time. I ain't got no place to go. I ain't got nothin' to do, and the beer here ain't any good."

It took Brick Owens, another American League caller, almost ten years to see the humor of his first experience with the crowd. Brick broke in with the old Western, umpiring a game between Wichita and Topeka. I forget which side was leading 3 to 0 in the ninth, but the home team had two men on and one out when a batter hit for three sacks. Unfortunately he neglected to touch first and second as he wheeled around the paths, so when the ball was relayed to second Brick had no alternative but to call him out. When the next batter singled the crowd's fury let loose and as the game ended with the home team loser, the fans came down.

The fight might have proved serious but for Owens' clinching with his nearest adversary and using him for a shield. As it was he received a black eye, split lip and lacerated opinions of the profession. From the hotel he called the league president who happened to be in town, resigning the job.

"Don't be hasty, Brick," the prexy said when he had hurried to Owens' room. "You're a good man, you called that play right today, and we don't want to lose you. The fans don't often get out of hand like this and in time you'll grow used to the rougher aspects of the game and like it. Go down and get a shave, Brick. It'll cool you off and after you've had dinner you'll feel better."

Owens went, relaxing in the chair as the hot towel enveloped his features.

"Stranger in town?" The barber spoke between slaps of razor on strop.

"Yes."

"See the game today?"

Continued on page 119

DISTINCTIVE GIFTS FOR MEN!

DRESS SET Cuff links, studs and vest buttons in onyx (also smoked or white Mother of Pearl) . . . smart octagonal and round designs. In gift container which, used with any glass becomes a most practical beverage shaker

COMPLETE $5.00
With Oriental pearl centers [illegible]

DRESS SET for dinner clothes or full dress . . . cuff links and shirt studs in smoked Mother of Pearl (also onyx or white Mother of Pearl) . . . round and octagonal designs with Oriental pearl centers. Packed in handsome pocket cigarette case

COMPLETE $4.50
Without pearl centers, set is [illegible]

INITIAL SET A belt buckle, with initial lending a personal touch . . . and plain collar bar — both in etched hammered design, finished in special HICKOK plate guaranteed for life — packed in a smart bakelite ash tray

COMPLETE $2.00
Other designs in [illegible] plate or gold plate [illegible]

An unusual set of cuff links, tie clip, and collar bar . . . sport design crystals on links and clip. In green, black or red beverage shaker-top gift container

COMPLETE $3.00
Other sets at [illegible]

INITIAL SET A smart belt buckle, modern in design and with the individual touch of the wearer's initial, matched with a tie clip . . . In a special pocket cigarette case (black or brown)

COMPLETE $1.50
Other sets in sterling silver at [illegible]

TIE & COLLAR SET smart new chain-design tie clip and collar bar in special HICKOK gold or silver finish, guaranteed for life; packed in a modern individual bakelite ash tray

COMPLETE $1.00
Other sets at [illegible], and in sterling [illegible]

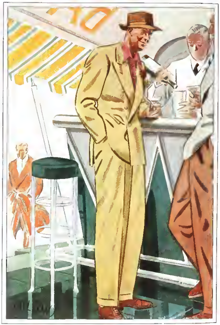
These smart new apparel jewelry sets for men are handsome, correct accessories of the kind every man wants, needs and really *uses*. In design they are modern . . . yet distinguished by faultless good taste. Workmanship is, in every detail, of the finest. The fact that they're by Hickok guarantees their quality and their welcome. P. S. *Note the clever containers, too . . . which are in themselves attractive and useful gifts! Making each gift two gifts in one.* Now is the time to select.

STYLE LEADERSHIP

DISTINCTIVE JEWELRY FOR MEN

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP



SOUTHERN WEAR IS ELABORATELY CASUAL

The big idea this year, if you want to be well dressed for the southern resort season, seems to be that of carefully conveying the impression that you don't give a damn how you look. The French have a word for it, *dégagé*, and indeed it is a prevailing characteristic of Riviera fashions. Here the impression is fostered by the roll of the lapel to the bottom button of the double breasted light tan gabardine suit, by the open throated Burgundy colored polo shirt of silk and wool and by the inherent informality of a porkpie hat of light weight felt. Other details worthy of notice are the eight-inch side vents at the back of the jacket, the brown buckskin shoes with leather soles and heels that are varnished black, and the red carnation that gives the lie to the studied carelessness of the whole effect. You can wear a colored silk handkerchief around the neck, if you like.

(For answers to all dress queries send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Clowns of the Diamond

Continued from page 116

"No." Brick was cautious.

"Well, I did." The stropping increased in tempo as the barber's anger rose. "And if I could put my hands on that lousy umpire, I'd give him more than a split lip. What'll it be, boss?"

Owens' reply was a whisper. "Once over—and light."

The old "silence gag" is always popular with the players. Little Everett Scott, holder of the consecutive game record for the Yankees, once was the victim of it. The Deacon never was a great distance hitter but this afternoon caught one squarely and rode it over the wall. As he jogged around the sacks the boys huddled, and when Scotty reached the bench not a word did he hear. Not a syllable of praise nor a backslap.

He stood it for a minute or two, then started for the other club's dugout. But not without expression. "Sorry," he said. "I guess I'm on the wrong bench."

Violation of orders usually results sadly for the individual involved, but the famous exception was that of the great Hans Wagner. Hans was the greenest of rookies when his boss first sent him to the plate with instructions. Runners were on first and second, none out.

"Push a little bunt toward third," the manager whispered, and Hans nodded eagerly.

Then without ado he lashed the first pitch over the left field wall and trotted exuberantly around with his mates. The manager kept his feelings to himself but in the late innings a similar situation occurred. Again he called Honus aside.

"Do you think you can push another bunt down toward third?" he asked, shifting his quid. Again Wagner nodded.

And for the second time he put the first pitch over the left field fence!

Lena Blackburne, now coaching the Athletics, has a bushel of yarns but I always like the one about Andy Anderson. Andy played for Lena in Toronto of the International. A great fellow, he was handicapped in speech by a harelip. Against Buffalo this afternoon the bases were full when Anderson's turn came. Shuffling up to Lena he said, "What'll I do, 'Kipper'?"

The situation hardly called for orders but Lena patted him on the shoulder. "Just pick out a good one and give it a ride," he replied.

"Okay," snuffled Andy, and belted the ball out of bounds to score four. As he came in Lena shook his hand. "Swell hitting, Andy."

To which Anderson made a little salute and chirped, "Okay, 'Kipper, you furnish 'a brains an' I'll furnish 'a power.'"

Eccentricity is found in so many ball players the public has come to look for it in at least one member on every roster. The St. Louis Cardinals, however, believe they drew more than their allotment in Dizzy Dean. The raw-boned and loquacious Texan is supremely confident of his own ability.

Toward the end of the 1931 season in which Lefty Grove ran up a great record while Diz was still toiling in the Panhandle country, somebody facetiously asked Dean if he'd heard about the big trade.

"No," said he, "what is it—Grove for me? How much cash do the 'A's' give to boot?"

Less assertive was one Jack Slappy, slow spoken Southerner with the cellar dwelling Athletics of Mack's dreary decade. It was Connie's custom to hold short meetings before each game to discuss the opposing line-up, offer suggestions on how to pitch to each batter and hear additional information. Coming to the name of Shoeless Joe Jackson when the 'A's' were playing the White Sox, he waited for the usual comment. It came from Slappy whose game the day before had been wrecked by a Jackson two bagger.

"Mr. Mack, Ah knows how to pitch to that man, suh. When you-all sees him dig his right toe in the dirt, just wind up and throw yo' ahm to the plate, but keep a good hold on that ball!"

The self-esteem of ball players reached its zenith of course in the swaggering Arthur (Whattaman) Shires, first baseman and loud speaker severally for the White Sox, Braves, Cardinals and minor league teams. Playing in Washington with the Sox one day, Shires was at bat when Walter Johnson jerked his pitcher and sent a rookie to the mound. Turning to Muddy Ruel, the Great One said, "If this guy gets me out he's made."

Edwin Americus Rommel, Baltimore's well known knuckle baller and for years the 'A's' pitching staff, had a way of turning situations to suit himself. One Gotham afternoon when the 'A's' might have moved a notch closer to a pennant they didn't win. Eddie was sent in to take the last broadsides of the Yankee barrage. A few minutes after Ruth ended the game with a final blast, the first Yank appeared at the exit. What he saw made him blink.

There was Rommel attired in the height of fashion, smiling and bowing to the Babe's own public!

The late Strang Nicklin also turned the fans to other channels, but legitimately. Strang, who played with the Giants years ago as Sammy Strang, went to France and took vocal lessons when his playing career ended. He had a fine voice and the players liked to hear him. Returning to America, Strang took over the Chattanooga franchise, managing the club as well. The team was never a contender but Sammy, who loved mountain dew as well as a base hit, would yodel his cares away, aided by the little brown jug.

On a certain afternoon the Lookouts surprised New Orleans by winning the first game of a double header. So pleased was their boss that he immediately broke into song, the dugout reechoing to his melodious notes. It wasn't long before several thousand Pelican rooters had forgotten all about the second game as they grouped in front of the visitors' bench to hear Strang's impromptu concert.

Players have been ousted from ball games for more reasons than could be told in a column, but Art Fletcher is the only fellow I know to draw a suspension for long distance insult. Fletch was ired by Bill Klem in Baker Bowl one afternoon and departed after words. The next inning the crowd was surprised to see a big white cloth draped across the clubhouse wall in remote center field. Inscribed upon it in bold black letters was the nickname abhorred by the league's oldest ump: CATFISH KLEM.

They tell a funny tale about Benny Rubin. Arriving at the Cubs camp on Catalina Island Benny, an ardent fan since boyhood when he fell in front of a horse-car while chasing an East Side triple, made friends with Charley Grimm.

So well did Benny impress the Cub manager that Charley let him direct play in a practice game against the Los Angeles club.

All went well with the Chicago boys leading 5 to 4 and the Angels up for their last bat. With bases somewhat filled, Jimmy Reese, former Yank infielder, came to the plate.

Here Benny had an inspiration. In Yiddish he yelled to Ike Danning, Jewish recruit who was catching for Chicago, to signal a fast ball low and outside. The next moment Reese hit for the circuit and the Cubs were beaten. Later that evening Rubin learned that Reese's real name was Jacob Solomon.

"Oy, oy, from now on I keep my dialect for the stage," he wailed.

Another dialect yarn I like concerns that star comedian of the game, Al Schacht, of the firm Altrock & Schacht.

I think it was in Ybor City, that old world annex to Tampa, where the Spanish onion is king and banquets last far into the night. The two Cuban stars of that time, Mike Gonzales and José Acosta, were the two Latins who made good and drew the honors. All Ybor was out, and as special attraction Schacht was obtained as a speaker.

All went well through the meal, Al having no trouble interpreting the Spanish soups, relishes, breast of quail and other delectables. But the first speech and several following were all Greek to Jewish Al who never took baseball on the European plan. All he could make out of the oratory were the two names, "Acosta and Gonzales." At the mention of these players the entire company would applaud wildly, rising to cheer. This kept up for hours and finally it dawned upon the worried Mr. Schacht that since he couldn't understand a soul, likewise not one would understand him. At the same time he had an inspiration. When he was at length introduced, Al's grandiloquence became a veritable *furor loquendi* that transfixed his listeners.

"E pluribus unum, take two and hit to right," he proclaimed while Gonzales and Acosta stared as if he'd gone mad. "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, yo ho, ho and a bottle of Hoffman. Axa vur off dir, caveat emptor, let the buyer beware. Eenie, meenie, meine, mo—we're all friends of GONZALES AND ACOSTA."

The reception of his speech was deafening. When he recovered his poise, Schacht whispered to the chairman, "How'd I go over?"

"Marvelous. Superb. They think it was glorious, Señor Schacht. But they all want to know one thing, Señor. These guests all say to each other, 'What in hell was he talking about?'"

Well, there goes the bell, hitting practice is over, so I guess Ogden will warm up.

Table Tennis Leaves the Parlor

Continued from page 76

Besides giving the server a decidedly unfair advantage over his opponent, finger-spin and knuckle serves tended to slow up the game for spectators. Formerly the serve had been used only as a means of putting the ball into play. Now it was an offensive shot, with every player wracking his brain in an effort to develop a service which would keep the ball from ever getting into play. Matches became listless affairs. Usually they were won by the fellow with the trickiest repertoire of jumpy serves. Table tennis was headed for the dog house. Finally the U. S. Table Tennis Association stepped in. "Lay off the fancy serves," it said. Only in a nice way, of course. In any event, the edict did the trick. Again table tennis became a game of speed, speed . . . and more speed!

Popular belief hasn't that a good lawn tennis player is at once a good table tennis player. Sounds logical, doesn't it? Both games are played with practically the same strokes—forehand and backhand drives, chops, half-volleys. In fact, strokes are the same in every instance with the exception of the volley, which, of course, is forbidden in table tennis. And in principle of play the games are almost identical.

Actually, paradoxical as it may sound, very few lawn tennis sharks are equally adept at the indoor game. Although most of the great American and European lawn tennis stars play table tennis, it is doubtful whether any of them, with one or two exceptions, could defeat any one of the first thirty ranking table tennis luminaries.

Which brings up the question, "How come?" Why, when both games are so much alike, should a player look like a champ on a tennis court and a chump at a tennis table?

This extraordinary situation is due to two factors. In the first place, timing one's shots in table tennis requires an altogether different technique than that used in lawn tennis. The ball travels a much shorter distance on the small table than a tennis ball travels on an outside court. Obviously, the time between shots is considerably less. No chance to get set for a shot when you're playing table tennis. Seems as though you've barely hit the ball and—zowie!—it's back again—waiting to see what you'll do with it now.

Which brings us to the second important difference between the two games. Stroking. Just a small word, but it means a lot in the athletic world, whether you're talking about rowing, tennis or golf. Table tennis players and lawn tennis players use almost the same strokes. Granted. It's in the execution of these strokes that the big difference comes in. Hitting the ball in lawn tennis calls for a full movement of the arm and body, with a complete follow-through on every shot. Most table tennis strokes, on the contrary, are short, darting thrusts, made so by the necessity of returning the ball in a split second.

Naturally this doesn't imply that every lawn tennis star looks like a dub when he starts playing table tennis. Quite a number of lawn tennis celebrities have developed above-average table games. Among these are Bill Tilden, Vincent Richards, Ellsworth Vines, George O'Connell, Helen Jacobs, Lester Stoefen, Ramon Nejuch, Emmett Paré and Frederick Perry. Tilden plays a nice game, no getting away from that, but he laments the fact that the public expects him to be as handy with a paddle as he is with a racket.

The one exception, an exception which only goes to prove the infallibility of the rule, is Frederick Perry of England. Perry, in 1929, won the table tennis championship of the world. Having accomplished that feat, and being an ambitious soul, he decided to try his hand at lawn tennis. Did right well, too, as Messrs. Shields, Wood and Allison will testify.

How Perry would fare against the present crop of table tennis champions is open to conjecture, inasmuch as he has withdrawn from active table tennis competition. His activity along that line is limited to friendly matches on board ship, as he journeys abroad to bag Uncle Sam's choicest lawn tennis trophies.

Life in Reverse

Continued from page 104

versation. General conversation was made manageable by speaking slowly and sticking strictly to the most obvious platitudes. It was in personal and informational talk that the pitfalls lay. You could never know what beginning it would lead you to. Making believe you were trying to be funny helped, because then the lack of a point in what you were saying did not matter. Another helpful stunt was to let the other person do the talking. This worked very nicely until you met up with another of these retirent people. Then you just stood there and overwhelmed each other with gales and gales of heavy silence. Of course when some one cornered you to find out how your dear Cousin Jenny or Aunt Tillie were, you couldn't very well draw it out of him.

So you see, as time went on I came to feel quite at home in my world apart. It was like putting on glasses that make everything appear upside down—you soon grow so used to them that you forget anything is amiss. As the spring thaw with its mud and slush slowly froze over, and spring receded into winter, mornings and evenings were so equally dark that I could hardly tell whether my state was persisting. And it really scarcely mattered. It was so pleasant, those long winter mornings, sitting inside with a warm fire roaring in the grate and the storm raging outside. It was doubly pleasant to watch the bundled up hordes struggling through the snow on their way to work while I was preparing for bed.

The year continued its majestic roll-over, and winter gave way to autumn. The snows miraculously disappeared and revealed beautifully colored leaves everywhere. Winds howled a crude accompaniment while they forced the leaves through curious, carefree dances. When wearied of the dance, the leaves would grab hold of a convenient tree limb and hang on for dear life. Soon all the trees were bedecked with tinted leaves, and the winds subsided. Now the trees entered into the spirit of the thing, pumping new life into the leaves. What had been brown and crimson became luscious green. And the good old summer time was with us again.

I was brown as a berry when I went away on my vacation. The resort I went to was the most friendly in the world. In less time than it takes to tell I found myself on planes of real intimacy with some of the grandest people there. Then suddenly things began to happen. My two weeks were nearly up, and no matter how much time I spent in the sun, I continued to grow paler. The very grand friends had begun to grow cold for no apparent reason. As a matter of fact, when the actual day of my arrival came, I did not have so much as a nodding acquaintance with a soul there. I returned home tired, wearing that pallid city complexion and anxious for a real rest.

When something has been going on for a long time, it loses whatever aura of the unusual it may have possessed. So too, familiarity, bred of long association, caused my perplexity to become a part of me. I almost stopped thinking about it. I had no idea how long my state would persist. All that it meant at any given moment was simply a reverse order of things. Thus, as the years went slowly by, I was slowly restored to something of my former self. If it had not been for a seemingly innocent remark made by my dear Aunt Nellie, I would probably still be oblivious of my real fate. But that remark!

Aunt Nellie greets everyone with the kindliest of words, and what she elected to say on the occasion of my visit to her just one year ago, was: "Well, I declare, you're looking younger every time I see you."

Having expected something like that, my first reaction was merely to smile and make some appropriate reply. But throughout the visit the words stuck in my mind. I felt as though some ominously horrible consequence of my malady was about to reveal itself. I tried not to think about it, mostly from fear. The feeling I had was something like that I felt when It All began. I grew nervous. When I finally got home all my reserve broke down, and shaking like a leaf I parked in front of a mirror to confirm my worst suspicion. For a long time I peered at my reflection. Horror slowly engulfed me, overshadowing the fear. Horror and despair. Then, breathing heavily, I sat down. It was true. Not only were the events of each day reversed, but my whole life was running backwards!

Think what that means, gentlemen. Here, after an interlude of five years I'm back where I was at twenty. In June I'm entering the senior class at college. There, after starting from a position of prominence, I shall wend my backward way watching my friends grow colder and finally losing them altogether until, as a freshman, my fraternity will oust me with a cruel initiation. Then a return to high school and all the horrors of adolescence. This followed by public school. The last days of my life will be spent in a nursery. Finally I shall probably be unborn, and reduced to an embryo. And maybe even—Oh, I must be mad even to think of it!

"Why, you darling! I can take this back and exchange it for just what I want!"

Old Soldiers Never Die

Continued from page 80

He admired Napoleon, he'd read a great deal about him. He was almost as good a politician as Napoleon, and he was a finer, kinder man, or at least so it appears to sentimentalists like ourselves.

Here is what happened.

"My friends," he said. "Before I begin to talk to you, is Harry Wilson here?"

"Stand up, Harry. Stand up, Harry," they whispered. He stood up.

And the Major stood very straight. His arm flew up, in the old Spanish-American war salute. "Hello, Harry," he said.

Harry Wilson gave him the salute right back. "Major," he said.

"Stand up there, for just one minute, Harry Wilson," said Major Archer Thomas. "I want them to look at you. I want the people in this town to see you. I owe you a debt I can never repay. So do they. It is simple, unassuming, decent men like you who are our heroes. Law-abiding men, who shrug at ill-success, who are generous when all is well with them. Men like this one, my friends, shivered at Valley Forge. Men like this stood knee-deep in the swamp at Antietam. Men like this went singing vulgar songs through Belleau Wood—"

* * *

Captain Arch was speeding to his next town. "That was nice work, Joe," he said. "How did you dig the old boy up?"

"Oh," said Joe, his secretary, "I just asked around—do you remember him, Major?"

"Well, I don't know. I don't know. In a general way. A general way. Thing might have happened. Might have happened. Fought most of that fight on my stomach, anyhow. Always slipping and falling, always somebody helping me up. But that troop, that was the way they were, all of them. You fell down, you'd get picked up. You got hurt, they'd take care of you, or take it up for you. Never see such men again, never. You know, it got me, to see that fellow standing there. Don't realize we're old men. And still, we're not. We're not. They can't make old men out of us. I think of that and—well, you heard me. Hugh!"

"They'll never stop you, Major," said Joe.

Back in Alta, Harry Wilson was in more or less of a daze. The Major had shaken hands with him, and some of the best people in town had patted his back.

His cronies were making a great fuss over him. They wanted to buy him drinks. "No," he said. "No. You heard what the Major said—I'm a decent, law-abiding citizen."

What a Bud Thinks of Beaux

Continued from page 67

thoroughly. Because he is home only a short time he is a delight to the débutante. In him she finds a fellow being who lives for the moment only, a creature who neither tries to impress you with the depth of his thoughts, nor explain for the millionth time why the Tigers didn't have a chance. Conversation lapses into the unintelligible slang of the campus. Nothing is accomplished, no one cares, and a good time is had by all.

The college boy is the most definite type of the three. He dresses with meticulous haphazardness, and favors Oxonian combinations of coat and trousers. He considers life a jubilee and lives only for the next highball. He has no sense of responsibility and thinks that every party is given for his entertainment solely. He is considered extremely rude by almost everyone, but is apt either not to know it or not to care. No night is a success if he gets to bed before daylight.

The success of a party depends on the amount of liquor served and how much he was able to consume. He likes to get plastered and usually does.

However, he usually stays jovial and is not so apt to get sloppy as his elders do. This may be due to constant practice; he is to be found imbibing at all hours of the day and night.

During vacation, girls are his preoccupation. He is with them constantly. He seeks a pretty face, regardless of its contents. He is observant as to clothes and will always flatter, no matter what he thinks. His ideal companion is required to have only an attractive presence, dress and dance well and shoot a fair line of small talk.

He follows the mob in his choices. When he takes out a popular deb, it is to a tea dance, dancing being his favorite sport. After that, he takes her to the most popular cocktail bar. He likes to be seen with her rather more than being with her. His conversation, when it becomes profound, is on one theme, namely, what would be the sense of falling for a popular deb?

Despite his resolute cynicism, the college boy is always falling in love, and on his return to college is likely to discover that he fell in love eight times during vacation and has asked all eight objects of his devotion to the same Prom. He comes and goes in the manner of a small cyclone. But he is light, he is gay and he is exceedingly good fun even if on the marital dietary he classes as meringue.

All rules, of course, have exceptions. So the débutante politician may be sincerely fond of the butterfly he professes to disdain . . . the young business man may be honestly very tired and bored . . . and the college youth may very well turn out to be your future husband.

Of only one thing can you be sure—should, by some horrible mistake, a débutante fall in love with any one of these groups, he automatically becomes a group all by himself.

From Snow to Slush

Continued from page 73

sophisticated young man was looking questioningly at me.

He was in impeccable full dress, and I saw that the young lady with him was likewise tall, smart and "dressed to kill," as they say. She had a sparkling diadem in her coiffure and a corsage of three beautiful orchids.

I drew myself up proudly. "Why, yes. We have two in the first row center mezzanine." I rather enjoyed saying that—after all, we were not paupers.

Now that I look back, I suppose I was foolish to be so sensitive, but a man can't help his feelings.

He looked at the scale of prices.

"They cost you five dollars. The box-office and speculators are sold out. I'll give you twenty for them."

No, I said to myself—no. Twenty dollars, I said to myself—twenty dollars. Hell! I thought, no! Four hundred per cent. No, I'll be damned if I will (him with his fancy clothes). We planned to see the show. I can see it later. I want to see it tonight. No, I said to myself, no.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" asked Grace. "Give him the tickets."

"No dear, it isn't worth it."

"I'll give you twenty-five," he said.

My god, I hated him! Twenty-five dollars for tickets! Who ever heard of such a thing? Grace could get shoes, I could get a few ties. Our first Christmas—

"Here—"

Grace snatched the tickets from my hand.

"It's a deal," she said.

"Thank you," he said, giving her the money, "and a Merry Christmas."

Then he turned around to his lovely lady.

"Didn't I tell you I'd get them?"

He was quite pleased.

"What a price!" she said.

It didn't mean any more to me than their five did to them.

He laughed as he handed my tickets to the doorman.

I could have cried.

I managed to smile at Grace. "Well," I said, "you made five hundred per cent on that."

She pressed my hand. "I'm sorry, dear, but we simply couldn't afford to turn it down." She went over to the advance sale window to buy two in the mezzanine for the night of January twentieth.

Outside, it was still snowing. A white Christmas. I looked at the fashionable people coming in, and my stomach felt all hollow.

So we went to a movie. In the darkness, I did something very melodramatic. I took the rose out of my button-hole and squeezed it to pieces in my hands.

After the show, Grace noticed it was missing. I said that I must have lost it in the crowd. She looked at me and then we chatted very gaily about the absurdity of the picture.

The snow had turned to slush and we had to slosh our way through noisy crowds to the subway.

PLEASE HIM?

Belts, Buckles, Braces, Jewelry by Hickok *always* please men

THESE gifts have style that clicks with masculine taste. Men like the belts of rich leathers, finely worked . . . the handsome buckles . . . the personal touch of the distinctive initials . . . the correct braces . . . all the smart details that are not only new, but good. Finally, *the presentation packages in themselves are useful, appreciated gifts!* There are dozens of other Hickok sets, besides the four suggested here, at prices that will fit any Christmas budget . . . at good stores, everywhere.

SUGGESTION NO. 1—Belt of fine hand boarded cowhide with cowhide lining (black or brown). Buckle of engine turned pattern with matching tie clip, both in sterling silver—the beautifully designed initial on the buckle lending a note of individuality . . . bakelite gift box with Jewelite panel, which serves as a cigarette humidor or jewelry box

SET COMPLETE . . . $5.00
SET WITHOUT TIE CLIP . 3.50

SUGGESTION NO. 2—Belt of fine genuine pigskin with suede lining . . . sterling silver buckle in beautiful hammered design with modern initial . . . in gift container which is a beverage shaker-top (for use with any glass)

AS ILLUSTRATED, SET COMPLETE . . . $3.00
SET WITH HICKOK PLATE BUCKLE . . . 2.50

SUGGESTION NO. 4—THE RAJAH . . . A new brace for masculine America—jewel set buckles to match the jewel colored braces . . . Sapphire, Ruby, Topaz, Emerald—a selection of choice patterns

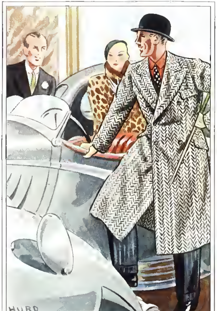
$1.00 and $1.50

THE RAJAH IS THE SMARTEST THING IN BRACES

SUGGESTION NO. 3—Full grain cowhide bridle belt (black or brown) . . . smart Hickok plate buckle in modern design, with distinctive initial . . . in gift container of bakelite which is a combination cigarette box and ash tray

SET COMPLETE $2.00—WITH PIGSKIN BELT, SUEDE LINING $2.50

STYLE LEADERSHIP
HICKOK
BELTS · BUCKLES · BRACES · JEWELRY



THEY SAY IT'LL BE A LONG HARD WINTER

Last year's protracted cold spell brought the ulster out of its place among the mothballs in the storehouse of outmoded fashions. This year, unless the weather forecasters double-cross the fashion forecasters, the ulster type of overcoat is due for another big play. The advantage of the one sketched here is that it may be worn correctly with either town or country outfits. It is made of black and white herringbone cheviot tweed (the same fabric in which this model was most popular along about 1907), has four buttons all of which may be buttoned, and has a flap on the breast pocket. The back is plain. We raise our voice now in describing other details of the outfit, to be heard above the outraged outcries that always come from the cheap seats whenever we mention the possibility that a well dressed man's shirt may be a shade other than white or blue. This one is salmon!

(For answers to all dress queries send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

These Too Shall Live

Continued from page 63

been made ready. Her sides had been raised eight inches, tapering down toward bow and stern; she had been decked over with light wood and canvas; four hatches with waterproof covers had been cut in the decking; two small masts shipped and stayed; and she had been stocked with ninety gallons of fresh water in ten breakers and twenty-five days full rations "with some little provision extra."

Five were to go in her—Talbot in command; Halford, her coxswain; Peter Francis, the quartermaster; and John Andrews and James Muir, members of the contractor's party which had been working on the Midway Island harbor entrance. Andrews, a granite-faced Yankee from Boston, and Muir, a dour Scot, had been specially enlisted for one month to make the trip because they were "men of such fine qualities and endurance."

On Nov. 18, a clear and pleasant Friday with a gentle breeze from the north and eastward, the gig sailed for Hawaii. The whole crew stood by the water's edge as Talbot checked off with Captain Sicard and the officer-of-the-day the gig's equipment. Her boat ensign with its thirteen stars in a flattering circle waved gaily at the stern as the voices of the two officers monotoned above the surf's boom.

At eight bells in the afternoon Captain Sicard, with the crew mustered behind him on the beach, prayed solemnly for the safety and success of Talbot and his men. Talbot jumped into the gig, took his place in the stern hatch by the tiller; the others waded out to the twenty-two foot boat, climbed over the sides, raised the anchor, hoisted the miniature sails, and the gig stood for the western channel through the reef. Before sundown the boat had faded from sight on the horizon to the northward.

Talbot held the gig on a northerly course, beating into the wind, as the faint blur that was Ocean Island faded into the seascape. The boat climbed the slow rollers, and sank gently into the troughs, the green water chuckling under her counter, as the light breeze filled the hand-stitched sails.

The mood of tense elation, common to all men about to embark upon expeditions of great danger, which had lifted up the spirits of the five men as the gig started on her voyage, died with the sunset. As the westering rays slanted across the sky, painting the light cirrus clouds with the warm spectrum of the tropics, a feeling of depression settled over the cockleshell craft and its crowded crew. Talbot—sensitive, young, devout, deeply grieved by the loss of his mother and keenly aware of the heavy burden of responsibility that rested upon him as leader of a forlorn hope—sensed it more deeply than his less imaginative companions. His heart pounded, his throat muscles tensed as, hand on tiller and feet dangling into the black hole of the after hatch, he watched the sun set on an empty sea. Behind him, beneath the ocean's rim, lay Ocean Island, the shattered strakes of the *Saginaw* and the hungry men of her crew. Ahead, eighteen hundred miles of open water—

Talbot quenched his mind's burning with the relief of physical action.

"Halford," he ordered, "take the helm while I check over and restow these stores. Andrews, you stay on deck with Halford. Francis, you and Muir give me a hand aft here."

The three men, doubled up in the small space between the thwarts and beneath the low deck, shifted, counted and secured tins, breakers and bags. The flickering light of their sperm-oil lamp, kept forever burning because of their lack of matches, glimmered uncertainly, casting elusive shadows across the dark belly of the boat. Against the seams the slow Pacific rolled, murmuring.

The water breakers were distributed fore and aft and lashed as near the midship line as possible. The food was carefully checked over and restored well above the bottom boards and out of reach of bilge water and flying spray. Five days' rations of hard tack sealed in tins was jammed up in the eyes of the boat; it was practically unperishable. Ten days' ration of the same in a black canvas bag was stowed on the after-thwart. Talbot opened the bag and pulled out a biscuit. In the dim lantern light its sickly saffron gleamed here and there with a faint greenish tinge where mould had begun to form. Tiny holes burrowed through the hard crust—weevils. Talbot made a wry face, rubbed the mould off on his shirt and put the biscuit back.

"We'll have to get some sun on those tomorrow."

The three men worked quickly, lashing down all loose gear, shifting the oars, spreading spare canvas across the bottom boards to make rough beds. Besides the hard tack they checked off and stowed away two dozen small tins of bully beef, five five-pound tins of desiccated potatoes—a dried-out mealy tasteless mass, two big cans of beans which had been soaked in sea water after the *Saginaw's* wreck, had been dried in the sun, cooked and stowed in tins, three tins of boiled wheaten grits which had come through the same debilitating process, one soggy ham, six tins of preserved oysters rescued from the officers' mess, ten pounds of dried beef, a dozen cans of lima beans and peas, five pounds of rancid highly-salted butter in a small tub, a gallon of black molasses, twelve pounds of white sugar, four pounds of tea and five pounds of coffee. A small tin cooking apparatus burning sperm oil had been contrived out of pieces of scrap metal and this was set up and secured near one of the hatches.

When Talbot and his helpers stuck their heads up through the hatches, the swift Pacific twilight had ended. A lingering line of daylight to the westward marked a faint horizon; stars twinkled in the zenith. Quickly Talbot divided his "crew" into two watches—Halford and Andrews, Francis and Muir. Then, as Muir went below to prepare the evening meal—a bit of ham, a couple of biscuits with the mould rubbed off, a spoonful of molasses, and some hot coffee—Talbot, buttocks braced against the hatch coaming, feet planted firmly on the bottom boards, focused the home-made sextant. In the little mirror he caught the reflected twinkling beauty of Arcturus and, twisting the tangent screw, he brought the heavenly glimmer down to the earth's searim. The familiar routine comforted him—"the stars in their courses."

Saturday, Sunday and much of Monday the fair weather held. At supper-time Monday, Muir, who was acting as cook, prepared to dish out some of the cooked beans from one of the two large tins. As he stuck his clasp knife into the tin, there was a loud pop, a quick wheeze as of escaping steam—and a foul odor.

"God! Spoiled!"

At Talbot's orders the other tin of beans and the three cans of boiled wheaten grits were gotten out. As his shipmates watched, Muir jabbed the tins with his knife. From each tin there was a pop, a wheeze and a stench. Francis turned his head, looked out to sea. Andrews, his face muscles taut and the cords on his neck straining, stared at the tins. Talbot and Halford looked grim. "Nice supper, boys," Halford commented. "Vote of thanks to the cook."

Muir was swearing slowly and with precision. "I'm going to try it—damned mess but better than going hungry. Without this we'll be out of food in two weeks."

Talbot and Muir dipped into the putrid mess. Andrews and the others reluctantly followed their example.

Controlling the almost involuntary retching of his stomach, Talbot carefully chewed and swallowed two mouthfuls of the spoiled beans. He tried to force himself to eat some of the grits but his will revolted. Muir and Andrews bolted a few teaspoonfuls of the wheaten grits which were not so badly spoiled as the beans. Francis and Halford chomped a mouthful of the fermented food. The men washed the taste from their mouths with sea water and swallowed long drafts of fresh water drawn from the breakers. The spoiled cans were covered and carefully stowed away.

Five minutes later, Talbot, green and vomiting, was stretched out over the afterdeck spewing his supper into the sea.

The next morning, holding their noses and closing their eyes, three of the five carefully munched and swallowed more of the beans and grits. Halford and Francis went hungry, chewing bits of ham fat and rind into mush and biting off tiny bits of the weevil-riddled hard tack from the one biscuit apiece doled out in the morning ration. Talbot kept his breakfast down for only two minutes. Again he was sick, stretched prone on the afterdeck, his face wet with the spray of the gig's motion. He rose weak in body and spirit.

During the morning Muir and Andrews were taken with griping pains; doubled up with cramps they lay on the piled canvas on the bottom boards, arms locked around their knees, faces twisted with pain. Francis, too, was ill. Halford alone seemed unaffected by the tainted provisions.

At noon Talbot ate the beans again. Muir and Andrews were too ill to move. Talbot was sick again—immediately; his stomach rejected the putrid stuff as soon as he had swallowed it.

"It's no use. I can't do it. Throw the damned mess overboard," Talbot said, pale and gasping. Halford routed out the stinking tins and heaved them into the sea.

The gig held a course to the northward

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These Too Shall Live

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until she reached the latitude of thirty-two degrees. There she encountered the prevailing westerlies, and Mr Talbot laid a course eastward towards the longitude of the island of Kauai in the Sandwich Island group, where he hoped to pick up the northeast trades and shift course to the south on the final leg of their cruise.

For the first four days fair weather prevailed. Fickle but brisk southerly breezes filled the rags of canvas draped from the gig's two masts and she bowled along through scorching sun-filled days and star-lit nights. For four days the little boat carried all her canvas—a jib, fore and main sails, a main topsail and a fore squaresail. Halford and Francis and Talbot held her on her course by the quivering needle of the boat compass; Andrews and Muir stood their watches for'd despite their griping pains and the acute dysentery that followed.

On Wednesday five days out of Ocean Island it came on to blow hard from the westward. Storm rack scudded across the heavens, a gooney soaring on stiffened wings fled before the wind. The sea made up, spray splayed up from the gig's forefoot and wet her decks. Rag after rag her canvas was stripped from her, until, before nightfall, she was running under her reefed fore squaresail. Halford and Talbot shared the watch in the after cockpit, canvas drawn tightly about their waists. Forward the hatch covers were on but the deck leaked. Francis and Andrews and Muir, stretched out beneath the thwarts, their joints wedged against hard wood, moved fitfully to escape the leaks. Their sunken cheeks covered with stubbles of beard, their red-rimmed lids and pain-wracked faces were now in shadow, now in flickering light as the flame of the ever-burning lantern shifted with the motion of the boat.

Talbot and Halford—the one slight, pale, almost spectral, the other tall, husky, square-jawed, a profane Viking—stood shoulder to shoulder in the after hatch, minding the tiller, watching the hissing waves sweep up astern.

Black walls of water crested with foam rode endlessly out of the east, roared down on the cockleshell, tossed first stern then bow skywards, passed beneath the straining strakes and swept on. Toward morning as the gale reached its height a towering roller, its black ebony furrowed and rowelled by the sharp spurs of the wind, howled up from astern. The gig lifted, but not quite quickly enough, the crest broke and thundered down on the decks in a deluge of green water. The sea cascaded off the turtle-back deck and ran down the canvas loosely fitted about the waists of the two men in the stern.

Talbot licked the salt from his lips. Halford knuckled the water from his eyes and wrung out the drenched sleeves of his jacket. Below, the glimmering lantern revealed spurts of water sluicing through the leaky deck seams. Muir and Andrews swore and started to shift the canvas bread bag to a drier place. As their hands moved they were suddenly groping in blackness. A gush of water through a leaky deck seam over the after thwart had extinguished the ever-burning lantern.

Concluded next month

The Escape

Continued from page 79

he concluded savagely, "that it's the headmaster's wish."

"My dear man, you can't possibly do that. It would be a hopeless thing to do."

"I'm grateful to you for your opinion, of course."

"All right, all right! There's no need to get shirty. You must manage your own affairs as you think best. But if you want to know—"

"Thanks. I don't."

* * *

At twenty past three on the following afternoon, Champernown decided he must have a breath of air. Even with the windows wide open, the empty classroom was stifling. Henderson's exercise book lay open before him. He had taken twenty minutes over it, looking closely for faults, then over-marking the boy in his morbid, self-exculpating anxiety to be fair. The business of the evaded imposition still smoldered in his mind, less as a personal reverse than as a defeat to justice. There, whatever happened during the rest of the term, would remain a gap, a blank, a loss, a thing undone.

With an overwrought gesture he put the pile of exercise books inside the desk, slammed down the lid and made for the field. Coming out round the corner of the chapel, he ran into a small and white-faced procession carrying a limp figure.

"Henderson. . . In the nets. . . Ball came smack through. . . I always said that net was dangerous. . . Full on the temple. . . Yes, one of Lacey's hardest. . ."

The whole school, buildings, playing fields and all, lay under a cloud till five when it was announced that the victim was sitting up, declaring that he felt perfectly all right and demanding to be allowed to return to ordinary life. The doctor had seen him and could find no injury.

At about half past six, Champernown, after long debate, nerved himself to go up to the sick bay and inquire how the boy was getting on. He might even be allowed to see him. After all, why shouldn't he? It was only natural he should want to know. He was the boy's form master.

With beating heart, he went up the leaded stairs and down the long, bare passage, decorated only with fire extinguishers. Opening the green baize door, he heard voices in the anteroom and stopped short.

"Very well, Matron. Keep him where he is till bedtime and then let him go back to the dormitory."

"No, thank you, Mr. Bevan. I'm going to keep him where he is all night and sit up with him too."

"Really, Matron, I must say I think you're making too much of this. You've heard Dr. Slater's opinion. Fussing like this will only create a bad impression. The school is quite sufficiently upset as it is. You'd much better let him go down."

"No, thank you, Mr. Bevan. This is my responsibility."

"Really, Matron—"

Stepping back, Champernown silently closed the door. It would be injudicious to go in at the moment. He could inquire again later. . .

He was a little late for breakfast the next morning, and made his way self-consciously up the big hall between the tables, half annoyed and half pleased at the occasional cries of, "Good morning, sir," which greeted him as he passed. He never knew whether to acknowledge them or not.

When he reached the top table, he noticed with surprise that the headmaster was absent. Only three of the men were there, silent, with long faces.

"Haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"About Henderson."

"Henderson? What about him?"

"Died in the night."

"No. . . Good God!"

"Yes. Sat up suddenly in bed, squinted, cried out and then fell back dead."

The room began to spin around Champernown. Half conscious, he heard the hushed voices.

"By Jove, it's a feather in Matron's cap anyway. Lucky she insisted on sitting up with him. Bevan will be thankful enough to her when it comes to the inquiry."

As soon as he regained proper consciousness of his surroundings, Champernown felt himself unable to eat. He swallowed a few mouthfuls of his coffee, then made his way out. As he did, he passed the Matron coming in, grimly justified. Two minutes later, he was knocking at the door of the headmaster's study.

"I can't see you now, Champernown. I'm—that is, there's a great deal to do."

"I've only just come to tell you. . . to hand in my resignation."

The man was not listening. His back was turned. He was ferreting among papers. He looked pale, ill, blotchy and old.

"Yes, yes, yes. Well, come later on, Champernown. I really can't see you now."

Suddenly Champernown stamped uncontrollably.

"I resign, I tell you," he shouted. "I resign! Do you understand? I resign!"

Then he turned around and ran away blundering down the passage, talking to himself and sobbing. At a corner, he ran into Forsyth. The younger man's pupils contracted to pin-points. He stared after the retreating figure, then uttered a long low whistle.

"Well," he exclaimed, "whoever would have thought he'd take it like that!"

But Champernown was not weeping for the dead. He was weeping because, with a searing flash, he had seen the thing which his calling had made of him. He did not feel sorrow. He felt simply that Henderson had escaped him, that he was cheated. In a mad corner of his mind, he would have wished that afternoon to have gone up to the sick bay, taken the corpse and set it in the empty class-room that justice might be satisfied.

"Here's one you wouldn't be ashamed to let a king sleep in, madam!"

The Itsy-Bitsy Actors

Continued from page 56

Hollywood, telling them how to make more money. Characters sustain interest. Put a character before us and you can cut down the salaries of the plot experts by half and spend only a tenth as much on clothes and you won't need that big scene of the shipwreck. Character is the bridge between one incident and another. If you are interested in a character you are willing to wait a minute or two in order to find out what happens to him. The movies, in fact, have capitalized on this very thing because Marie Dressler appeared in pictures without exceptional plots and was for a time the top attraction of all because she, like Miss West, created character. She was not a model for clothes and she was this side of exuding sex appeal and she out-classed the entire lot in bringing cash to the box office.

Now all these secondary players are alike in this: that you recognize something concrete, a human character, in them. Often enough it is the same character you saw three weeks ago, but that doesn't diminish your pleasure, even if it is bad for the actor to get into a rut. (After all, our friends do not change from week to week, popping up as a miserly old man one day and reformed but still attractive rakes the next.) The minor players are allowed certain human qualities which the major ones forego. They are rude, violent, ironic, mean, brutal and mocking. They say what the audience often feels, pricking the great bubble of pretensions which floats through the morals of every movie. They are disruptive elements. And they are very good company.

Some eight years ago it occurred to me that what interested me most in the average movie program was the shorts. Later I went for the cartoon comedies. Since then theaters have been inaugurated for each of these types. So now I shall look forward to a movie composed entirely of the works of supporting actors. And I expect it to be good.

A Cowboy's Christmas

Continued from page 53

of the worst renegades he had. He had had to forefoot her across the withers once and give her a roll to make a believer out of her.

It was warm now and Dan got down to fix his saddle, aired his horse's back while it drank and took a drink himself from the pipe out of the tank that kept the troughs full with a float-valve to control the flow. He took off the heavy coat now and tied it behind his cantle. It was good to free his arms and shoulders. He hated to wear any more clothes than was necessary. That was one reason he was always glad to see summer come, even on the hot desert. He wouldn't wear anything then but a pair of Levis (waist overalls so-called from a popular maker, Levi Strauss) and a blue cotton shirt, socks, boots and hat. Even underwear restricted his movements too much, and he liked to feel that his skin could breathe. But now a man had to have enough on to keep warm, especially when he was riding in late on a frosty night, tired and hungry after a long day.

There was a certain old red cow that Dan was keeping an eye out for. She had got stuck in one of those bog holes at Coyote Springs and Dan had found her just in time to pull her out alive. He didn't know whether that old girl was going to make it or not. He hadn't seen her for several days now. He thought she was watering at this windmill and he knew she wouldn't be strong enough yet to feed off very far from the water.

He rode up a long shallow draw. The desert brush was good along this draw where it had got a larger share of moisture than the brush on higher ground. The cattle he passed here were in better flesh too. Dan looked every bunch over carefully as he rode along, automatically reading their earmarks when he did not actually recognize the animals themselves.

He came to a wide flat clearing where a desert homesteader had left his mark. There was good sand grass here. This would be a good place for that old red cow. If he could find her and she wasn't too weak to drive, he would bring her here.

Near one corner of the square clearing, which covered a hundred and sixty acres, stood the remains of the departed settler's home—a two-room house of unpainted rough lumber that looked as if it were too tired to stand up straight any longer.

Dan often stopped here and climbed to the sagging roof for a better view over the greasewood to save time when he was hunting a particular bunch of cattle. Getting off his horse now by the dilapidated porch, he thought of the lunch in his coat. He took it out and sat down on the edge of the porch in the warm sun to eat his jerky and biscuits and dried apples.

The strips of uncooked beef were dry, twisted and hard, but there were parts that were tender and flaky and crumbled in his mouth. Dan liked it. He could feel that he was getting real nourishment in every bite of it. He finished his dry meal and rolled a smoke. It was clean and quiet there in the desert clearing, with the ivory colored feathery tops of the sand grass waving gently in the light breeze and the tall green-bronze greasewood solidly surrounding it. Dan knew there wasn't a living soul within twenty miles. There was no smoke, no noise, no smell of gasoline here. It was just the pure, clean, quiet desert all around him.

Dan thought of the homesteader who had come here long years before. What had he expected to raise on this arid spot after he had labored to clear away the greasewood and the cow-brush and salt-brush, the prickly pear, cholla and yuccas from those hundred and sixty acres? This old frame house standing cock-eyed in that clearing was just another monument to human folly.

Dan got up to climb to the roof for a look around. As he stepped up on the creaking boards of the porch, he drew back. There lay a rattlesnake stretched out sunning itself just behind where he had been sitting. It lay between Dan and the half-open door that drooped on one hinge.

He picked up a loose piece of two-by-four and killed the snake, making it angry first so it would coil and strike at the club so that the killing would not seem so wanton. Then he crossed the porch to go inside because it was more convenient to climb to the roof by the rafters through a hole where the wind had blown away the shingles.

Entering the room he was stopped by another surprise. Something fluttered past his head, with a commotion of flapping wings. It hit the floor across the room, bounced to the window sill and went on out through the glassless frame. Dan laughed. It was a gawky long-legged road-runner that had been roosting on a shelf near the door.

Now Dan was aware of another sound more than that—the whole rickety house was shaking as in an earthquake. His eyes now becoming adjusted to the dim light inside, he saw the old red cow. She was in one corner of the room trying frantically to struggle to her feet. Dan jumped for her tail to take advantage of her efforts before she would give up. He tailed her up and steadied her on her feet for a moment. He didn't dare let go of his hold on her tail for two reasons. She might fall down again as she started to walk without his steadying support, or she might try to charge him.

These old cows nearly always resented being helped to their feet and in trying to charge their helpers they almost invariably fell down again and it was harder to get them up the second time. But this one did not try to fight this time. She stood quietly until the numbness from lying so long was gone from her legs and finally made her way out the back door under her own power.

Dan stood perfectly still while she weaved out with her bony hocks knocking together at each staggering step. If he didn't move she might not look back, might not notice him at all, then she wouldn't get disturbed. He would pack some hay and water to her later, maybe pull the old girl through.

Dan stood in the back door a moment watching the old cow, estimating her chances of staying on her feet long enough to get a fill of sand grass. Her spirit was still strong and she wasn't too excitable; yes, with a little help now she might be as fat and slick as any after the next summer's grass.

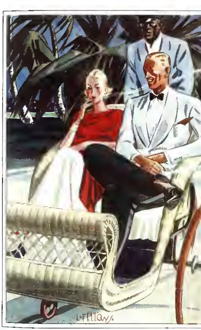
Beside the back door was a cellarway with steps merely dug out of the ground. The winds had half-filled it with sand. Lying in the cool shaded depths of this excavation was a Chuckawalla lizard—one of those big, black, slick, slimy-looking fellows, a foot long and two inches broad across the back. It lay as if dead, but Dan knew it was alive.

Funny—seeing snakes and lizards out at this season. What date was this? He had no idea. He didn't need a calendar in his work. He'd never think to look at it if he had one. As long as it was cold it was winter. When green grass came again it would be spring.

A horse, a snake, a bird, a cow, a lizard, a man — —

Dan went out on the porch again, hung the dead snake on the railing and told his horse what a strange world it was. He had not seen a human being for weeks.

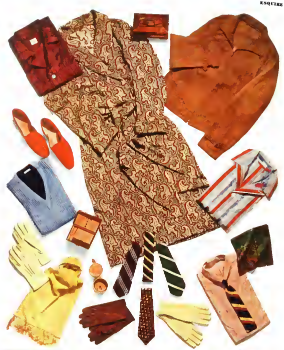
The next day someone from the headquarters ranch happened to come out and told Dan it was the day after Christmas.



THE FAIR HAIRED BOY OF THE BEACH WALK

This is the semi-formal evening outfit that will be worn by the best dressed men at Palm Beach this winter. It consists of a white shawl collar dinner jacket with dress trousers of black or midnight blue tropical worsted. The jacket is of lightweight washable material in the single breasted model that finally won out over the double breasted type in the preferences of Newport and Southampton men by the end of last summer. The soft shirt is of white silk with collar attached, worn with a black rep dress tie in the popular semi-butterfly shape. The hose are sheer black silk with a deep maroon clock, and the pumps are patent leather. The maroon silk foulard handkerchief in the breast pocket here replaces the omnipresent dark red carnation. A tan camel's hair topcoat and a Sennet straw hat complement this outfit on cool evenings. A wine silk cummerbund is recommended here.

(For answers to all dress queries send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y.)



LAST MINUTE CHRISTMAS

1—Striped satin pajamas

2—Wrap model Paisley design printed house robe

3—Thuya wood cigarette box with watch in top.

4—A suede leather jacket with talon fastener.

5—Hard-soled calf slippers.

6—A reversible Alpaca sweater

7—An alligator leather jewel case.

8—A fancy striped broadcloth pajama

9—A Paisley patterned silk foulard handkerchief

10—Hand sewn chamois gloves.

11—Round collar attached shirt with bias striped crochet tie.

12—Yellow silk crochet muffler

13—Pigskin collar button box

14—Three silk ties and a silk crochet tie

15—Capeskin gloves

16—Yellow string gloves fleece-lined

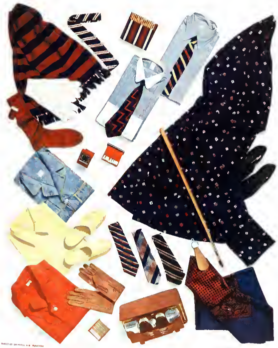
17—Red and blue horizontal stripe crochet wool muffler

18—Silk crochet tie

19—Striped silk tobacco pouch with waterproof lining

20—Blue pleated bosom shirt with white starched collar and cuffs attached and a tie in the colors of the Royal Artillery

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C. for sources of articles photographed)



GIFT SHOPPING SUGGESTIONS

21—Button down collar attached oxford shirt with striped crochet tie

22—A convenient traveling robe and carrying case of tye and dye pattern in silk foulard

23—White string gloves with fleece lining

24—Wine color 6 x 3 rib wool hose

25—A traveling clock that folds like a vest pocket camera

26—A contrasting red and black leather cigarette case

27—Blue leather hard-soled slippers

28—Blue silk lounging pajamas

29—Yellow silk brocade pajamas

30—Red silk brocade pajamas

31—Cream leather backless slippers

32—Striped rep ties.

33—Novel leather shoehorn

34—Three-foot pigskin handle shoehorn

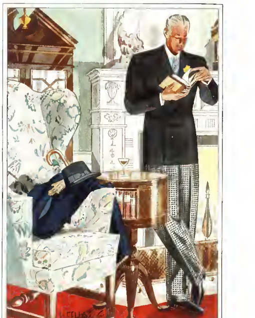
35—Tan mocha gloves

36—Cigarette case that opens like a roll-top desk.

37—Fitted traveling case

38—Large foulard silk square muffler

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire 40 E. 34th St. N. Y. C. for sources of articles photographed)



SOBER AND STILL NOT SOLEMN ON SUNDAY

The sobriety of black and white afternoon dress does not necessarily imply the solemnity of the mourner's bench. Relieving touches that keep you from bending over backward with unwonted dignity are afforded, in this case, by the striped blue soft shirt with white cuffs, the blue and white Glen plaid patterned Macclesfield silk tie and the yellow carnation worn in the buttonhole of the lapel. This outfit, including the carnation, is typical of what the Prince of Wales has been wearing most frequently during the past London season. (Any time you get tired of our spying on him you have a perfect right to tell us so.) The double breasted jacket has a natural lapel roll to the bottom button. Just to mix you up and remind you of fashion's perversity, the cheviot trousers grow cuffs at the moment when suits for informal business wear are beginning to discard them. Note the wide spread collar.

(For answers to all dress queries send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Reflexshuns on Iggnrunce

Continued from page 55

my economics was wrong because I disagreed with her husband and "Economics was Elmer's subject."

Being a "subject" in that sentence meant that Elmer had been to college and his professors had told him. He went on years later believing what his teachers had told him.

A professor in the London School of Economics wrote me: "It can but it will get into a mess." His letter is dated the 18th of September, 1934. So I suppose that's official British Economics almost up to date.

That is obscure. Hell, I admit it is obscure as it stands and I am willing to go back and explain why the prof said it.

I am an inquisitive cuss. I wanted to know and I still want to know what a lot of self styled and professional and very verbose blokes think about economics and money (economics is something to do with MONEY). I wanted to know what a lot of blokes thought about MONEY. What is money?

I printed a list of questions. I asked a wop and he printed some of my questions in Turin; the *Morning Post* took off its high hat and printed half a column in London. A bloke in Lausanne wrote down to Gino and some bloke had printed the lot in a Spanish paper, in Madrid where Hem goes to bull fights. (*El Sol* de Madrid, 26th August.)

I said, a country can have ONE currency for internal use and another good both for internal—no, hold on, I didn't make that mistake. I was careful of my languidg. I didn't say "internal and external" use like a cough lotion that's good for burns. I said "and another good both for home and foreign use." I'd have done better to say "one good inside the country," the other "good both inside the country and outside it."

Anyhow the idea was clear. The prof started by sending me three funny postcards, one with a squeaker made like a doll's.

Then he wrote me a fourteen page letter (seven sheets, long hand written on both sides in neat highbrow professorial hand writin' and containing that gem of wisdom. "It can, but it will get into a mess.")

He'd had his chance? When he wrote me the postcards, I wrote him patient and perlite to LOOK at the god damn' money he was using during his vacation (he was on vacation in France). I don't know if he did it.

France has had two kinds of money for 15 years and they never confused the most dumb and damnblasted frogeater, and of all the complainers I heard in Jimmy Charters' bar I never heard ANY of 'em complain about the coin being issued by the United French Chambers of Commerce. So I still don't see why it's a mess.

Economics was that fellow's "subject" but he was not his nation's choice to REPRESENT 'em at the International Economic Congress. He never was, so far as I know, a delegate sent off to decide the fate of his country and her relations with other great powers. He was just another of these blokes like Tugwell and Moley, and Sec. Wallace. I mean economics was . . . an' so on . . . his subject.

So a DELEGATE asks me if I can ask him "any REAL questions" and I sent him the same little slip (costs nearly ten cents a letter, with Mr Morgenthau's new cutie dollar.)

He answers me (thank god, using a typewriter):

"3. Yes, it can. And so can a man use a regular thermometer for taking his temperature, and one of his own devising for taking the temperature of a room. If he does, he creates additional complications."

That's the way a specimen delegate thinks. First he gets a fancy analogy. Second he fails to know what has been going on in the world outside his own office, and thirdly he commits what the logic teachers call a non-sequitur, or a statement of what don't necessarily follow.

That's why the New Deal takes so long. The last few words are a quotation. A lovely lady once said to me long ago in a very tired voice: "I have just been lunching with six generals. Now I know why the Boer War took so long."

The Happy Ghosts

Continued from page 49

"When would you like to try the laying?"

"Oh, one night next week. I'll telephone you. I may need some help. There's a man who knows a lot about these things and could probably advise me. I'll let you know."

Late the next week Lyssom had a telephone call from Carton. Carton had got in touch with his friend, and wanted to bring him along to dinner. "Nice chap. Research chemist. And there's a woman I know I'd like to bring too. Charming woman. You'll like her. Scotch, and has something of the Scotch second sight. So she might be useful in a case like this. She's coming down from Scotland tomorrow for a few days, so shall we say Wednesday?"

Lyssom said Wednesday, and that evening Carton arrived with his two friends, Philip Rode and Miss Maclaren. They were, as he had said, pleasant people, and they seemed immediately at home with their host and his place. Each of them had the slim face and grey eyes of the spiritual type, and Lyssom was aware of a strong, warm feeling in the room which suggested that things were about to happen. The preparatory atmosphere, he thought, for the ghost-laying. The dinner went agreeably, and they talked of this and that, but nothing was said about ghosts. Miss Maclaren appeared to be much interested in research chemistry, and asked many questions which the chemist expounded as fully as he could. Carton talked of recent doings in Whitehall, and the chemist, when he wasn't answering questions, listened to his host's talk of the latest French painters.

After dinner Lyssom showed his collection of modern French works, and when that was done and it came to whiskey-and-soda time he began to look at Carton, wondering when he would start the business they had gathered for. But Carton was deep in the subject of the Japanese expansion, and kept in it until eleven o'clock, when Miss Maclaren said she must go. The chemist asked if he might drive her home—he had his little two-seater outside—and could he drop Carton somewhere? Carton said he was staying awhile, he wanted to convert Lyssom on the question of sea and air power, and the two guests went off alone. Their phrase of thanks to Lyssom seemed genuine.

It was not until they had gone that Lyssom remembered something. "Rather odd, Carton—they've appeared every evening for the last fortnight, but tonight, when we wanted 'em, they didn't appear. I forgot about it at dinner. Forgot to look for 'em. Was it hostile presences, d'you think? Though those people seemed quite the sympathetic sort."

"No, it wasn't that."

"M. Well, did your friends give you any advice how to handle it? And when are you going to make a start?"

"No. I didn't ask 'em. No need."

"Really? You know how to manage it?"

"No. No need for it now. It's done."

"Done? When was it done?"

"Early this evening. Before we arrived. You won't see your young ghosts any more."

"How was it done?"

"Well, you noticed they didn't appear this evening at the French window. They couldn't. They were at the table."

"What—with us?"

"No, with us."

"I didn't see 'em."

"You did. Philip Rode and Miss Maclaren. They were your ghosts. I was expecting you'd recognize 'em, although they're both fifteen years older than their ghosts."

"Rode and Miss Maclaren? Ghosts? But they're alive. Ghosts are of dead people."

"Not necessarily. Ghosts of living people can haunt a beloved spot as effectively as ghosts of the dead—if they're a strong spiritual type and if they have a reason for thinking and thinking about a certain place. That's what was happening here. Those two spent a summer here when he was about twenty, with the Panberrys. I was a guest part of the time, and watched the start of their affair. Then there was a break of some sort, quarrel, perhaps. I don't know. But they lost sight of each other. You can see, though, what happened later. Always they were thinking of each other and projecting themselves in memory, but with such an unusual force that they became visible, and to this place where they spent those rapturous hours of first love. I recognized 'em at once as soon as they appeared at the French window the other evening. And I knew they were both still living. So I laid your ghosts by asking 'em separately to meet me in town, saying I'd like to see 'em again. Then when I'd brought 'em together early this evening, I dragged 'em along here, on the plea that I was stuck with a dinner-fixture which I'd forgotten, with a funny old friend who'd raise hell if I broke it. And that's that. As the reunion happened in your place, which was their old place—didn't you notice how they recognized it?—you'll probably get a card for the wedding."

Once I enjoyed taking Adolf Menjou there.

Draft Pilsner may be had, well-kept, at *Smutny's*, a highly-odored but choice Czechoslovak restaurant near the Opera, where, incidentally, the *Bifsteak tartare* (spiced raw beef) is superb. I never drink dark beer, but I understand good Munich brew is on draft at the *Lindenkeller*. Beer in Vienna is served either in *Krügels* (half a litre) or *Seidels* (3-10 litre); in a good place the former costs about $.12, the latter about $.08. Mostly I stick to pale *Gösser*, because I have been spoiled for Pilsner by drinking it actually in the brewery at Pilzen, where it is so incomparable as to be severely anticlimactical elsewhere.

But the supreme Viennese contribution to human civilization, next to Mozart, is coffee.

There are about two thousand coffee houses in Vienna, and let it be understood at once that a coffee house is more than just a place to drink coffee in. The coffee house is the club of the Viennese and the refuge of the refugee, it is where many business men do their work, and where the whole family spends the evening to save light and heat at home; it is, in a word, the central institution of Vienna life. You may stay hours on one cup of coffee; you may play cards or gossip or read the newspapers; the great Viennese coffee houses are veritable public libraries, subscribing not only to the local press but to newspapers and magazines all over the world. When your coffee is finished the waiter brings you two glasses—always two—of the lovely ice water on a tiny aluminum tray and then leaves you in peace until, a day or so later, you pay your modest bill.

Various coffee houses specialize in the entertainment of different professional groups. The *Café Imperial*, which takes in about sixty foreign newspapers, is the haunt of Balkan spies and journalists, the *Café Central* devotes itself to chess players, the *Café Louvre* entertains philatelists in the morning and newspaper correspondents in the afternoon; the *Cafe Edison* is the doctors' hangout and the *Cafe Museum* bulges with painters and musicians. The *Café Sacher* (not to be confused with the great restaurant of that name) is full of pretty girls who will be your guests for coffee if you are polite enough. Bela Kun was arrested at the *Café Maria Theresa* and Trotsky went to the *Central* and the *Schottentor*. Coffee houses have their political affiliations too. The *Café Eiles* was a notorious Nazi hangout where some of the conspirators who murdered Dollfuss met, the *Café Freyung* is always open when the curfew shuts everything else during a *Putsch*, because it is the headquarters of the government private army, the *Heimwehr*.

I have mentioned two restaurants in some detail so far, and there are at least a dozen demanding space. A restaurant almost as ancient and distinguished as *Sachers*, similarly devoted to *haute cuisine* and the purple shadows of aristocracy, is, for example, the *Meissl & Schadn*, Neuermarkt 5. Herr Fruhmann, the head waiter, will point out to you the notable guests in the small rococo dining room: one may be the ex-King of Bulgaria and lunching there almost every day is the lady, Princess Lonyay, who had his-

The Coarse Feeder

Continued from page 70

tory been a little different, would have been Empress of Austro-Hungary. The great specialty of the *Meissl & Schadn* is boiled beef. It is called either *Beinfleisch* (off the bone) or *Tafelspitz* (tenderloin) and is masterfully prepared and served. An order costs $.55.

The place to take your best girl is *Schöners*, though not if your pocketbook is as empty as your stomach. This restaurant, on Siebensterngasse, is quiet, sound, discreet and fashionable; it consists of a garden inside a rambling old building and a series of small private rooms. The *Marksuppe* (marrow soup), at $.10, is superb. *Schöner's* is famous for its breadcrumb dishes, especially chicken and mushrooms, for its *Lungenbraten à la Crème*, stewed beefsteak with cream and noodles ($.80), and its *Eiscremetorte*, coffee or chocolate mousse shaped and cut like a cake ($.35).

My favorite restaurant for day-in, day-out feeding is the *Vindobona*, Schwartzenbergplatz. Its specialties are fish—*Karpfen*, the best Danube fish—and several miraculous confections with goose liver as a base; the *Vindobona* also produces a hashed breast of goose ($.70) that leaves me practically delirious. I have taken such earnest gourmets as Mrs Sinclair Lewis, Mr Anthony Asquith and Mr. H. R. Knickerbocker to the Vindobona, and they loved it. The open white wine is the best in town.

Any of these restaurants will compose for you the more typical and exotic specialties in Viennese foods, if they haven't got them ready. There is, for instance, *Sulz*, a powerful delicacy consisting of the ears, snout, tail and feet of a young pig, cooked together until soft with a whisper of garlic and served with vinegar. Somewhat similar is *Ochsenmaulsalad*, originally a Bavarian dish, which is nothing less than the mouth of a cow, boiled, sliced and consumed with vinegar and onions. *Fischbeusche* is a soup of roes. *Hoppelpoppel* is an omelette of peas and bacon. My favorite Vienna meat, when I can get someone to share an order with me, is *Kalbstelze*, the shin of young veal. My favorite Vienna cheese is *Liptauer garniert*, which is goat's cheese served with capers, onions, anchovy paste, butter, mustard, paprika, shallot, caraway seeds and a small puddle of beer. Beware of the popular *Gulyashsuppe* (goulash very thin, like a soup) except in a restaurant you trust. And avoid *Kalbsbeusche* if you don't like lungs.

Vienna is famous the world over for its breads, and it is amusing to compose a list of them. The *Semmel* is the standard breakfast roll, round, with four leaves. The *Kipferl* is a crescent roll. The *Weckerl* is a long roll shaped like a small loaf. A *Paunzerl* is two *Weckerls* side by side and wedded. A *Stangerl* is a long finger roll, crusted with salt or cheese. A *Strizl* is a roll twisted like a braid. A *Schusterlaberl* is a round dark rye roll, and *Bosniakerl* is a long rye roll. A Kaisersemmel is a *Semmel* with five leaves instead of four. I admire all these, but I like best the *Mohnstrizl*, which is decked with poppy-seeds. You must pay for bread in all Vienna restaurants, except the great hotels. The headwaiter will ask how many pieces you have had.

Viennese *Mehlspeisen* desserts are a fascinating but insidious subject. Above all is the town celebrated for its sweets, its cream, its cakes. Some of the most luscious among these confections are *Kastanienschaumbaisers* (all one word) chestnut meringue and whipped cream; *Zwetschkenknödl*, plums or apricots in warm dumplings and *Salzburgernöckerl*, a light cross between an omelette and a soufflé, vanilla-flavored. Two of the pleasantest confectionary shops in town are *Demel's* on Kohlmarkt and *Gerstner's* on Kärntnerstrasse; at each you may have a light lunch or tea (*Jause* as the Viennese say) with pastries and ices as cunningly designed and artfully succulent as any in the world.

The *Alterhofkeller* is an odd place in the basement of the old imperial palace. It is operated by the government, which inherited the royal cellars and uses this restaurant to sell them off. There are tens of thousands of bottles of Hapsburg wine still left, and the assortment of Tokay is heroic. The food is not much, but you can get simple peasant dishes, like *Bauernschmaus* (stew of bacon, cabbage, pork chops, and sausage), very cheap.

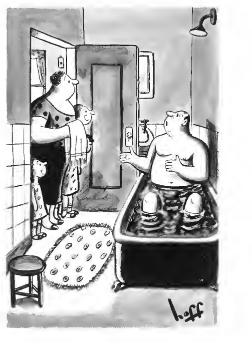
A good Italian restaurant is the *Grünen Anker*, Grünangergasse 10. Try the *Scaloppini alla Lucernese*, a grilled sandwich, breadless, veal-ham-veal, with cheese and anchovies. A good Hungarian restaurant is the *Ungarische Weinhaus*, Spiegelgasse 10; it is the real thing if gypsy music is what you are after. The *Paprikahuhn* (chicken stew in red pepper sauce) is the best in town; every Wednesday the *plat du jour* is Hungarian meat-loaf, which shows what the Magyar spirit can do with hash.

The bar of the *Grand Hotel* is the best place for steaks and other grills, not only in Vienna but on the entire continent of Europe, I am inclined to believe. Order your steak "*Englisch*" (rare) and adorned with bacon and sausages; it is cooked in a small grill at one end of the bar. Leo is the barman and he will see that it is right. The steaks are expensive, about $1.25 but thoroughly worth it. The bar is full of *poules*, very *de luxe*.

Among odd places to eat in at odd hours there is a hide-out on the Dorotheegasse called simply *Buffet* which specializes in vodka and Polish *hors d'oeuvres*. *Sichitt* on Bognergasse, serves only one dish at lunch and it is excellent; women are not allowed. Most Viennese restaurants close at one a. m. but after this you can get sausages or goulash soup at the *Express* on Rotenturmstrasse. The *Bristol Bar* on the Ring serves an admirable steak sandwich and is open till four a. m. Two restaurants, for your convenience actually *open* at four a. m.: the *Café Markthalle* and the *Gulyashutte* on Rotgasse.

Finally, there is *Cobenzl*, a hill above the Heuriger area—on a warm summer evening easily the pleasantest place to dine in all Vienna although the service is murderously slow. The proprietor, Hubner, knows that the real foundation of Viennese civilization is not Metternich or Johann Strauss but breadcrumbs, and so his *gebackene Huhn* (chicken in breadcrumbs) and *Wiener schnitzels* are monuments to the life of the town. Hubner has similar outdoor establishments bright with music in the Stadtpark and near the palace of Schönbrunn.

So much for Vienna. Next month we turn to Spain.



"Doesn't marriage leave any privacy?"

For the Love of a Horse

Continued from page 85

had not shown any weakness, he began to think that the Emir was not such a bad horseman after all, or the Nejd mare would already have forgotten him. She was happy to be ridden desert-fashion, but she loved her old master. When he tried to slow her up she refused his kindness and pulled at the reins until he let her have her head.

At sundown they reached the foot of the blue necklace of Hara mountains. Kinder was broken, tired, and had only had a mouthful of camel's milk since he had unhorsed the Emir. He hobbled the Nejd mare crosswise as before and led her to the grass. She didn't even bend her neck to the ground. She sniffed the air, stamped her hoofs and let out a heart rending cry. The young Arab's heart shrank at sight of the horse's deep suffering. Why hadn't Ibn Rashid done what was right? Was he heartbroken because of the loss of his mare, or was he only angry at the indignity he had suffered?

At dawn of the following day Kinder heard troops pass by between the sand mounds and the mountain. The wind had wiped out his traces in the sand. He crawled to a high crag and looked over the lowlands. A hundred men on horseback had spread out fanwise. The way they rode their horses informed him how many of them belonged to the Emir's guard. At least a dozen were Foukaras. They rode with their legs drawn behind them and well into the neck of their steeds.

And now that the wind had settled, caravans of Bedouins on donkeys and camels were herding their sheep on the Hara. The Emir's horsemen stopped to talk to them, to question them and to tell them that a Fehjiri had stolen the Emir's horse. Then they went on. Kinder crawled back into the cave.

The mare had not touched her grass.

When the Emir's men were gone from sight the young Arab stepped out boldly to greet the shepherds and to ask them for food. When he had eaten and sat sadly amongst them, the older of the shepherds asked:

"Are you that Zolog's son whose mare has been taken by the Foukara?"

"That very same."

"Well, then, why are you so sad now, my son? Isn't the Emir's own worthy of yours?"

And then Kinder told them how fast she had ridden and how she had refused to eat. The old shepherd listened to the end, then he said laughingly:

"Another day and the Nejd mare will eat. Even my wife would forget me if I did not return home from this grazing month. Ride her hard. Go, ride her."

Having eaten, Kinder felt well and strong. He had no desire to return to his people. He was thinking only of one thing and that was that he must make the Nejd mare eat. He was a horseman. An Arab. Any horse should obey him. She rose slowly to her feet. He thought she had weakened considerably. The glow of her coat was gone. Her eyes were sad. Yet, when he swung himself on her back, she was as eager as a well-fed colt to take the wind by storm.

* * *

On the fourth day when riders returned to say they had seen no trace of Kinder and the horse but had found the velvet coverlet and the saddle, the Emir cried like a child. Broken-hearted, disconsolate, an old man now, Ibn Rashid walked from room to room and ran to the window every time he heard hoof beats at a distance. Mezna tried to console him. But neither what she said nor the quotations of the *Koran* she reminded him of diminished the sorrow of his loss. That sorrow was so great he had completely forgotten the indignity he had suffered.

And when the riders that were sent out to find Kinder and the Nejd mare returned again on the eighth day Mezna called them to her room and said to them:

"Mount your fastest horses and camels. Ride unarmed, and whomsoever you meet on the way, of whatever tribe and in whichever direction, tell to him that Mezna, the daughter of Ibn Rashid, promises herself in marriage to Kinder Ali, Zolog's son, if he return the Nejd mare to her father."

When they were gone she entered her father's room, sat down beside him on the divan and spoke to him soothingly:

"Am I beautiful?"

He smiled.

"If only a small particle is true of me, of all that the poets have sung, then you shall have your mare back soon. Rejoice."

Ibn Rashid raised his eyes and understood immediately what she had done. And instead of being angry with her he kissed her eyes and for the first time in many a day he sat down to meat hungry, and took pleasure in food.

Mezna called in all her servant-maids and with them she began to prepare her wedding garments and to decorate her rooms.

Mezna was not doubting the outcome. She had but to look in her mirror. She had but to listen to one of the songs about her, which her maids were now singing as they went to and fro, to know that Kinder Ali would come riding at top speed to make her his bride.

She had seen him as he had unhorsed her father. Proud. Young. Strong. Swift. He had been on the horse before her father's body had touched the ground. She remembered how his black earlocks had waved behind him in the wind as he had taken that wall on the run. And he had dropped the velvet cover and the saddle to ride the Nejd mare Bedouin-fashion. She had seen him when he had first approached the gate of the palace. She had liked his gait and the long nakedness of his nervous calves and the large bare feet that gripped the ground.

She was only seventeen but a hundred suitors, princes and sheikhs of near and far lands, had wooed her. Not one of them was like that Fehjiri Bedouin.

The Emir was alarmed, seeing the bustle Mezna had caused and the preparations she was making.

"And what if he doesn't come?" he asked.

Mezna paled. Her hands fell to her sides.

"Then I shall pour ashes over my head and never look at a man," she answered. "But see," she added joyously. "Am I not the most beautiful woman in the desert? And how would one as bold and youthful as he not see that?"

"Has he ever seen you?" Ibn Rashid asked.

She blushed.

"He has. And the Zamirs have sung my beauty for years now."

"And what if he doesn't come?" the Emir asked again, fearful of the shame that would follow.

"He will come," Mezna answered.

When Kinder hadn't shown himself on the sixth day the Emir sent out still another hundred horsemen to spread Mezna's offer over the whole desert. But on the eighth day the palace of the Emir became as still and as hushed as a tomb. The fires under the caldrons were put down. The iron gates were clanged closed to everybody. The wreaths were taken off the doors and windows.

And on the eleventh day an emaciated young Bedouin, bearded, with hair and earlocks matted to the skin, in rags, stooping and stumbling and leading a starved, limping horse behind him, approached the gates of the Emir's palace. And even Ibn Rashid's eunuchs didn't recognize either the Nejd mare or Kinder who had crumpled down at the foot of the wall.

And at that moment two cries were heard. One from Ibn Rashid and the other from Mezna. He had recognized his horse. She had recognized the man.

"He has come! He has come!" Mezna cried, running through the palace and clapping her hands.

When Kinder Ali opened his eyes Mezna was at his side.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"Why are you here?" Mezna asked, looking into his eyes.

"I couldn't see the mare die of a broken heart because of her love for Ibn Rashid. I have done everything to make her love me as she loves him. It was all in vain. So I have brought her back."

Mezna gave a piercing shriek. But Kinder Ali wouldn't have been Zolog's son if that one shriek hadn't told him all that he didn't know, and he wouldn't have been the bold Bedouin he was if he hadn't whispered quickly and hotly in her ear:

"*Ya habibi*, oh my beloved. I haven't told you yet who emboldened me to take the Nejd mare from under your father. I have not come to claim you as a prize but as a wife."

That lie will not close the gates of Paradise against Kinder Ali.

Firewood was piled anew under the caldrons. More sheep were slaughtered. The wax candles were lit. A thousand people sat down on their heels in the Emir's stone-paved courtyard for the wedding feast. Ibn Rashid, though worried, was happy because the Nejd mare had almost died longing for him.

Three days later Kinder Ali, Zolog's son, sheikh of the Fehjiri—Kinder Ali in his bare feet, still in the same cloak he had left his father's tent in, was leading out of the gates of Damascus a white horse on which rode a bare-footed girl, wearing a star of diamonds and emeralds on her forehead. Horse and star were the gifts of her father, the Emir Ibn Rashid. Kinder was on foot, as he had come to Damascus.

And on the eighth day, when Kinder and Mezna reached Zolog's tent, Kinder's mare was already there. And the young Bedouin frowned—because she was sleek and fat.

Three new Arrow Ties — a Jacquard Crêpe, an all-silk Repp, and all-silk Twill
$1 each

Green and yellow— fundamentally a good color combination — are smartly brought together in this green silk foulard and Eggshell Oxford shirt. Both Arrow — Tie $1 — Shirt $2 —

Arrow's new Mitoga shirt is shaped to fit. And because Sanforized-Shrunk, it keeps its fit. Here's the Mitoga in the Hempstead model —
$2.50

This label is the most respected style symbol in America. Look for it when you buy.

Arrow shorts have no exasperating seam in the crotch. And they're Sanforized-Shrunk. The undershirt is French rib
65¢ per garment

At Princeton recently 41 men were seen wearing solid-color corded handkerchiefs to match their ties. Arrow offers such handkerchiefs for 50¢

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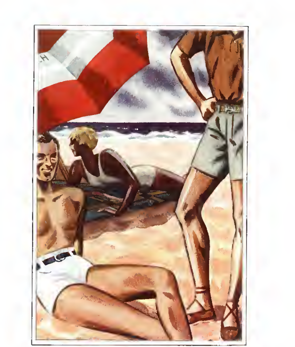

WHITE TRUNKS EMPHASIZE THE TORSO'S TAN

WHAT the fashionable sun followers wear one summer on the French Riviera is sure to be seen the following winter on Florida beaches. Both outfits sketched here bear the cachet of Riviera acceptance and their popularity for the southern resort season is therefore predictable. Maybe "outfit" is too big a word to designate the next to nothing worn by the figure on the left. These heavy ribbed white swimming trunks are shorter both above and below than the high waisted and relatively long legged ones that were first introduced with the advent of the vogue for shirtless bathing. The shorts on the right are also form fitting and are no higher than nature as to waistline. They are of light weight flannel, with a braided belt of colored string, fastened with a metal anchor buckle. The brown polo shirt and rope soled canvas espadrilles combine very smartly with the grey trunks.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Five Soldiers

Continued from page 75

"After a year and a half of this kind of business we decided to make an end of it one way or the other. The men were beginning to desert in great numbers. Their spirit was broken. You could not blame them. They had nothing to live for and nothing to die for. And so I was sent as a delegate to the assembly that was to take place in Moscow and I came there, ready to make a speech and explain the situation and ask for advice. But I could not talk, because in this great hall were assembled so many people and they were all clean—their clothes were clean and they were washed and fed. And electric lights were burning brightly in the ceiling of the hall. My God! They have light at night! Think of it! And for a year and a half we lived like animals in holes under cover. In damp holes and in darkness! My feet were bound with burlap bags that were tied with cords. They led me to the front of the platform and announced that I was a delegate from the Roumanian front. And they asked me if I would speak a few words and tell them exactly how we stood and what we most needed.

"But I could not speak, and I could not say what I had come to say. All I could say was: 'But you are here and you have light! Oh, it's a wonderful thing to have light! We have been eighteen months without relief, without guns, without ammunition, without food! You do not know what it means to have light at night!' That is all I could say. Everything was in a daze before me. I staggered off the stage.

"Very soon after that we were relieved, and the remains of our company was sent back of the lines. I laughed because it seemed of so little use. There was hardly anybody left at all. Those who were not killed were badly wounded, and those who did not have such good fortune had either deserted or had killed themselves.

"Our captain—we had elected him ourselves when we got rid of those other fellows—went up to the high command and said, 'The few boys that remain should be sent to a new place where the climate is good and the food is clean, so that they can recuperate.'

"They sent some of us down to the Caucasus, where the old aristocracy have their beautiful estates and where watermelons grow in winter. And some of us they sent down to the Black Sea, where it is also nice and warm. But my captain and myself were sent up here into the Urals. And we certainly have no complaint to make. The captain is now drinking tea with his orderly. He was my captain at the front. You can trust him."

This was the story of the Second Soldier. We were glad to hear it and glad to know that his name was John. And we were also glad to know, for we had only been there two days, that our captain had been a year and a half on the Roumanian front. For surely a year and a half in a place like that is worth fifteen years of service anywhere in the world.

"Fifteen years?" questioned John. "It's not enough. In four hundred years one could not experience as much as we did in—let me say a month or a week even. For there are times when you live a whole lifetime in just one minute."

This was cause for an argument and we loved nothing better than a waxing good argument. The question that came up was: Could a man really live a lifetime in only a minute?

But the orderly, who had been drinking tea with the captain, interrupted us. He had a piece of paper in his hand for John. He said, "The captain would like you to give this note to the colonel upstairs. Better take your hat."

Of course, an orderly is an orderly and when a captain wants to send a note to his colonel the orderly usually takes it himself. But now they were busy drinking tea and there was none among us who would not oblige our captain. We trusted him.

After John had left, the discussion was again resumed. Is it really possible to live a whole lifetime in only one minute? One of our soldiers thought it was quite possible.

The Third Soldier

"I think I have had a few such minutes. I am a student of literature and philosophy. No, you need not laugh. I have had advantages and opportunities almost as good as the nobility. When I was sixteen I went to Switzerland alone and imported from that place the Mauser automatic guns that were used in the 1905 revolution. It takes only one minute to cross the line, but if you have with you two suitcases loaded with that kind of stuff, the minute is stretched out to a year. At least it feels so.

"Six months later I was arrested. And seven years in prison is time enough to become a student of literature and philosophy. So you see I have had great advantages.

"After seven years they thought I had better have a change of air and I was exiled to Siberia. I was twenty-three. But no sooner had I arrived at the Lena gold mines than we heard that the Czar had abdicated. The first order of the new government, as you all know, was to free all political prisoners. And so all at once I became free. It was very sudden and without condition. I went to Petrograd and enjoyed the theatre, the music, the cinema and all the things that civilized people enjoy. I also had to go to the Hall of Records to get a paper that would exempt me from military service. But you know there are times when it's too late to be free. What good is it to be free if you look about you and see others who are chained to stupid traditions, to superstitious nonsense, to all kinds of fairy-tale foolishness? And then your money is soon gone and you do not know where your next meal will come from. The world is very big and without friends you are terribly lonely. At least in prison you have friends, you have books, the food is not very good but you don't starve, and there's plenty of time to think out theories and study literature.

"Now, for instance, I once read in a book—I have forgotten the name—of how they were just about to hang a man. He knows that pretty soon he will be dead. Now, what should he think about? He mounts the scaffold. It is early in the morning and the sun is rising, and everything is ready to send him nicely on his way. He looks out at the sun and he sees those long straight beams of light cut the pale morning mist. The lines are so fine and so straight that you would think they were made with a pencil and a ruler. Think how wonderful it would be to be able to draw such beautiful and true lines a million miles long from the sun to the earth. He sees all this as he stands on the scaffold. And he imagines that already he is sailing on these fine tracks, right straight into the sun. A sensation of floating comes over him. He feels free and no longer attached to the world. All this I read in a book.

"Naturally you would think a man who was about to die would feel pretty heavy and loaded down with all kinds of sad memories. But it isn't true. It's just like it is in the book. You live a whole lifetime, but a light one, during that last minute. The reason I know—I forgot to tell you. When I was first convicted, I, too, was condemned to die. And only at the last minute they changed the sentence to imprisonment for life.

"Then you see I had seven years to study literature and philosophy. It's a good long time to think things over. Really, it is an advantage to be in prison. But then the prison became too crowded during the war. They sent us all kinds of criminal riffraff. And soon they thought it best to send us to Siberia. Siberia is a big place. It is a fine big place to be free and comfortable. That is, if you have no friends. And so out of sheer loneliness, because I really was bored with freedom, I joined the ranks.

"I told my story to the officer, and he said, 'Well, we'll send you to a good place where there's good food and a good climate—you need not worry.' And that is how I happened to come here.

"Really, I forget now why I am telling you all this. Oh, yes—I wanted to explain how it is that I came to be a student of literature and philosophy. And how I know that you can live a whole lifetime in just a minute or two, especially if it's one of those important minutes. The young fellow in the book imagined that he was riding on one of those beams, right straight into the sun. You know, there were several of us who were just about to be executed, and at the last minute a paper came from some official to change the sentence to imprisonment for life. I think sometimes it would be better not to change things like that at the last minute. Some of those fellows have not been right in their heads since. But it is an old trick of the government—they thought it a good lesson. It was part of the policy of terror."

And then he added: "I'm glad I fell in with a nice bunch of boys, for really, it is so lonely to be free. The time comes when it is too late."

He was very glad to be with us. And we were also very glad to have with us a student of literature and philosophy. But we never saw him again. For very soon after he explained to us how he became a student of literature and philosophy, the captain wrote something on a piece of paper, and the orderly came over to where we were and handing it to the Student of Literature and Philosophy, said, "The colonel would like to see you upstairs. I think he wants you to do a little favor for him personally. Better take your hat."

Concluded next month

Martha Jean

Continued from page 59

name was "Martha Jean," she said without hesitation.

Nick sat a little closer.

"Where you live?"

Martha Jean shook her head, tears flowing once more. Nick was satisfied.

He came over towards the stove, washing his hands in the air. He looked the crowd over, picking on The Type to glare at as usual.

"All right now, you boys beat it somewhere else. Go on home, or somewhere. I'm closing up for the night."

Nobody made a move to leave.

Nick shoved The Type away from the stove.

"The next time you come back, have that six dollars you owe me," Nick told him.

"What the hell, Nick," The Type said, "you've never pushed me for anything on the books like this before."

"I had a dream last night that you got electrocuted," Nick said. "I've got to look out for myself."

Nick shoved me with a stiff-arm.

"What's the big hurry, Nick?" I protested.

"That's my business," Nick said. "Got a hump on."

"Where is the girl going?" I said.

"Martha Jean's staying."

"You can't do that, Nick," I said. "She came in here to get something to eat. She's nothing to me, but I hate to see a girl like that get in a trap. She's not like the girls around the corner."

"You're going to talk yourself out of a good thing, Hal," he said. "Don't I lend you money every time you ask for it? Don't I keep you posted on the lay of the land? Don't I bail your brother-in-law every time he's picked up? What's the matter with you?"

Nick shoved me again, harder than before.

"What are you going to do with her?" I said.

"That's my business," he answered. "If you know what's good for you, you'll get out of here before you talk too much."

The rest of the crowd was standing around the door, watching the girl. The Type was buttoning up his coat to leave.

"When you get home tonight, Hal," Nick said, pushing and shoving me towards the front, "tell your folks to give you something to do, if they're not going to give you any spending money. I can't be having you hanging around my place if you don't have any money to play the machines with."

Nick turned his back and went over to where the girl was at the counter. She had finished eating, and Nick took her arm and pulled her towards the stove. She tried to pull away from him. During all that time she had not raised her eyes to look at anybody in the room.

He dragged her to the stove.

"Cold, Martha Jean?" he said, putting his arms around her.

Some of the crowd had already left. All of us were afraid he would stop making loans when we were broke. And, besides loans, there were the tips Nick was always passing out when he got news of a sure-thing to bet on. If Nick stopped letting us in on sure-things, nearly everybody would stop getting spending money, except the little that the folks at home handed out. Nick got most of it back, sooner or later, in the slot machines, but, just the same, Nick's crowd was afraid not to do what he said to do.

The Type and I stood at the door watching Nick and Martha Jean at the stove.

"Got a place to stay tonight?" he asked her.

She answered him with a shake of the head and with a shiver that convulsed her whole body.

"How long have you been in town?"

"I came today," Martha Jean said.

"Looking for a job?"

"Yes," Martha Jean said.

Nick squeezed her with his arm.

"You don't have to worry about that any more," he told her, trying to hold her face up to his. "I'll fix everything for you."

Martha Jean tried again to get away from him, but Nick put both arms around her and held her tight to his side.

"Como," Nick said, "go upstairs and fix a place for Martha Jean. Fix up the front room for her, the one that has the new bed and chairs in it."

"Yes sir, boss," Como said, tapping the red-hot stove with his fingers.

Martha Jean looked up for the first time. There was a startled look in her eyes. When she turned towards us, I could not keep from going towards her. She looked as helpless as a rabbit that had been caught in a steel-trap for two or three days.

Nick turned around and glared at me.

Como could be heard stamping around upstairs in the room overhead. He was fixing things in a hurry so he could get back downstairs to the red-hot stove.

"Do you want to stay here with him?" I said to her, "or do you want to leave?"

Martha Jean started to say something, her tears began flowing again, and she fought Nick desperately.

"What did I tell you, Hal?" Nick said angrily. "You wouldn't believe me, would you?"

He turned the girl loose for a moment and swung around on his heels. Before I had a chance to duck, his fist flew at my head. The next thing I knew I was on the floor, unable to tell which was up and which was downside.

I could not see what The Type was doing, but I knew he was not helping me. Nick went back to the girl, unbuttoning her coat and putting his arms under it. She was held so tightly that she cried out with pain.

By the time I could get to my feet, I did not know what to do next. After Nick had knocked me down, I began to realize that there was nothing I could do to stop him. If The Type had helped me, it would have turned out differently. But The Type was thinking about Nick's loans and race track tips. He was at the door ready to leave.

When I was on both feet again, Nick stepped over and shoved me towards the door. I went flying across the room, falling against The Type. He opened the door and tried to push me out into the street.

I fought him off and came back inside the door.

Nick picked up the girl and started to the stairway with her. Martha Jean began scratching and fighting, and Nick had a hard time keeping her from hurting him. She finally succeeded in scratching his face with her finger nails, and Nick dropped her.

"Como!" Nick yelled.

Como came tumbling down the stairs.

"Put him out and lock the door, Como," Nick ordered. "Throw him out, if he won't get out."

Nick grabbed Martha Jean again. She was such a little girl, and so young, that she did not have much chance with Nick. All he had to do to hold her was to lock one arm around her neck and hold her hands with his other one.

Como picked up the iron stove poker and came towards me. He was scared to death. I knew he would never hit me, but I could see that he was so scared of Nick that he had to pretend as if he were trying to drive me out the door. The Type had gone.

"Mr. Hal," Como said, "you'd better leave Mr. Nick alone when he's mad. There ain't no telling what he's liable to do when he gets good and mad at you."

"Shut up, Como," I said.

Nick picked up Martha Jean once more and carried her to the stairway. There he set her down quickly and ran towards me. I tried to meet him with my fists, but he jumped up in the air and came down on top of me. My bones felt as if they were being crushed like egg-shells. When I woke up, I was lying on the icy pavement.

The door was locked and all but one light downstairs had been turned off. In the rear of the room, under the one light, I could see Como throwing a hod of coal into the stove and trying to see through the door to the street outside at the same time.

I crossed the street, shielding my face against the sleet and wind that raced down the street. While I waited, I called for The Type two or three times. He did not answer, and I knew he had gone. There was nobody else on the street on a night like that.

Upstairs, in the room Como had opened up, I could see that Nick had taken off his coat and was trying to make Martha Jean take off hers. She ran from him, from one side of the room to the other. Nick finally gave up trying to catch her and picked up his coat and swung it at her.

At first she tried to cover her face and head against the stinging blows of the coat, but when Nick struck her across the back with it, she fell on the floor. All I could see was Nick bending over her and picking her up. When she was on her feet, she got away from him. Nick hit at her with the coat again and struck the electric light bulb hanging on a cord from the ceiling. The room suddenly became as black as the night outside.

I stood shaking and trembling in the street. The stinging, whipping, cutting sleet and wind blinded my eyes, and it was hard to open them after the light in the room went out. After awhile, when Como put out the last light downstairs, I turned and walked heavily up the street.

Once I thought I heard Martha Jean scream, but when I stopped and listened in the stinging sleet, I could not hear it again. After that I did not know whether it was she, or whether it was only the wind that cried against the sharp corners of the buildings.

"If a girl works up to be prosecutor, she must have __*something!*__*"*

One Shots of Tin Pan Alley

Continued from page 44

When the Queen of Chance wants to break it up in chunks she picks the lucky winner from among humble working folk. A few seasons ago Harry Clarkson, a Brooklyn chauffeur, and his sixteen-year-old son Jeff, wrote a song. They called it *Home*. At first it seemed destined to remain at home because they peddled it far and wide during the periods of unemployment which seem to be the lot of Brooklyn chauffeurs without success.

Finally they found a man daring enough to publish the song. It was an instantaneous hit. All Tin Pan Alley which had turned it down promptly acclaimed it as the song of the season. Two professional writers gave up working on lyrics of similar theme because they judged their brain-children inferior to *Home*. It sold nearly half a million copies, which is sensational in these days of the radio. But the Clarksons could never write another, even along the somewhat orthodox theme of home and love they chose the first time. They are back at work today.

The publisher of *Home* is now with another firm. When questioned about the sale of the song he called a clean-cut young man and sent him to the files for some figures.

"Didn't you write a song, Dick?" he asked the youngster when the latter brought the papers. "And you never did write another hit, did you?"

"Did I write a song?" Dick Finch replied. "Just listen to this."

Whereupon he sat down at the piano which is in every room of a song publishing office and played *Jealous*, a best seller of recent years. He is still receiving some forty dollars a month royalty on *Jealous*. Dick Finch is now contact man for the publisher of *Home*, who is himself working for another song house. That is the way it goes in Tin Pan Alley.

That radio has changed conditions in the song-writing field has become axiomatic. One hundred thousand copies is a good sale, two hundred is phenomenal, and ninety days is about the limit of popularity. Some royalties are figured at about one cent a copy. The recent professional hit, *Stormy Weather*, was killed so rapidly by radio repetition that the writers, Koehler and Arlen, are supposed to have made only eight thousand dollars from it.

On the other hand some great one-shots by unknowns who stick closer to love themes go right along year after year, held up by the very fact of radio which requires distinctive signature songs. "Sunny" Clapp, a young banjo player, wrote a piece some seasons ago called *Girl of My Dreams*. It is professional in style and sold more than a million and a half copies. It is still selling well after several years, but "Sunny" Clapp could never write another hit.

Mitchell Parish, a member of an old song publishing firm, who wrote many hit lyrics including the immortal *Stardust*, believes that one-shot songs must be compared to great first novels.

Both the songs and the novels are autobiographical, perhaps unconsciously so, but based on some vivid experience in the writer's life. This experience is never duplicated or equaled so the writer has only a poor imagination to draw upon for further hits.

The publisher of *Bananas* must have had something on that girl Fate, or maybe she liked the bold confidence with which he challenged her. Anyway, he gambled and won on two other novelty one-shots soon after the banana *pièce de résistance* had been picked to the bone. One was *Collegiate*, the other, *Last Night on the Back Porch*.

Collegiate had a fresh youthful appeal that set the style of clothes, of speech and of dancing for all the young people in the country. Fate had waved her wand and decreed that two young lawyers should be the ones to catch the ultra-collegiate spirit. Moe Jaffee and Nate Bonx eked out their expenses at a Philadelphia law school by playing in an orchestra. They wrote *Collegiate* just to be a novelty number for the band.

As so often happens with the biggest hits, this one was peddled from door to door before finding a taker. When published, it became a craze and a big money maker, but, as always, the inevitable *dénouement* followed. The boys never wrote another hit. Nate Bonx is practicing law and Irving Jaffee is with an orchestra—still trying to write a second *Collegiate*.

Perhaps *Last Night on the Back Porch* was one of those autobiographical songs. Who knows but what Carl Schraubstadter, a Cornell University student, got his inspiration from some occurrence on the forbidden premises of a sorority house? At vacation time Carl came to town with the idea for the song which became an immediate success. Like the others, he could never "get right" again.

A number of Broadway characters are responsible for one-shot songs. These men usually stick closer to conventional themes than the unknowns, and certainly have more contact opportunities, but their luck has been no better than the college boys and bandsmen. Harry Richman is credited with the pleasant *Moonlight Saving Time*. Walter O'Keefe gave out the lyrics of *Little By Little*. Jules Buffano, an orchestra leader, wrote *Thanks For The Buggy Ride*, a truly inspired novelty which became as much of a by-word as any of them. But none of these men have ever repeated.

Dardanella was the first one-shot of the modern type. It was a real novelty against the background of contemporary pieces. The astonishing number of two million phonograph records were made of it in three months time after it was finally published. The original buyer, who paid the writers a hundred dollars for it, apparently regretted his purchase and let it lie in the safe for some months untouched until he resold it with other pieces to the ultimate publisher—who made a fortune.

The responsibility for the jazz craze lies with that novelty band, the Original Dixieland Five. They were the first ones to wring "music" from washboards, jugs and tin pans. Their intriguing cacophony is forgotten, their style outmoded, but the one-shot *Tiger Rag* which they composed as a band feature is one of today's standard dance tunes.

The capricious goddess of destiny stops at nothing after she has had her fun. Tragedy sometimes follows the success and fame of a one-shot hit. Guy Massey was a vaudeville actor until he became tone-deaf and circumstances forced him to work as a carpenter. He felt the come-down so strongly that he wrote *The Prisoner's Song*, perhaps a sublimation of his own heartaches.

The Alley says that the song was accepted by a publisher as a joke, to be dragged out as a horrid example of the "worst" when board meeting arguments arose over the selection of new songs. The "joke" piece spread like ripples on a mountain lake after a big trout breaks the surface. Massey died just as the song was becoming the rage and never received much benefit from it. He left a trunk full of manuscripts composed before and after *The Prisoner's Song*, but they were comparatively valueless.

An interesting one-shot which seems independent of Fate's machinations—as yet—is the plaintive *Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere*. Edmund Goulding, the cinema director, was filming a rather sad picture with Gloria Swanson. He needed a theme song. As things are done in Hollywood he ordered some on approval and got them without delay. They turned out to be worse than the mine-run of theme songs of the period when *Dishonored Lady, I Love You* was a fair example—which was much too bad for Goulding. So he sat down and wrote one to suit himself and called it *Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere*. The way he built a salable lyric about the old theme of love smacks of inherent professionalism. Perhaps Goulding could write more hits—but he never has.

What must be the feelings of a man like Julian Robledo who wrote the beautiful *Three o'Clock in the Morning*? This was perhaps the biggest hit of modern times. It sold three million copies. Robledo was a violinist in South America, poor, but an accomplished musician. After playing one night at a fashionable party, he slowly mused his way home through the jasmine-scented moonlight of the tropic night. As he passed the old Spanish mission the chimes struck three, and the capricious wench of fortune singled him out. Inspiration flooded his soul in a flash. Hastily he scribbled the idea of the song on the back of an orchestration, but recognition was not so hasty. The song was rejected by most American publishers. Probably they never looked at it—the treatment accorded unsolicited manuscripts sent in to most publishing houses which have their own writing staffs.

Later, Robledo's orchestra took an engagement in England, where *Three o'Clock in the Morning* was finally published and became a moderate success. A representative of an American song house heard it there and arranged for exploitation and sale in the United States where it reached its greatest popularity.

Publishers pleaded with Robledo to write another hit. He had everything in his favor. He was no unskilled youngster but a man who really knew music. Anything he wrote was sure of a careful reading at any publisher's. If it was good at all, it was equally assured of a million dollar build-up. But Fate stayed his hand and ruled that this greatest of song hits must also join the list of one-shots.

* The recipe for the perfect Egg-nog is given below

MAKE YOURSELF A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

THIS year, let's have a real old-fashioned Merry Christmas! An Eggnog Christmas!

But the egg nogs must be exactly right. Which means the whiskey in them must be of the best.

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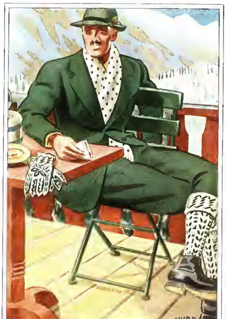
* FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add [illegible] of sugar to the yolks while beating, and [illegible] of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Paul Jones Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each glass. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.)

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state where the sale or use thereof is unlawful.



FORMALIZING WINTER'S SPORTS FASHIONS

EVEN in the realm of fashion Rugged Individualism gets another kick in the pants. The good old American conception of proper dress for winter sports, apparently dictated in the past by a lumberjack's idea of elegance, is now getting a thorough going over as the Continental garb, along the lines sketched here, gains fashionable acceptance on this side of the water. This suit is a twenty ounce Harris tweed, in lovat color, with knicker breeches, worn with a heavy flannel or knitted shirt beneath a sweater or knitted waistcoat, surmounted by a heavy hand knitted wool muffler with spaced polka dots. Both hose and gloves are hand knitted in Norwegian peasant patterns. The hat is the typical Tyrolean model in rough green felt. The ski boots are of water repellant dark smoked leather and are usually worn with a pair of heavy wool anklets over the regular hose.

[For answers to all dress queries send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff 40 E 34th N Y]

The Candid Cameraman

Hollywood discovers the problem of the college graduate and solves it with a sis boom bah

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

TAKE THE GIRL TO SEE

THE MERRY WIDOW: A perfect realization of a director's dream. And when the director is Ernst Lubitsch, the picture rates very high in cinema. Even those who dislike Maurice Chevalier and Jeannette MacDonald will find themselves accepting the stars in this picture. The opening scenes form a black-and-white lyric in an enchanting romanesque manner. In a vast white castle, whose architecture is creamy and billowy, and yet substantial, Mr Lubitsch has arranged a number of black-and-white tableaux that are worthy of Aubrey Beardsley. The picture does not, could not possibly keep up to the perfect opening measures. Some find it lagging in the latter half. But as an entity it must rank as a director's achievement in sophisticated entertainment.

THE WHITE PARADE: Glorifying the nursing girl. Though it may be derived from "Men in White," this picture is quite superior, as cinema. It relies on mood and sentiment rather than melodrama and presents a more convincing portrait of the hospital-workers. It has some of the innocent girl charm of "Maedchen in Uniform"; Loretta Young, lovely as always; Dorothy Wilson of "Eight Girls in a Boat" is again fine.

THE PAINTED VEIL: Garbo satisfactory in the Maugham love drama. Good sequence: doctor fighting cholera in Chinese village.

GO ALONG TO SEE

IMITATION OF LIFE: Startling example of a minor theme stealing a picture. Supposed to deal with the tribulations of a business woman (Claudette Colbert) it carries along the story of her helper, Aunt Delilah, who is the mammy of an almost white child. The tragedy of the colored girl trying to pass for white completely overshadows the artificial little troubles concocted for the white folks; the audience leans intently forward whenever Louise Beavers (Aunt Delilah) or Fredi Washington (the daughter) is in the scene, and simply relaxes even during the dramatic moments of the story proper. The two elements in this picture are an involuntary demonstration of the title: life got into the picture and stole it. It is astonishing to find Hollywood treating the black-and-white theme even in a sub-plot, but it is firmly and excellently done here.

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES: Sweet and restful bucolic escape picture in the "Little Women" tradition. I found it more enjoyable. Really has rural charm. Distantly fading bird-calls, wind-murmurs and all. The actress names herself for her part: Anne Shirley. She's adequate in a role so wordy it must make some sort of record. Helen Westley as the sharp-tongued old maid with the heart of gold is easily the most effective performer in the play.

EVELYN PRENTICE: A who-done-it with Myrna Loy and Wm Powell endeavoring to recapture the carefree gadzooks of "The Thin Man." Not as good but good enough.

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN: Almost a square-toed treatment of the problem of those just out of college. Franchot Tone has a few moments in which he is his real old self. Jean Muir is nice. So are the other youngsters in this four-couple outfit.

THE ST. LOUIS KID: Another picture in which Hollywood comes uneasily close to having to treat present-day problems. Tough Cagney is a truck driver who gets involved in a farmer's milk war. A few scenes give a very real idea of the struggle of the farmers against racketeers who hire gunmen to run trucks through the strike zone. But then the picture side-steps into a kidnapping plot with the workingman witty and brawny busting up the den of thieves and the boys at the garage beating up the big bad gang.

COLLEGE RHYTHM: Musical in which collegiate atmosphere is introduced to Stacey's department store. Lanny Ross one of the most unobjectionable of crooners. Jack Oakie okay. Joe Penner and his duck rather cleverly involved in the shenanigans.

GO ALONG (with misgivings)

BIG HEARTED HERBERT: Moon-face Guy Kibbee frets and fumes through this rather likable small town comedy. The father who will not send his son to college and the clever wife who manages hubby.

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA: Another Grand Hotel on a boat, but with the humor dependent upon some almost subtle character touches rather than straight gags. Walter Connolly projects the title with fine rancour. Plot involves the usual stolen bonds.

GAMBLING: George M. Cohan goes his own slow way in a who-dun-it.

THE GAY BRIDE: Carole Lombard cast as a gold-digger marrying herself in a succession of racketeers who bump each other off for possession of the blonde.

KID MILLIONS: Another one of those excessively carpentered vehicles in which a vast structure is built to hold up a slipping star. Eddie Cantor gets by when the picture speed carries him along, but when he's left alone—t-t-t-t. Some of the situations are quite witty, but many of the gags haven't even been dusted off. Technicolor sequence at the end, depicting an ice cream factory à la Disney.

PECK'S BAD BOY: Jackie Cooper fat and pouting; Thomas Meighan fatherly, in a modernized version of the childhood classic.

MARIE GALANTE: A spy, spy, story recalling the weird concoctions of the war days. This one, full of German and Jap agents keeping mysterious souvenir shops at the Panama Canal, is dedicated to the villainy of the naughty munitions mfrs who would blow up the power-house in order to promote a Japanese-American war. Ketti Gallian, a new star, is nice to look at but oh so dumb. Spencer Tracy makes the picture.

WHAT FOR?

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND: One of those effortful musicals in which everybody tries hard to entertain you. This one is staged on a boat. With stolen pearls, murders, mysteries, and everything but what it takes. And Jack Benny.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS: The bundling joke worked to death. With that charm charm I am so happy boy, Francis Lederer.

RAH RAH RAH FOR MOONBEAMS!

Who said movies had to have any meaning? Who ever said Mr Goldwyn, or Mr Lasky, or Mr Cohen, was a propagandist-logician plotting to slip us the sugar-coated pill of revolutionarianism, pacifism, republicanism, anti-vivisectionism, or new dealism? Who said movies should have anything to do with life or Life?

Only when those grave research students in the historical divisions of every university's department of humanities in the leisured future take to examining our era—monographs will be made. Here was a period, they will say, of national upheaval. A revolution to prevent revolutions was in progress. The T.V.A. was building 133 homes to solve the problem of 10,000,000 unemployed. But each and every one of those homes had an electric ice box. What did the movies say about it? What were the movies telling the people in those troublous days? How did this universally accepted entertainment reflect the life of the day?

Comment on these extraordinary times, they will say, must have been unavoidable

Continued on page 182

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

The Rascoes dine with the mystery chef and most of the season's other books therefore get brief mention

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

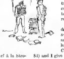
THE other night, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Aley, my wife and I were guests for dinner at one of the most peculiar places of the many peculiar places one bumps into occasionally in New York. It was a one-room penthouse on top of a tall building overlooking Central Park. The room wasn't very large; it was about thirty by forty feet, I should say, but it had one of the tallest ceilings (if not the *very* tallest ceiling) I have ever encountered in a private dwelling.

The one-room home is complete, much more so, in fact, than the great hall of a feudal castle. The carved wooden top of a grand Venetian chest opened up, disclosing a bed. When screens are arranged around it the enclosed space is the master's bedroom. But in this one-room penthouse there are accommodations for guests. The wide, raised window-seats, from which one looks out through mullioned windows over Central Park, are convertible into bunks more commodious and more convenient than the berths of a Pullman sleeper. Screens can be set up to procure privacy behind these also.

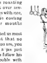
There was a large (if fraudulent) fireplace in which a fire was so cannily simulated that I went there to warm my hands soon after entering. There was a long refectory table, serviced in fine linen, china and silver and lighted by candles in a silver candelabra.

But all that is hardly germaine to what I are about to tell you. Over to the right of the fireplace of this tapestried, Italian Renaissance room there is a tiny space set off by a screen of panelled wood, about the size of the vestibule of a small apartment house. No roomier than the cramped kitchen of a Pullman dining-car and not as long. Within this space there is an electric ice-box, a gas range, a sink and a series of shelves containing kitchen utensils and jars of seasoning.

And in this small space, a man in evening clothes prepared a dinner for the ten of us, chatting amiably meanwhile, and served it himself. It was one of the best dinners I ever ate. We had an appetizer of celery filled with Roquefort, a Mongol soup, Beef à la Stroganoff with string beans and mashed potatoes, endive salad with French dressing and two kinds of pie—cherry and lemon meringue. The drinks were champagne and coffee. The bread was hot biscuits. The bottom crust of the pie melted in the mouth. The pie. . . Oh, shut up!



The man told us some good Scotch stories and performed some neat feats of legerdemain. He said he had recently been called upon to prepare a week's menu for a family of four whose maximum food budget was $1.50. The people had been used to plenty but had lost all their money. They were tired of living on beef hearts, beans and bread, with a small allowance of milk. He gave us the precise details of the menu and how to prepare it. It contained, among other things, one roasting chicken spread out over several savory fricassees with rice, and a haddock pie costing eleven cents. Our mouths watered.



But what interested us most was his statement that no matter how dumb you are, you can't help making a pie just as good as his if you follow his directions. The trouble with nearly all cook-books, he says, is they leave too much to the imagination. Any one who hasn't a natural talent for cooking can't cope with them. We looked at his directions on some recipes and, true enough, they are wonderfully explicit. There was a telephone confabulation of the wives present at that dinner a few days afterwards and it seems that they are starting a movement to erect a monument in this man's honor or run him for president or something. As for myself I can report that not since I have been married have I been so tastily, so rapturously fed. Never have I seen around my house such a passionate interest in food. We had that Beef à la Stroganoff last night (it is the national dish of Russia and is chopped beef cooked with mushrooms and sour cream) and it was every bit as good as the master's. I hear there is some trouble in the Hansen family caused by Mr. Hansen's puttering around in the kitchen recently.

The fellow who cooked that dinner, served it and cleared away the dishes while his wife sat admiringly by has published *The Mystery Chef's Own Cook Book* (Longmans, Green, $3) and I give you my word you will make a mistake not to get hold of a copy, even if the only cooking you ever do yourself is when you are on a camping trip. Few of the recipes are elaborate; most of them are inexpensive.

The "Mystery Chef" does not disclose his name to the public for reasons of his own. He says it is because his mother was horrified to learn that he had taken to cooking as a hobby and that because even when she became reconciled to his being an expert in the art of cooking she thought he should keep quiet about his proficiency in what she considered an unmanly accomplishment. You can believe that if you want to. As for myself I make mental note of the fact that this amateur cook used to be in the advertising business and that this "Mystery Chef" stuff is darned good come-on psychology. But, say what you will, his cook book is so good that you can throw the rest out the window; or, better still, use them but cross-check on them with "The Mystery Chef's" recipes. The book is loaded up with valuable little tips such as this:

> To keep from "crying" while you are grating or chopping onions, hold a slice of bread between your teeth, keep your mouth slightly open and breathe through the mouth. Not a tear will come into your eye. The bread and the glands of the mouth absorb the fumes before they reach the eyes.
>
> If a few drops of vinegar are added to the water in which eggs are to be poached, they will hold together and the whites will not separate in the water.
>
> If you want to prevent an egg from breaking while it is being boiled, stick a pin or the spike of a thumb tack through the shell. This allows the air to escape. It is the expanding air which causes the shell to break.
>
> If you want to re-heat vegetables and have them just as savory as when they were freshly cooked, put the vegetables in a wire strainer or small colander, put some boiling water into the bottom part of a double boiler, light the flame and let the water boil fast in the boiler. Put the wire strainer over the top of the boiler so that the steam filters through the vegetables. In a few minutes they will fill out and be as hot and tasty as when first cooked.
>
> He says that you can never season food properly after it is cooked. It should be seasoned *before* or *while* you are cooking it. He says that the old idea that putting salt on meat before cooking it toughens the meat is nonsense. He has been preparing three meals a day for his wife and himself for twenty-five years and he often has many guests. He always salts his meat before cooking it. And, says he, "I have practically never cooked a piece of meat that was not exceedingly tender—but I deal with a good butcher and buy well hung meat."

Postscript to the above: The "Mystery Chef's" wife does the dishes and scrubs the

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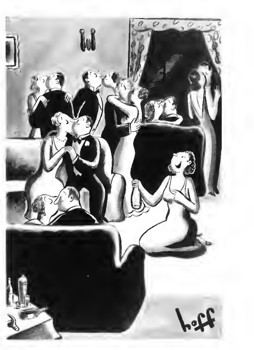

"Who wants to play 'spin the bottle'?"

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

A playwright bites the critics and an Irish carpenter writes an allegorical wow to spite them

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •

GLIMPSE LIST

MUSTS!

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." Max Reinhardt's truly great production is now on tour. If it comes within five hundred miles of your city, see it. You'd almost think Shakespeare would leap out of his grave to embrace this director. Nothing on any stage can equal this for sheer theatrical enchantment.

"CONVERSATION PIECE." Delectable Yvonne Printemps in a gay musical trifle by Noel Coward.

"LADIES' MONEY." A swift, funny melodrama by George Abbott—contrived but effective.

"L'AIGLON." Eva Le Gallienne first-rate as Napoleon's tragic son; splendid production.

"MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG." Kaufman-Moss sadness over how people lose integrity. Played backward. A best-seller.

"PERSONAL APPEARANCE." Tart comedy involving movie queen. Loud laughs and applause for Gladys George, miniature Mae West—only a much better actress.

"SAY WHEN." Harry Richman's inimitable song-plugging, pretty girls, excellent book, music by Ray Henderson tuneful—a Broadway smash.

"SMALL MIRACLE." Melodrama with many kicks.

"THE DISTAFF SIDE." Dame Sybil Thorndike and fine British cast lift a thinnish play to success.

"THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE." A lovely vignette of the past. June Walker, Henry Fonda and Herb (*Spotlight*) Williams play it perfectly.

"WITHIN THE GATES." Sean O'Casey's beautiful poetic allegory of tremendous importance to the world-theater.

"DODSWORTH"; "LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40"; "SAILOR, BEWARE!"; "TOBACCO ROAD."

OH, ALL RIGHT—

"CONTINENTAL VARIETIES." Lucienne Boyer sings sad songs.

"FIRST LEGION." Mildly interesting, about priests.

"JAYHAWKER." More of a novelette than a play; political skulduggery in Civil War times. Worth seeing for Fred Stone's metamorphosis.

"JUDGMENT DAY." Hitlerism again denounced in a melodrama far better than the critics said. By Elmer Rice.

"LOST HORIZONS." A variation on "*Roads of Destiny*", also on Dunsany's "*If*." See it for Jane Wyatt's personality and charm.

"THE GREAT WALTZ." The town's biggest grosser: all about Strauss waltzes. I don't like it, so I'm wrong?

THIS has been an exciting month, on behind and in front of the stage. Playwrights rowing with critics afforded many dismal laughs. Phil Baker refused to close his show, and wrote a new first act, which improved it, but not enough, while he denounced the drama-tasters. The big act, however, was put on by Elmer Rice, who, reading the unfavorable press accorded the second of his season's offerings, went into unhappy antics in a public lecture. Mr. Rice, than whom no one has a greater respect for his own writings than himself, so far abandoned dignity as to employ a controversial method and a verbiage just a weensy bit redolent of some Hester Street fish-mart. He declared in effect that the New York first-night audience is composed of moronic *swine* and he cursed out the critics all and sundry, particularizing by saying that "one is a senile drunkard, one a keyhole-peeper and one a degenerate."

He accordingly bade a definite farewell to our show-shops.

I don't believe he accomplished much by this prodigious squawk. Someone—Robert Garland, I think—parodied the ancient dictum by kidding that "a playwright is only a disappointed critic," while many others advanced the reminder that these are approximately the same herd of "incompetents" who boosted and ballyhooed Mr. Rice's *Street Scene* into juicy dividends and the Pulitzer Prize, later assisting him to plenty gold for *Counsellor-at-Law*, and mildly suggesting that if Mr. Rice would put on such another, he would find amiable response. Which seems to leave Mr. Rice in an unfortunate position; and what will you bet against a theatre-mortgage that when another season rolls in, and we all cry, "Where's Elmer?" he will not come bounding back?

As for the immediate subject of Mr. Rice's defensive shrieks, I find myself lacking in enthusiasm. Unlike *Judgment Day*, which I felt was unjustly manhandled, *Between Two Worlds* is a legitimate flop-eroo. It is an unconvincing scramble of tame comedy and obtrusive soap-box oratory, occurring upon such a transatlantic liner as I think never existed—and I certainly hope it didn't.

Let's get through the other bloomers of the month quickly, clearing the decks for praise, of which there will be much. Run from the following: *A Sleeping Clergyman*, a long phoney sermon on heredity, delivered in variegated American versions of Scottish accent; *Allure*, a melancholy attempt by Edith Barrett to stop playing *Mrs. Moonlight*, wherein it is revealed that she is less distressing in sweetness and light than as a baddie; *Geraniums in My Window*, which is silly; and *All Rights Reserved*, the one about the lady-novelist whose jealous husband believes her recorded amours are autobiography.

Very well. Now the most important composition presented on our stage for some years is Sean O'Casey's *Within the Gates*. I was honored with the Irish carpenter's acquaintance during long stays in England, and while I was always abashed by his intellect, I knew him well enough to converse briefly with him whenever—and it was several times a week—I encountered him, wild-eyed, grizzled hair flying, chin imbedded in a prehistoric gray sweater, as he strode through Hyde Park, obviously collecting the material for this present work. He had taught my deep respect with *Juno and the Paycock*, *The Shadow of a Gunman*, and *The Plough and the Stars*, fine plays all. I had watched him change his technique in a notable effort which just failed of coming off—*The Silver Tassie*, which erred by mixing realism and fantasy too uncertainly. He had told me what he was driving toward, and I was not surprised at the completely allegorical nature of *Within the Gates*.

What did surprise me was the exquisite understanding and taste of the production made here, the hushed response of the audience, and the cheapness of mental attitude displayed by several of the critics. It was quite comprehensible that these gents should dislike the piece, and they had every right to say so, but to say so in terms more befitting opinions on some tinny Broadway boob-catcher, to smirk wise in White Way buffoonery at the expense of a serious, a noble attempt—well, that was ludicrous and shocking. Happily, the public for once has refused to be misled by the Banderlog; it has followed the advice of the more conscientious reviewers (or its own judgment) and has come to the play in numbers sufficient to insure at least a nominal run. I beg you to see it. Of course, if you expect hotcha drolleries or bing-bang theatricality, stay away. But if

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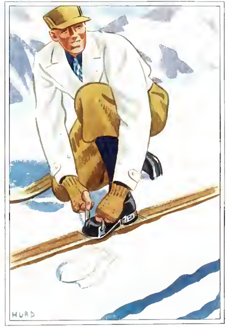

FOR THE NORWEGIAN SPORT OF SKI-JORING

We wouldn't recommend knickers for ski jumping (which is only for experts, anyway) but for the increasingly popular sport of ski-joring (which is the Scandinavian equivalent of hiking on skis) the outfit sketched here is the last word The jacket, of a white windproof and water repellant fabric, is short and light in weight. These jackets were enormously popular last winter at the Swiss mountain resorts and may be expected to achieve fashionable acceptance over here The knickers are of the same material but are of a deep tan color The Norwegian skiing cap matches the knickers both in fabric and coloring Under the jacket a short, heavy sweater is worn, as well as a navy blue knitted sport shirt and a wool tie. The hose are heavy ribbed wool, also of navy blue Note the fingerless woolen gloves, made to be worn beneath fleecelined wool mittens

(For answers to all dress queries send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff 40 E 34th N Y)

Against the Impending War

Continued from page 26

the U. S. S. R., and Germany's aggressive rearmament

That the major powers and, in particular, England and France, have tried to attack the Soviet Union and to instigate other powers against her is just as undeniable a fact as those important ones I have mentioned above

According to the old Roman Cato, Carthage had to be destroyed just so the U S S R must be subjugated first because she is a big market, and then because she is the homeland of positive and constructive socialism

The remarkable economic progress Russia has made through the help of foreign capital which places her so high among productive countries and puts her in the front rank thanks to lack of unemployment, to the development of cultural institutions and to everything which concerns the welfare of workers—all these circumstances do not appease the hostility of great imperialistic countries with regard to her On the contrary

The definite business of aggression has been led and is still led by Japan, whose cynical pretensions cynically admitted have in no wise been thwarted by the major powers united in the League of Nations. On the contrary, from all evidence they have been aided by the League

Moreover Russia has up to now done everything to avoid war, she has gone from concession to concession up to her limit of patience and forbearance She has multiplied the non-aggression pacts after having been (and this too future historians will tell) the only one in the League of Nations and in the Disarmament Conference to speak the language first of complete peace by disarmament, then of a practical partial disarmament

The signal success of the Soviet Union consists in the bonds she has established with the great Republic of the United States bonds which have every advantage, moreover, in supporting her in the face of the invasion of the Japanese

It is just as clear that the Japs yearn for a Pacific Empire as that they intended to plant their feet in Manchuria and in continental Asia.

One of the grievances which still is held against Socialist Russia is her repudiation of Czarist debts.

But what one doesn't sufficiently realize, is that that repudiation had been solemnly proclaimed even before the war by political parties which were in no way socialist and revolutionists and who would consider that in the case where the Czarist power would be replaced by a constitutional government of the European model, that government would repudiate debts made by the Czar from the year 1905—debts contracted against the Russian people."

Since that time, France, England and other countries have disavowed their indebtedness to the United States of America. These countries cannot summon to their aid the serious reasons which revolutionary Russia invoked

They have, with one stroke of the pen, alleviated their responsibilities for that debt and with no valid motive refused to honor their own signatures They have decided absolutely arbitrarily that these debts would be jointly responsible for so-called reparations owed by Germany—which is an ingenious way of solving the problem but very far from honest.

As to Germany since 1921 she has been busy making over her army and her armaments It is no longer exact to say she is rearming we have to say she has already rearmed

The most competent authorities have estimated that the troops the air force, military plans cannon, munitions are just as abundant in Hitler's Germany as in any other great country

Throughout the world then, the stupendous rivalry mad for armaments continues becoming more insane as it grows.

Here in France especially we hear Germany held responsible for this state of affairs It is only too certain that Germany's attitude constitutes a grave danger for peace but it is none the less certain that this condition has been literally provoked by the humiliations she has been made to suffer by the state of inferiority which it has been proposed to maintain a great people like the German nation.

A reaction was inevitable Brutal and crude, she has suddenly broken forth into an exasperated nationalism and at the same time into an unprecedented racial oppression

But it is not the whole story to see all too clearly also the reason for events and for their responsibilities It is imperative that we understand by what means we can set ourselves against war The first sign that may guide us and which shows us crises very explicitly is that war is engendered by imperialism, and that there will be wars as long as each nation is a fortress for a mass of people trying to enrich itself and to expand itself to the detriment of neighboring masses

We have no longer the right to listen to the vain lyric statements of sentimental pacifists any more than we have the right to pay the slightest attention to the lies of official pacificism of Geneva, or anywhere else

The safety of humanity lies in only one way—the organization of all those who are exploited and oppressed,

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The Listening Post

Symphony and grand opera go a-courting, and music grows important in the music hall

by SIGMUND SPAETH

• MUSIC •

ONE of my New Year's resolutions will probably be never to send out another questionnaire, and never to answer one. But in the waning days of 1934 I find myself still captivated by the popular indoor sport of comparing opinions and here is a musical questionnaire from Mr Irving Rabine, who seems to have a special talent for inducing people to say things that are likely to appear in print.

He asks only four questions, but they are enough to create several volumes on American music (1) Do you think that the jazz music of today is worthy of being classified as "true American music"? (2) Which do you prefer, jazz and the modern compositions, purely native music (i.e., hill-billy and cowboy songs and ballads) or the semi-classics of such writers as the late Victor Herbert, Carrie Jacobs Bond and Charles Wakefield Cadman? (3) If you were asked to suggest six American songs for a radio program, which would you choose? (4) What, in your opinion, is "true American music"?

This is a big order Mr Rabine, and I am not surprised that your questionnaire has produced considerable diversity of opinion. The prevailing answer to the first question seems to be in the negative, although some authorities admit that jazz is typical of the America of today and therefore cannot be ignored. But they also make a distinction between ordinary jazz and the more subtle and elaborate compositions of George Gershwin and a few others. In general there are only raspberries for Cab Calloway and his tribe.

Hill-billy and cowboy music seem to enjoy a dwindling popularity with the authorities reached by this questionnaire, and many are inclined to question their true Americanism, as most of these ballads are undoubtedly of English, Scotch and Irish descent. Victor Herbert still commands request, but the critical boys and girls are a bit sick of "At Dawning" and "A Perfect Day."

When it comes to selecting six American songs for a radio program, the suggestions are all over the lot. Stephen Foster gets the most consistent vote of confidence, and Herbert is given honorable mention. (One man credits him with "Oh Promise Me," which was supposedly De Koven's, but actually an Italian melody, "Musica Proibita.") Jerome Kern appears several times with "Old Man River," and Gershwin has his share of votes with one curious reference to the "Andante" from the "Rhapsody in Blue," which hardly comes under the head of vocal music. Several compositions are mentioned which are not American at all (such as the "Blue Danube Waltz"!), and in many cases the question was frankly given up in despair.

Equally divided is the opinion of what constitutes "true American music." Some think there is no such thing, but that we may be on the way to it. Others take the negative attitude that anything composed in this country and not patterned after European models may be called truly American. Negro spirituals have their supporters, with a good word here and there for the other things that pass as "folk-music" in this country.

I suppose I'll be expressing an opinion of my own before long, but this month there are too many other things to write about. Let the questionnaires blow hot or cold, they shall not tempt me farther.

Grand Opera. The symphony orchestras of America have suddenly discovered that grand opera is a form of music, and so we are having operatic performances in various cities, with the orchestra as a real basis and the staging and singing almost incidental. Philadelphia took the lead with "Tristan und Isolde," conducted by Fritz Reiner, followed by "Carmen" under Alexander Smallens, with a promised "Rosenkavalier" to follow.

There were new ideas of lighting and staging (even a revolving surface like that of "The Great Waltz"), singers who looked their parts, perhaps at some expense to the music, and a general mood of rebellion against tradition. The Philadelphia "Tristan" was uncut, for the first time in America's musical history, to the vast satisfaction of perfect Wagnerites but not necessarily to the advantage of the composer's popularity. For most people, however, it was enough to hear the Wagnerian music played by a great orchestra.

Cleveland is enjoying a similar experience, with Wagner's "Walkuere" already a success, Verdi's "Otello" and Puccini's "Tosca" immediately in the offing, and an honest-to-God première coming in January, "Lady Macbeth of Mtsinsk," by that revolutionary Russian, Shostakovitch. Here also there is new lighting and decoration, in the hands of a young Czech artist, Richard Rychtarik, and conductor Rodzinski seems to have done wonders with the orchestra, which was always a good one.

The next step is up to New York, where there are already rumors of an amalgamation between the Philharmonic Society and the Metropolitan Opera. Gatti-Casazza has announced that he is through at the end of this season, and something startling will be needed to give life to the somnolent organization. A first class orchestra in the pit would be a distinct novelty.

Meanwhile, at the New York Hippodrome, Max Rabinoff succeeded in finishing his season at popular prices in spite of every possible handicap. He made the mistake of crediting the public with a desire to see and hear some of the less hackneyed works, such as Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff" and "Khovantschina," for which he had an excellent Russian company, headed by Max Panteleieff, and the result was that they stayed away in droves. When he switched to the conventional Italian repertoire, "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "La Traviata" and "Aida," with "Tosca" and "La Boheme" as the extreme of experimentation, the box-office did much better, and a complete shipwreck was narrowly averted. But it was an unpleasant reminder of the present state of the "operatic" audience of New York. Incidentally, the performances were by far the best that the town had ever seen at such prices.

Gilbert and Sullivan. With the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company extending their season well into December, it became increasingly evident that this lighter form of vocal music has a solid army of devotees whose enthusiasm is sincere to the point of frenzy. And still the wonder grows that one small company should perform such miracles of interpretation. Each addition to the repertoire has brought new honors to the principal singers, the chorus, and Isidore Godfrey's orchestra.

My own allegiance to "The Gondoliers" was almost upset by the Savoyards' amazing presentation of "The Yeomen of the Guard," a work which strikes me as far more important than most "grand operas." Those who had recognized the comic genius of Martyn Green as the Duke of Plaza-Toro, or Ko-Ko, or Bunthorne had to surrender all over again when his Jack Point proved him a truly great actor, even in tragic moments.

The unctuous humor of Sydney Granville has grown more and more impressive as he revealed himself in such unfamiliar roles as

Continued on page 176

Design for Giving

SMART • GIFTS • TO • MEN •

by PIONEER

Maybe he doesn't smoke but a good pair of garters always comes in handy. These are combined with a handsome chromium finished desk calendar—both useful every day in the week *(at right)* **$1**

PACKAGED in a burnished copper cigarette box is this fine belt of full grain cowhide. It has a heavily silver plated buckle with or without initial *(at right)* **$2**

IMAGINE his appreciative smile when he opens this black and ivory finished box and finds a swanky calfskin belt with sterling silver buckle! *(at left)* **$3**

OR HOW ABOUT a cowhide belt in black or brown? The modernistic bakelite box will make any smoke stand glow with pride. Useful also for jewelry or gadgets *(at left)* **$1.50**

NUDGE the little lady and point to this one. Maybe you'll find, under the tree marked "for Papa", this belt of hand boarded calfskin in its walnut box *(at right)* **$2**

EXCEPTIONALLY handsome is this hand turned walnut gift box. Exceptional quality is the belt of calfskin with sterling silver buckle plain or initialed *(at right)* **$4**

EVEN if "he has everything" he'll welcome new braces. Smart patterns in elastic webs with leather or braid ends in boxes of tooled leatherette. Many styles to choose from *(at left)* **$1.50**

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MYER'S

On the Road

Continued from page 92

"God knows," Christ said, "but I'm leavin' here."

They saw the red and green lights of the railroad yard half veiled by the snow that fell out of the night. 'Way down the track they saw a fire in a hobo jungle.

"I can go there and sleep," Sargeant said.

"You can?"

"Sure," said Sargeant. "That place ain't got no doors."

Outside the town, along the track, there were trees and bushes growing below the embankment, snow-gray in the dark. And down among the trees and bushes there were make-shift houses made out of boxes and tin, and old pieces of wood and canvas. You couldn't see them in the dark, but you knew they were there if you'd ever been on the road.

"I'm side-trackin'," Sargeant said. "I'm tired."

"I'm gonna make it on to Des Moines," said Christ.

"O.K.," Sargeant said. "So long!"

He went down into the hobo jungle and found himself a place to sleep. He never did see Christ no more. . . .

About six a.m. a freight came by. Sargeant scrambled out of the jungle with a dozen or so more hoboes and ran along the track, grabbing at the freight. It was dawn, early dawn, cold and gray.

"Wonder where is Christ at by now?" Sargeant thought. "He must a gone on way on down the road. He didn't sleep in this jungle."

Sargeant grabbed the train and started to pull himself up into a moving coal car, over the edge of a wheeling coal car. But strangely enough the car was full of cops. The nearest cop rapped Sargeant soundly across the knuckles with his nightstick. Wham! Rapped his big black hands for clinging to the top of the car. Wham! But Sargeant did not turn loose. He clung on and tried to pull himself into the car. He hollered at the top of his voice, "Goddam it! Lemme into this car."

"Shut up," said the cop. "You crazy coon!" And he rapped Sargeant across the knuckles and punched him in the stomach. "You ain't out in no jungle now. This ain't no train. You in jail." Wham! across his bare black fingers clinging to the bars of his cell. Wham! between the steel bars low down against his shins.

Suddenly Sargeant realized that he really was in jail. He wasn't on no train. The blood of the night before had dried on his face and his head hurt like hell. And a cop outside in the corridor was hitting him across the knuckles for holding onto the door, yelling and shaking the cell door.

"They must a took me to jail for breaking down that door last night," Sargeant thought, "that church door."

Sargeant went over and sat down on the wooden bench against the cold stone wall. He was emptier than ever. His clothes were wet, clammy cold wet, and shoes sloppy with snow water. It was just about dawn. And there he was locked up behind a cell door, nursing his bruised fingers.

The fingers were his, not the *door*.

Not the *club*, but the fingers.

"You wait," mumbled Sargeant, black against the wall. "I'm gonna break this door down, too! You wait," he muttered in his cell, stretching out his bruised fingers and bringing them back tight into the palm of his hand. "I'm gonna break down this door too."

"Shut up—or I'll paste you one," said the cop.

"Wait!" yelled Sargeant, and he got up in his cell. "I'm gonna break down this door too."

Havelock Ellis at Seventy-Five

Continued from page 31

the other chief languages, than would have been possible by the modest method of issue which the government of my country induced me to abandon. Nor has the effort to crush my work resulted in any change in that work by so much as a single word. With help, or without it, I have followed my path to the end. . . . Men die, but the ideas they seek to kill, live."

Even Ellis's combativeness, it will be seen, has been a passive power. I should not call it a Tolstoyan or Gandhian non-resistance; it is rather a silent, undeterred persistence. Ellis is not of the Shavian gentry who beat bass-drums before their show-tents. He is more like a shepherd on the hills, piping his soft measures into the sun-drenched atmosphere. And, somehow, they find their proper place in the complicated orchestration of the world symphony.

Of the few Olympians in our day I wonder whether there is one who has bestirred himself so little as Ellis to win approval. He seems to mistrust too conscious a search. Happiness, like fame, has a habit of seeking us out. It is surprising, too, how many of the famous case-histories that make the *Studies* such a fascinating *comédie humaine* were sent to Ellis unasked for, out of a spontaneous recognition that the man was more wisely tolerant than one's closest friend. About Ellis there has always been a touch of the secular priest—of a priesthood shorn of theological dogma, of allegiance to any church, ordained not by doctrine and diploma but by a deep, undeceivable love of the human being. These case-histories, are they not in a broad sense a kaleidoscopic confessional of humanity?

The tolerance of Ellis is not the superficial, indifferent willingness to let people do as they please. It is a realization that we are, after all is said and done, as we have to be, as we cannot help being. If we are to improve at all, it is not to be through condemnation and punishment—who of us is really fit to sit in judgment upon his neighbor?—but through patience, understanding, co-operation.

There are those who are content with a flat map of the intellectual and the emotional world. Ellis maps out that world not as a Mercator projection, but, so to speak, as a globe. Life to him is not a series of water-tight compartments. It is an organic unity. Wholeness and haleness are related; the whole man is the hale man, the man of three dimensions. Ellis has served to restore dimension to our living. In his writings, in his living, he has united, re-integrated such

Continued on page 156

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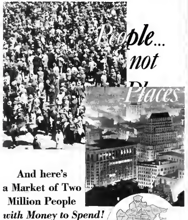

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The BOSTON GLOBE

Havelock Ellis at Seventy-five

Continued from page 154

supposed oppositions as science and art, man and woman, sex and decency, normality and abnormality, sanity and absurdity, body and soul, practicality and—one of the most misunderstood words in the language—aesthetics.

Ellis's services to psychology have dimmed his importance as a writer. He is one of the finest essayists in contemporary letters. His *Affirmations*, his *New Spirit*, his *Impressions and Comments*, set down between 1914 and 1923, his *Little Essays of Love and Virtue*, are composed in a style that suggests now the serenity of the man, now his austerity. There are times when one becomes impatient with the fellow's apparent imperturbability—when one aches to have him lose his temper. But tempers are so easy to lose!

In *The New Spirit* and *Affirmations* he was as much the pioneer in literature as, in his *Studies*, he was the pioneer in sexual investigation. Everything he has done, and especially his conceptions of morality, has been leavened with a deep sense of the relativity of human experience. Often he so phrases a sentiment that it creates the illusion of having been said with a beautiful finality. Whoever writes should ponder the admirable chapter on writing in *The Dance of Life*. The *Impressions and Comments*, now gathered under the general title, *The Fountain of Life*, form one of the great personal journals in English letters.

Is there any man of our day who is less the Casanova than Ellis? Yet is there any who has seen more deeply into the implications of Casanova's life? Already, in *Affirmations*, Ellis had written: "The energy and ability which Casanova displayed in gratifying his instincts would have sufficed to make a reputation of the first importance in any department . . . and enabled him to die worn out by the feverish toil of the senate, the court, or the counting-house. Casanova chose to *live*. A crude and a barbarous choice, it seems to us, with our hereditary instinct *to spend our lives in wasting the reasons for living*." (Italics mine.)

Does this mean, however, that every man must be a Casanova? Hardly. "I could not be a Casanova if I would," wrote Ellis once to me, "nor would I be a Casanova if I could." Understanding is not necessarily acceptance or ratification. It is, however, the part of wisdom. And Ellis is wise enough to know the difference between mere knowledge, which is accumulation of data, and wisdom, which is the organization of those data for the purpose of more effective living.

At seventy-five Ellis is as active, as productive, as serene, as he was in the early days. Despite his delicate childhood, his life has been fairly free of ailments. Between seventeen and sixty he had surrendered only to measles, scarlet fever and influenza. At sixty-seven he was severely shaken by duodenal ulcer. Olympian he was; Olympian, indifferent to death, he remains. For sex, together with a few other brave spirits, he has accomplished what Socrates is supposed to have done for philosophy: he took it down from, out of, the clouds, restoring it to the healing touch of Father Sun and Mother Earth. At seventy-five he is young with a youth never dreamt of by Ponce de Leon.

A Family Matter

Continued from page 25

child in her arms, staring into the stream. He made up his mind. He struck hard and cleanly.

He had all he could manage with the little boy and the pack; he could not tend to the baby. A girl child like that requires a mother. But he did not want to strike it. He went down to the water's edge and held it under.

They went through the jungle for two days, stopping only to sleep a little, munching some heart of palm as they walked. He was wonderfully kind and patient with his son. At the end of the second day they came to a clearing on the edge of the Tsarjá Lagoon where two of his brothers and some of their wives' relatives had made a settlement. It was all virgin mahogany jungle roundabout—no mounted man had ever come there.

They all knew about the murder already; they expected him.

"Where is your wife?" they asked.

"She is back by the Bavean. She could not cross. I killed her and the little girl."

They noticed his monotonous voice and a curious hot, dry, blank look in his eyes. He was emaciated and in rags. They fed him tortillas, posole, jabali meat and coffee. Then he slept.

Old Badmash Tusker

Continued from page 39

loses his head, he thinks as he gallops, and has no intention of letting you ride up and stab him in the rump. One of his best tricks is to "jink" suddenly, that is, swerve sharply to the right or left into a yawning gully. Or, just as you rise in your stirrups to "let him have it," he may elect to leap over the fifty foot cliff towards which he has been nursing you for the last half mile.

Oh, he's a wily cheat all right, and just dotes on keeping that spear of yours out of his precious hide. He knows that your steel will finish him, and with a curiously unresentful self-interest, he wants to keep away from it as long as possible.

The weapon that finally nails Old Badmash and causes him to turn on you with bared and foaming tusks is the boar-spear you have been carrying in your hand all during the chase. It is a bamboo shaft about seven feet long, tipped with a steel head approximately ten inches in length. The spear-head may be either triangular or flat-bladed (whole volumes have been written about the comparative merits of the two) but in any case it must be sharp enough to pierce a boar's tough hide and heavy enough to fracture his skull should he charge you head first. The whole spear weighs about two and one-half pounds, and the trick of stopping a three hundred pound boar with this rather fragile instrument is something you can't learn from diagrams. The great knack is in utilizing the momentum of your horse; the spear is held rigid, and as you strike the pig, the whole weight and speed of horse and rider is behind the blow.

If you spear from behind, the best mark is the boar's flank; if he is charging you, an adroit shot between backbone and shoulder will cut him to the heart. Sometimes when he comes at you crazy, your spear will go right through him; again, it may break off, and then you are likely to find yourself on

Continued on page 158

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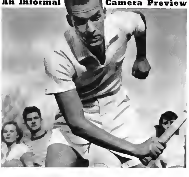

Style Scoop! (above) The "Jil" collar idea that individualizes this sport shirt was imported from the Riviera. Collar closes with button loop. Sleeves are quarter-length. New corduroy rib-weave in cotton, fine rayon or silk, $1 to $5. The pleated Wimbledon tennis shorts come in gabardine, imported cloths and also in fine worsteds. $1.50 to $5.

At Right: Copy of exclusive shirt seen in a Bond Street shop last fall. Note smart regimental stripings—tailored collar with no front opening. Fine worsteds, $2.50 to $5.

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Old Badmash Tusker

Continued from page 117

the ground with a killer lunging at you his ripper tusks adrip with frothing hatred.

In a spot like this it's already too late to call for help. Either your friends are at hand with avenging spears, or you do what you can with the long bladed knife strapped to your leg. Baden-Powell, greatest of living boar-hunters, tells of one quick-thinking colonel who, with the boar on top of him, held out his arm for the pig to gash till help came.

A boar is a huge enemy, and when you stick him you must be sure that you aren't merely tickling his epidermis. "Deep and heavy" is the ticket, and any boar-hunter worth his spurs has a furious contempt for the dilettante sticker who is satisfied with getting a technical "first spear" on the strength of a superficial scratch.

Afoot, armed only with spear or sword, a lone man has small chance with a boar. Two men can usually take him—though the odds waver here. But when three stout blades close in on a hog, everyone—including the hog—has a wonderful time right up to the end. The hog is very brave in death; he does not yelp or squeal; he asks no mercy and surely gives none. Loving a fight for its own sake, he seems to forget that a battle with men usually has a sad ending for himself, and so he stands at bay with his little red eyes sizzling and his great fore-trotters extended, tusks down and spine up, a very ugly piece of news indeed for the man who has to go in and administer the final steel.

All of which sounds pretty gory and fearfully rough on the hog—which is not at all the note that my pig-sticking friends would have me strike. They would point out first of all that every day isn't killing-day by any means, and that the hog-hunter frequently gets nothing but a dizzying hot ride for his pains. After a long hide-and-seek chase over obstacles that would make a cavalry-meet seem like a parcheesi tournament, you discover that the pig has gotten away and right now is squatting safely in some cool covert while his hunters sweep past him covered with confusion, dust and sweat. The secretary of any good Tent Club will show you that a season's bag of pig—twelve or fifteen spears hunting every day for months—is rarely upward of thirty, and that no one feels discouraged if a dozen hard hog are speared during a long season.

Then what's behind all this hard-riding and spear-brandishing, you ask? I think the British War Office could give you the answer to that one. As far as any military genius has ever discovered, there's no training for cavalry that can compare with the hunting of the boar. Polo is good, and steeple-chasing is excellent, but to put both horse and man in field-condition, able and willing to ride all day through the unpronounceable clutter and débris of an Indian terrain—boar-hunting is the ticket. And so it comes about that Old Badmash Tusker has been an unconscious hero all the time, a savage conditioner of His Britannic Majesty's crack horse regiments—a regular tool of empire, you might say. Perhaps that's why there never was a pig-sticker yet who didn't have a sneaking affection for the porcine beggar, and a kind of regret, too, that so much swiftness, courage and downright *quality* had to find judgment in such an ugly, untamable brute as the fighting hog.

Notes on Life and Letters

Continued from page 21

you, Mr. Saroyan. We've seen them go a long way and we've seen them not come back and nobody ever ever asked where they was gone. They forgot quick, Mr. Saroyan.

Now most of us, and I'm not drunk any more, Mr. Saroyan, have written very little of what we know because it is very hard to write and we have to learn how to handle what we are going to write. So we write the part of what we know that we can handle with our equipment as we go along. You want to watch yourself Mr. S., that you don't get so bright that you don't learn. And you don't want to forget the old fellow countryman, Mr. Arlen. He was as bright as you and brighter and look what happened. Also your ear isn't so good. And a good ear in a writer is like a good left hand in a fighter.

Do I make myself clear? Or would you like me to push your puss in. (I'm drunk again now you see. It's a wonderful advantage when you're arguing.)

So that's all for today fellow readers and writers and arithmatics. It's a wonderful afternoon here. It's just a blaze of color. There's over fifty-five thousand people in the big cement bowl and just a minute and Ted Husing will give you a little talk about the plays they're going to use. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Is there a doctor in the house? Good. Mr Saroyan wants him. Mr. Saroyan has had a little heart attack. Mr. Saroyan isn't feeling so good.

Go on. What's the matter with you? He asked for it. He had it coming to him.

He started bandying names in a story he wrote. A godamn sight better names than any name he'll ever pick. He was talking about Dos, and Joyce and Faulkner. You see he thought using their names put him in their class. Why the poor ignorant bastid. He was asking for it wasn't he? It's a shame they overmatched the poor bastid. What did they put him in against somebody that can hit for? Aw he's a bum. No, he ain't a bum. They just took him along too fast. Well he got his name in the papers. Sure, but they won't have the story in the late editions. Aw Mr. Saroyan don't be frightened, Mr. Saroyan. I'm just showing you how it will be later on. We all wish you a lot of luck, Mr. Saroyan, and, as I say, I don't charge you a nickel for this and every time they see the name Saroyan it makes an impression on them. It does. Soon the world will echo to it like Roland's horn at Roncevaux. (You can use that some time in a piece. It's in Spain but that's the French spelling. I give it to you Mr. Saroyan. For nothing, kid. It's a literary reference. You like them I know. They're easy to find. There's a book full of them. *Putnam's Dictionary of Thoughts* they call it. Hell, I'll give you mine, pal. You can go a long way with that *Dictionary of Thoughts* using the same style you got right now. You'll think 'em to death kid. Keep moving around. Don't let them get set.)

What were we talking about? Oh, yes. How that name will echo. Listen!—

Listen to the boys now echoing to it.

The boys: You know that piece he wrote about that fellow, that Greek?

No. Which one?

The Boys: I thought it was lousy.

A gift of Kingly wine—Two hundred years old

As the owners of the oldest and largest Sherry vineyards in Spain, we have for Christmas disposal one hundred and eleven bottles of Napoleon Sherry, wine that was dedicated to the Emperor when Maréchal Soult visited our *bodegas* during the peninsular campaign. He who sips this 200-year-old Amontillado can truthfully say he has tasted the most distinguished Sherry in existence. While it lasts, deliveries will be arranged in time for Christmas through your own wine dealer. The price is $15 the bottle.

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The Aromatic Friend

Continued from page 41

Bennet could only stare. He was too shocked to do anything—didn't dare close the door for fear of startling the animal. He had always heard that skunks are only unpleasant when they are frightened.

"Get in," said the skunk. "I want to talk to you."

Bennet went perfectly white. If he refused, the skunk might ruin the inside of the car. It would prove his point of the night before, but he would get blamed for it and would have to buy a new car.

"This is a lousy coupe," said the skunk. "I can't see out."

Bennet could not think of a suitable reply. The skunk's tone seemed friendly enough.

"You were perfectly right last night. I heard the whole business."

"All the way from the Club?"

"Oh, no. Just the part after you hit the post to avoid killing me. It was easy to see that some unpleasantness had been going on. I've been hanging around here all my life. I walk in the garden a good deal, and I often hear you and your wife talking. You took the right stand last night, and I want you to know I'm back of you. That's why I waited."

"Thanks," said Bennet. "Here's the newsstand. I'll get the papers."

"I'll lean on the window and look around. I've never been here before."

On the way back the skunk said, "You're worried about what she'll say at breakfast. You don't feel very strong, and yet you know you should talk back to her now that you've started. Isn't that true?"

Bennet admitted that it was.

"At breakfast I want you to give her hell."

"I might try."

"I take it you're breakfasting on the terrace?"

"It's a nice day. I suppose we are."

"Then you will do as I say. I'll be in the lilacs, and can hear everything you say. If you weaken, I'll come for you, and I'll get you, too. I've often planned how I could get your wife."

"You seem to dislike her?"

"I was born under your woodshed. When we were very little your wife told you to poison us, but you filled the lid of the garbage can with nice things for us and threw the poison away. We appreciated that, I can tell you. Better let me out before we get to the house. If you begin to weaken, just call 'Skunk' and I'll trot up. It'll make a sensation."

Bennet stopped the car and opened the door.

"Thanks a lot. I may try it."

The skunk put her feet back on the running board. "You may try it?" she said. "You damn' well better *try* it. You've got on a nice suit."

"All right, then. I *will* try it."

"Good," said the skunk. "Cheerio."

"Cheerio," said Bennet.

"Good morning, Charlotte."

"Where have you been?"

"Getting the papers. How are you this morning?"

"How are *you*?"

"Wonderful. Splendid morning."

"I'm glad you think so. Well, let me tell you—"

"You're not pleasant, my dear. What's the matter?"

"Henry Bennet, aren't you going to apologize for the way you acted last night?"

"No. I thought I acted rather well."

Mrs. Bennet gasped.

"The car's all right," Bennet went on. "The fender went back into place and it hardly shows."

"It took you half an hour to go for—"

"I was talking to the skunk," said Bennet.

"You were *what*?"

"I said last night that I hit the post to avoid killing a skunk. The skunk was in the car this morning. She rode with me to the newsstand and back. She thanked me. And she *has* got hungry little skunks, seven of them."

Before Mrs. Bennet now rose the incredible picture of life with a husband suffering from delirium tremens. Terror gripped her heart, but she was able to retain her outward calm.

"I'll get Dr. Tatem," she said, rising.

"I wouldn't," said Bennet. "Sit down."

Mrs. Bennett stood staring at him.

"I'll count ten," Bennet told her. "If you don't sit down, I'll call the skunk." Mrs. Bennet did not know what to do.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Look!" He swung around sharply and pointed at the lilac bushes, but Mrs. Bennet, facing in that direction, had seen. She slumped limply into her chair.

"Thanks, pal," said Bennet.

"Okay," said the skunk. "I'll be around all day if you want me."

"Henry," said Mrs. Bennet, later, "Dr. Tatem happened to drop in, and I want you to talk to him. Will you? Please, for my sake."

"Certainly I'll talk to him, but not for your sake. If you sent for him, I can't be rude."

"I didn't send for—"

"He did not drop in unexpectedly. I told you not to send for him."

"Oh, Henry, I *had* to."

"Then, my dear, you have to have skunk sprayed on that damned *chaise longue* that I've carried in and out of this house twice a day for four years."

Dr. Tatem said, "Hello," in that offensive, defensive, pugnaciously conciliating tone the profession uses in times like this. "I thought you were laid up?"

"Never felt better in my life."

"What's this your wife tells me about skunks?"

"I've got a skunk friend, that's all."

"A what?"

"A friend that's a skunk. Oh, Sku-unk!"

Out of the border hedge walked the skunk, followed by numerous little skunks.

"Well, I'll be damned," said the doctor. Bennet didn't think it was a good time to tell him that the skunk talked, but of course the skunk would have joined them if she had been needed to prove anything he said.

"Your husband," said Dr. Tatem, "is playing a joke on you. He has gotten a tame skunk somewhere. If I were you, I would pay no attention to it. The skunk has undoubtedly had its scent apparatus removed, and you need have no fear."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. Bennet. "Go out and smell my *chaise longue*."

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ARNOLD GINGRICH
Editor of Esquire

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, PUBLISHER, 730 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
BORZOI BOOKS

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 146

pots and pans. Thus does she humor and foster genius. Also I learn that the "Mystery Chef" was a chemist even before he went into the advertising business and he whispers to me that the chemists and advertising men have, without falsifying or misstating anything, made a very great deal out of this vitamin matter. It is absolutely impossible to cook a meal which does not contain nearly all the known vitamins in great and salubrious quantities. Chemists have tried to, without success.

Now, getting back or around, to literature, esquires and esquirettes, the pickings have not been any too confusingly numerous since last we drew up before the fire. That is the trouble with publishers. They all pick one week in one month when they are making up their fall or spring or summer lists and in that week they shoot the works. What is more they all seem to pick the same week. Then if you are a reviewer, a daily one, say, for a newspaper, your job is to write a book review a day and if you are a good newspaper man and want to keep your job, you try to release for each day a review of the outstanding book published that day. For weeks on end packages will arrive from the publishers in dribbles. You open the packages and encounter books entitled *Paleontological Jaunts Among the Zunis and Aztecs* by Ophidias J. Smooch, *World Economics Before and After I Began to Take the Matter Up* by Jacques Montgomery Fitzhenner III, a book by Robert C. Benchley or a book by Gertrude Stein. Your job sort of presupposes you will try to say the kind word about the day's book if you can, and your temperament is such that you seek earnestly to do this. So many books, so much labor put into them, so much money tied up in them by the publishers, so many high hopes built upon them by the authors—a man would be a meanie who did not seek but with the aim to praise.

And so the amiable and beset reviewer says to himself: "The undeniable fact is that I have read now forty-eight pages of this new Benchley book without actual pain. And even if I have read them without amusement either, here is a worthy effort to be funny, sanctioned by a reputable publisher who is willing to gamble that more than a sufficient number of readers will ratify the risk to underwrite the cost of manufacture and distribution. It is also true that in all New York there is no reviewer more heartless, more malicious, more thi gagging show-off at the expense of struggling actors and playwrights than this same Benchley in his drama reviews and that his aesthetic creed may be gauged by the fact that he has expressed his contempt for James Joyce, Theodore Dreiser, D. H. Lawrence, Eugene O'Neill, James Branch Cabell, Bernard Shaw and William Shakespeare in some very cute wise-cracks and that he exclaims in and out of season that the Three Marx Brothers and Jimmy Durante reek of genius. Still, as among Smooch, Fitzhenner, Stein and Benchley, Benchley is the more readable, and besides Benchley in his day has been known to be quite a card." So one writes an amiable review of *From Bed to Worse or Comforting Thoughts About the Bison* (Harper, $2.50).

Then one day your reviewer sees two vans drive up before his house (or apartment) one from the express company and the other from the United States postal service. Piles of packages enclosing books are brought in from these vans and deposited at the doorstep. They make a barricade five feet wide by four feet high and three feet deep. When the packages are unwrapped the mass of paper and string fills four ash cans and one can't wade through the room on account of the books. Nearly all of them are released for publication in the same week, many of them on the same day. That is how many good books get lost in the shuffle and have to make their way without the help of reviewers. It is a sheer impossibility to inspect them all with care, much less read them until long after they are published. One must sample haphazardly and select.

Thus for instance, wading through stacks of new books some weeks ago I overlooked the sheer entertainment to be found in *All's Fair* (Putnam's, Minton, Balch, $3) by Captain Henry Landau and *Retreat from Glory* (Putnam's, Minton, Balch, $3) by R. H. Bruce Lockhart, both of them personal narratives of secret service agents. Lockhart is a cocky, conceited, bounderish sort of person who tries to give the impression that he is so irresistible to women that he has to beat them off with clubs and so canny and full of foresight that it is a shame he has to work for such dimwits as constitute the Brain Trust of the British government, and yet, in spite of this, his narrative is racy and dramatic. Capt. Landau thinks pretty well of himself too, but the story of his work as a British agent behind the German lines is quieter but more convincing and more generally informative than Lockhart's. He tells in detail just how the spy system is worked, what information is dug up and how it is communicated to headquarters, what the dangerous game of counter-espionage is, and how enemy spies know each other and by a sort of understood gentlemen's agreement do their work without harassing each other.

At the moment I cannot recall any male writer who has written more sympathetically, more understandingly or more entertainingly of the passion for hunting and fishing than has Caroline Gordon in her novel, *Aleck Maury, Sportsman* (Scribner's, $2.50) and because this is a small, quiet and homey sort of novel and thus may be overlooked by the general public I mean to be especially urgent in recommending it to you. This is the story in the first person from childhood to old age in the mountains and valleys of Kentucky and Tennessee of a most likeable character, without ambition as the world knows ambition, rich in the wisdom of human values, a patient, exacting and fine artist with the rod and gun. Aleck Maury, loves the tranquillity, the freedom and healthy pleasure of the field and stream, but as a man he is acutely conscious also of his responsibilities as a bread-winner, as a husband and father, as an integer in that first unit of society, the family. And, in telling his story one understands that with him, hunting and fishing are what painting is to the great artist, writing is to the great novelist, manipulation is to the financier, organization is to the industrialist and strategy is to the military leader—the ruling passion, the deepest motive and the most consistent aim with all else merely something that has to be tolerated or put up with. This is a story written with great charm and distinction and filled with the lore of dogs, birds, guns, rods, tackle and the camp.

Among the literary expatriates for whom a considerable claque has been built up is Kay Boyle. Her peculiar merits have been touted as an exquisite sensibility, a poetic and allusive style and an insight into character revealed largely by intimations. It is true that some of her early, experimental work showed signs of promise when it was published in the undermiste little magazines. But Miss Boyle now has published four novels and two books of short stories and her work does not sustain this promise. Her latest novel, *My Next Bride* (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $2.50), is worse than a disappointment: it is distinctly bad. Miss Boyle cannot tell a story, she uses the big word instead of the small one like a bright grammar school girl on first getting acquainted with the dictionary; she overworks the false metaphor under the misapprehension that if you liken something to something to which it bears no resemblance in time, space, form or color you have achieved a profound effect and she muffs the implications which her own shambling story tells you are there before her eyes. For example, disregarding the notice on the frontispiece which tells us that all the characters are imaginary, it is

Continued on page 164

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 163

transparent enough that the author has drawn upon Raymond Duncan, the eccentric brother of Isadora, and upon Harry Crosby, the rich playboy-poet who killed himself in a suicide pact with his mistress, and upon Caresse Crosby, Harry Crosby's wife, for portraits in her novel. All three of these persons are interesting material if Miss Boyle had tried to imagine them subjectively in relation to the surface personalities they present and to project them sympathetically, understandingly, wittily or humorously. Miss Boyle presents herself in relation to them in what she imagines might be the reflection of a young unsophisticated Middle Western girl, and plays up her own emotions, responses and reflections without convincing reference to the girl she has in mind. The result is confusing, unreal and marred by the sort of bad rhetoric a good writer consciously and vigilantly avoids.

Captain John Houston Craige, author of *Cannibal Cousins* (Putnam's Minton Balch, $2.75) is a forthright and engaging fellow, voluble and kindly, with a definite, hard-boiled philosophy of life, and with humor, wit and blague. His book supports the contentions of Major Philip Brownell's article, *War in the Banana Republics* in the December issue of ESQUIRE regarding the psychology of natives of the Latin-American countries, their inferiority of intelligence, their cruelty, their way of looking at death, their cannibalistic superstitions. Capt. Craige writes in the brisk, sharp staccato of a drill sergeant, he has no patience with sentimental liberals who write against American intervention and who argue in humanitarian terms about the rights of self-determination among the blacks, and he presents a fine example of the psychology of the professional soldier. Capt. Craige does not question the rightness or wrongness of intervention and occupation, he is a Marine and he obeys orders, but also he believes that American intervention has been a civilizing influence wherever it has been attempted in the Latin-American republics and he is staunch in defending the Marine Corps against the attacks of liberal writers. He was stationed for many years in Haiti and for a time was Chief of Police of Port au Prince. He spins yarns about this service, he tells of the cannibalistic rites of a Haitian delegate to the League of Nations and he relates many strange and comical anecdotes of the queer characters among Haitian generals, voodoo priests and politicians. It is impossible for me to sympathize with Capt. Craige's fundamental dog-eat-dog philosophy but he is a good yarn-spinner and he has had adventurous experiences.

BRIEFER MENTION

In this list of new books the amount of space devoted to each item in no way is meant to indicate its comparative value. It is, indeed, a select list (from which there are unavoidable omissions because no one reader can read all the season's books) from among those not previously mentioned in these columns.

The Proud Servant ($2.50) by Margaret Irwin—This is a historical novel of unusual distinction about the life and adventures of James Graham, First Marquis of Montrose who went with only two confederates through the enemy lines to raise an army for King Charles I of England among the hostile Scots. By his personal charm, daring and resourcefulness, he not only raised such an army but within a year became master of the country. It is a thrilling and tragic story rich in interesting details about the conditions, customs and manners of the time.

Experiment in Autobiography (Macmillan, $4) by H. G. Wells—A sincere and candid and very revealing effort of the novelist to discover just what sort of man he is. The story of his miserable childhood and of his two unsuccessful marriages is alone enough to rank this among the frankest of all autobiographies.

O Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1934 (Doubleday, Doran & Co., $2.50) edited by Harry Hansen—First prize of $300 this year goes to Louis Paul for his *No More Trouble for Jedwick* which was published in ESQUIRE for March, 1934, second prize of $200 goes to Caroline Gordon for *Old Red* published in *Scribner's* for December, 1933, and a special prize of $100 for the best short short-story goes to William Saroyan for *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, published in *Story* for February, 1934.

Morning Shows the Day (Coward, McCann, $2.50) by Helen Hull—What in later life befell the seven members who comprised the editorial board of a high school annual. Miss Hull is unusually successful in portraying women of different types and motives and here she has given full scope to her knowledge and talent in an engrossing novel, one of the best of the year's harvest of fiction.

Prelude to the Past, the Autobiography of a Woman (Morrow, $3) by "R. G."—The author, a German Jewess, member of a wealthy family of Mannheim bankers, tells of her strange, hectic career, her love affairs, marriage, divorce, her student life and her part in the revolution, of great scandals and of the salons of Paris, and of her arrest and trial as a spy and of her career as a journalist. Not a pleasant story and the author is insupportably vain and unreasonably conceited, but curiously interesting.

Women Must Work (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Richard Aldington—Those who enjoyed the bitter indictment of England in *All Men Are Enemies* and who like Aldington's flaming resentments will enjoy this new, intense novel of the times.

The World Outside (Simon and Shuster, $2.50) by Hans Fallada—A much deeper, much better novel than *Little Man What Now?*, and that novel was good. It is about another little man who, upon being released from prison, finds freedom more hazardous, more terrifying, more inimical in society as it is now constituted in Europe than imprisonment.

Confessions of a Scientist (Macmillan, $3.50) by Raymond L. Ditmars—Strange and fascinating stuff about poisonous snakes, vampire bats, lizards and other heebie-jeebie objects by the famous snake man, along with adventures in search of them.

The Salzberg Tales (Appleton-Century, $2.50) by Christina Stead—Forty tales roughly in the manner and spirit of *The Decameron*. The yarn-spinners are cosmopolitans gathered for the Salzberg Festival. Amusing and well written.

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Them Ducks

Continued from page 38

stuff known as sparkling Burgundy will make the whole thing a flop

Now, then, for the ducks. The whole trick, here, is in timing, and as the maid figures in it just as importantly as you do, you will have to coach her patiently, so that she knows every move she has to make. This is the way the thing goes:

1 Maid comes in with paraphernalia for sauce, as soon as she has poured wine and removed soup plates, and places it on the table, to your left

2. Ducks, on word from you, go into oven

3. You make the sauce, at the table, all except for blood, which goes in last.

4 Ducks come in, and you carve them

5 Carcasses go into press, blood is pressed out, add to sauce

6 Carved portions go into sauce, are put on plates, and passed.

The maid, obviously, is the key to all this. She comes in, with the soup plates out of the way, with the following stuff: the chafing dish, a cruet with sherry in it, a small plate with pieces of butter on it and a half lemon, a saucer with one or two spoonfuls of currant jelly on it, a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper and paprika. Have her bring these on a tray, and take them off *yourself*, and place them on the table, to your left. If you put them at your right you are going to foul your carving arm badly. You take them off yourself in order to inventory them, and make sure they are all there, and make sure, too, that you know where they are when you reach for them. Once this thing starts, you are out of luck if you have to stop while she trots back to the kitchen for something she has forgotten. If she has forgotten something, send her back for it now

When this stuff has all been checked and is on the table, take out your watch, say "Time!" and lay it on the table. Brother, I caution you above all else to do this, and not rely on any promises made by the cook to do these ducks so they will knock your eye out. There is no cook in the world, except the chefs in the very best restaurants, who really believes that nine minutes are enough for ducks. I said *nine*, not one second more, not one second less, count 'em: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. If you don't hold your own watch on them, they will be cooked twelve, fifteen or even twenty minutes, and then you are sunk. If they are cooked that long, they won't have any taste, and worse yet they won't have any blood: all your press, your sauce and everything else will look completely ridiculous and you will wish to God you had never started this thing at all. Once again, just so you won't forget it: nine minutes. Those ducks, after having a handful of ordinary celery wadded into them, go into an oven as hot as the cook can make it, and at the end of nine minutes, they come out of that oven and come straight on the table

All right, then, we are back again, now, at the table: the maid has gone to tell the cook to put the ducks in. When she comes back, she brings the press with her and places it on a small table beside you, at your left, and stands by like a nurse at an operation, without leaving you for a second, except on her cue, as we shall see.

What you do as soon as you have called "Time!" is start on the first part of the sauce. You light the chafing dish. You put in several pieces of butter, let them melt. You pour in sherry. As to how much butter and how much sherry, you will use a little judgment, depending on how many there are at table. There should be about half melted butter and half sherry. Don't let this boil, and don't stir it. Take the chafing dish, lift it from the flame a little, and gently shake it to blend the butter and the wine together. Add a tablespoonful of the currant jelly; keep shaking until it dissolves evenly. Squirt in a few drops of lemon. Add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Salt a little, pepper a little, paprika a little. Keep shaking until you have a nice even mixture, set the dish down again, cut the flame low and let it alone. Don't be alarmed that it seems dreadfully thin and has a sickly color. All that will change later. If you don't take my word for it, take the word of Monete in New York, Marconi in Baltimore, Perino in Los Angeles and other celebrated maestri of this dish. It'll be all right, if you don't force it, and you don't worry about it

Now then, look at your watch and keep looking at it. Don't worry about conversation at this point. If you have invited the right mob, it will be quiet, restrained and interested: you will have no sense of dragging time, no worry about whether your party is a flop. These boys will carry you through: they know what you are feeling. When nine minutes have gone by, shoot the maid out into the kitchen as fast as she can go and make her get those ducks. As we have seen, the cook will be hostile to the idea of taking them out, but make her get them. She brings them in on a very hot platter, and then you do some more of your stuff. The platter goes right in front of you, and you carve the ducks at once. You carve them with a smallish fork and a smallish, thin, moderately curved knife. It should be a knife of sufficient body, however, that you can throw your strength into it if you have to, and you may have to

Now all your life you have heard a lot of talk about how these ducks are carved, and most of it is hooey. You do, it is true, take off the whole breast, wing and leg in one piece, and serve that piece as a portion. You do, it is true, do it with "one cut of the knife," and you are supposed to do it with a fair show of speed. But this traditional description of the business somehow evokes a wrong picture, and you had better get the right picture, for if you don't, you are going to try to do something that is downright impossible, like rolling a cigarette with one hand. In the first place, it is a ticklish job, and you mustn't try to hurry it. It won't take long, no matter how you do it. In the second place, that "one cut of the knife" business is somehow misleading. You do make "one cut of the knife," but it is a careful, painstaking cut, in which the knife is worked down with little short sawing motions, and in which, when a joint is struck, you press outward, with the heel of the blade, to give yourself all the help from leverage that you can. Put the fork in then on the left side of the breast, when the neck is away from you, and start your cut on the

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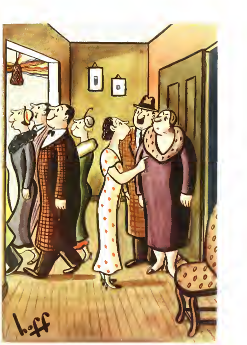

"The party will be over about one-thirty. You and Pop can come home then"

Them Ducks

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right side of the breast, as near the breast bone as you can. Work down rapidly against the bone, until you come to the wing. This will come off with no trouble at all. Cut quickly down to the leg, and say a prayer. If you hit the joint squarely, it should come off too, and you can cut the whole portion clear in a jiffy. But it may not come clear, and you had better not trifle with it. Don't be too proud on this occasion, to have a joint cutter in your boot. This is a small contrivance that looks like a pair of pruning shears, and you could cut a thumb off with it if you had to. Get it in there and get it in quick at the joint, get the portion off, reverse your duck and do the same for the other side, and get on to the next ducks. Pack the portions close together on the platter for warmth. If the platter is as hot as it should be, they will keep hot long enough.

All right, now, you are pretty near home. The maid, all this time, is at your elbow. You take those carcasses with the fork and you clap them into the duck press. Under the spout, the maid has placed a saucer. She now turns the press while you hold its legs, and the blood begins to run. When you have most of it, pick up the saucer and have her take the press away, and come back with the hot plates. Add the blood to the sauce a very little at a time, shaking the chafing dish gently as before. If you don't get panicky and dump the blood in all at once, so that it curdles into the worst mess you ever saw in your life, the sauce will steadily thicken and gain color and smell. When the saucer of blood is all in, spoon in the few puddles of blood that remain on the platter. Your sauce is now ready. Leave the flame burning low, and dip each portion of duck smartly into the sauce, so that it is well soaked. Serve on the hot plates. Have the maid get busy with the hominy, the rice and the sweet potatoes. That is your wild duck dinner.

When they are a little bit along, give the word for the extra duck, or ducks, to go into the oven. Have the maid hold the watch and bring them in at the proper time. These ducks you can slice, as you would turkey. Don't bother with a second making of sauce. There will be enough in there to wet a few pieces more.

Pat yourself on the back. Quaff your Burgundy. Accept your plaudits. Reflect that you are probably a crack-brained fool, but then, who isn't?

Bidding You Bon Voyage

Continued from page 97

memories that will be priceless to you. A kit of your favorite toilet articles and medicines may come in handy. The ship's doctor is most efficient, but there is usually some favorite remedy that has been "putting you right" for years and he may not be stocked with it. Airtight tins (to avoid that old demon "sea dampness") of your favored brand of cigarettes are obtainable in larger tobacconists before you leave, and your ship may not carry them at popular prices, especially if the colors on the mast head are not the Stars and Stripes. A pipe at sea is a comfort and a joy as at no other time. Smoked glasses ease the eyes when the sun dips low and is intensified by the reflection from the seascape. As a last thought, fill your fountain pen to the nozzle before leaving, for seagoing ink and pens vie only with our domestic post office variety for unreliability. Things you are apt to forget in packing include dress studs, extra shoe laces, shoe horn, belt (for odd trousers) and evening braces.

Be extremely careful stepping into your bathtub, and do not fill either basin or bathtub to the customary depth, or you will soon find your cabin awash.

If your ship has a swimming pool, suits may be obtained from the attendant at a nominal charge. Note the hours for swimming.

Be sure and be on deck by eleven in the morning, at which time hot consommé is served. It is an important nautical rite. Tea is served on deck and in the public rooms between four and five in the afternoon.

Seasickness

Literally hundreds of remedies for *mal de mer* are offered to the innocent, yet few are of any real value. But the sensible person will do the wise thing and dine lightly the first day, drink in moderation, and go in earnestly for securing his "sea legs." By that is meant an untiring pacing of the deck until one becomes accustomed to the roll, pitch and vibration of the vessel. Seasickness is largely a mental rather than physical ailment. True, fresh air does help, but if you are in your steamer chair keep your eyes closed. If the weather is very rough, go to your cabin, don't attempt to sit up, and keep your stateroom dark. Even though it is sensible to eat as lightly as possible when you are ill, you will be equally wise in taking some hot liquids or easily digested foods. Avoid gazing at the water for the first day or two. It does queer things to the pit of your stomach.

Radio and Ship-to-Shore Telephone

Radiograms are filed on shipboard for delivery ashore, and are transmitted to a shore station from whence they are forwarded over the domestic system or cables to their destination. The rate per word is the sum of three separate items: The ship station charge (8 cents per word), the shore station charge (10 cents per word), and the forwarding charge, which varies with the distance from the shore station to the destination. See the radio operator for complete rates.

When sending radiograms use a code where possible, for it is a great economy. Western Union furnishes a code book gratis upon request.

An *ocean letter* is a message radioed to a near-by ship destined to a port in the country to which the message is addressed. On being received by the other vessel, the message is written out and mailed on reaching port. It is slower than direct radio and very much cheaper.

Ship-to-shore telephone is available on certain express liners. Rates may be obtained from the radio or telephone operator.

Ship Sports

Steamship operators are today offering their passengers many forms of amusement which were unheard of twenty years ago. Nevertheless, the principal ship sports are limited to half a dozen games which are known the world over.

Yet it is surprising the way rules vary and it is suggested that the Deck Steward be the court of last appeal.

Among the more popular sports are:

Horse Racing—The usual game is played with six or more wooden horses on a track drawn in chalk on the deck. Tickets are sold on the horses (which are numbered), dice are thrown by the attendant and the horses move in accordance with the numbers thrown.

Hurdle Racing involves the use of three dice, and when a horse comes to a hurdle, two of the three dice must show the horse's number in order to put him over.

Shuffle Board—The players are given a long shuffle, with which to propel a wooden disk to a marked area. Each part of the given area represents a score, and the game is to place your disk upon a high number, to say nothing of trying to shove the other fellow off—which immediately cancels his score. This is the most popular of all deck games.

Deck Tennis—Second only to shuffle board in popularity. The court, marked as a tennis court, is usually about thirty feet long by sixteen feet wide. A net is suspended three feet above the deck, and instead of a ball a rope or rubber quoit is used, which is thrown from one court to another. The scoring is that of lawn tennis.

Deck Bowls, *Peg Quoits*, *Bull Board*, *Miniature Golf* (a wicked game when there is any sea), *Chip Shot*, *Medicine Ball* and *Tether Ball* are also popular, but all of these are not found on every ship.

Ships' Pools

Pools, as played on shipboard, are of two kinds.

The Hat Pool, or *Decimal Pool*, consists of drawing ten numbers from a hat at a specific price per number drawn, the winner being the holder of the number that corresponds to the last figures of the day's run (the mileage of the ship during the last twenty four hours) in miles.

Auction Pool is formed by twenty people, each of whom pays a fixed sum to draw a number. The twenty numbers are in a sequence of say, 575 to 594 or whatever the estimated range of the ship's run may be. These numbers are drawn and auctioned off to the highest bidder. Half of the winning bid for each number goes to the owner of the number and half to the pool.

Then all the numbers above the upper limit are auctioned collectively, then those below the lower limit. The person holding the actual number for the day's run receives the entire pool. If this sounds too complicated, the smoking room steward will explain it to you.

Continued on page 170

There are three different Martinis
—be sure you try all three

Many people order a Martini as they would a glass of water, absent mindedly. This is what lawyers call a Tort—and what we call failing to get the most out of life. Many choke down Drys when they would really enjoy Regulars. Many merely tolerate Regulars when Mediums are their dish. There are *three kinds* of Martinis!

Ourselves, we have a fine open mindedness about *which* Martini. We simply want you to like Martinis as much as possible. So we suggest you line up all three kinds some quiet evening, take a taste of each—and see which you really prefer. As you know, they are made this way (starting with 2 parts gin): ***Regular Martini***, 1 part "Italy," Vermouth. ***Medium Martini***, ½ part "Italy," ½ part "Dry" Vermouth. ***Dry Martini***, 1 part "Dry" Vermouth.

You probably use Martini & Rossi Vermouth yourself because it has been the standard for generations. But it is best to specify it if your Martini testing takes place in a restaurant. Vermouths differ like everything else and poor vermouth has spoiled rivers of drinks. Of course, there is no substitute for Martini & Rossi!

MARTINI AND ROSSI VERMOUTH

IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Bidding You Bon Voyage!

Continued from page 168

Tipping Suggestions

With the exception of bell boys, give no tips until the voyage is completed. The following is average for a trans-Atlantic voyage or for a cruise of from five to seven days

Cabin Steward or Stewardess	$5.00
Dining Room Steward	5.00
Deck Steward	2.50
Game Steward	2.50
Lounge Steward	2.50
Smoking Room Steward	2.50

The following tips are suggested if you have taken advantage of their services:

Chief Steward	$2.50 to $5.00
Gymnasium Instructor	1.00
Orchestra	1.00
Play Room Steward	1.00
Librarian	1.00
Swimming Pool Attendant	1.00

About Steamships

The Captain is in supreme command of the ship and all those on board—both passengers and crew. The crew is divided into two classes: one, those concerned with the actual working of the ship, and the other the Steward force. The former class is divided into two groups: the navigation staff and the engine room staff. The navigation group is commanded by the Staff Captain (on a large liner) or the Chief Officer. The engine room is commanded by the Chief Engineer. In the Steward's division the most important officer is the Purser, and secondly, the Chief Steward.

The ship's officers, then, in order of their importance, are as follows: Captain, Chief Officer, Chief Engineer, Purser and Chief Steward. The Purser can, for example, switch your cabin while the Chief Steward arranges all those little things that will make your voyage just that much more pleasant.

Every steamship has a distinctive house flag. A ship flies her national flag at the stern, and on leaving port, the flag of the country to which she is bound at the foremast head.

Gross tonnage is applied to vessels by dividing by 100 the contents in cubic feet of all enclosed spaces.

On the Atlantic, waves rarely exceed a maximum of forty feet.

Today most large ships are steered by a mechanical marvel known as a Gyro Pilot. Once the course is set nothing can swerve the ship from its course.

Lifebelts and Boat Stations

Read carefully the instructions on the card in your cabin, explaining where the lifebelt is found and how to don it. This card will also give you the exact position of your boat station. By boat station is meant the location of the lifeboat where you are to go in case of accident. A specified number of cabins are alloted to each station, and color indicators are painted from your cabin to your station that you may find it readily. When passengers are asked to attend a boat drill, remember that it is no joking matter, but something on which your safety may depend. In case of an emergency, passengers are notified by bell as well as by the stewards. The nature of this signal is also indicated on the card in your cabin.

Disembarking Information

Immigration and customs regulations vary in different countries. But no matter where you are landing, it will be necessary for you to have your passport examined by the landing officers who will come on board a few hours prior to docking. Previous to this, your steward will give you a customs declaration form across the top of which are listed all dutiable articles, and these you must declare. These need not be itemized in exact detail, although some people choose to do it that way. In any event pack these imported articles in one bag and avoid the pawing through of everything you own. By being frank and co-operative with the examining official and explaining that you have grouped your items thus way, he will appreciate your attitude and see you through with businesslike style and dispatch. Remember that you are allowed to list imported items at their foreign *wholesale* value and it is wise to have the dealer where you purchase them make out a receipted bill on this basis. Note that upon entering the United States a citizen of this country is exempt to the extent of one hundred dollars.

It will be necessary for you to fill this declaration in and return it either to your steward or to the Chief Purser's office. Thereupon you will receive a coupon or ticket which, when presented at the customs desk on the pier, entitles you to have a customs inspector examine your baggage.

Although a great deal of successful "amateur smuggling" is done, an equal amount is discovered, and penalties are becoming more severe in this country and elsewhere.

In recent years European customs regulations have been less exacting than those of the United States. The principal prohibited articles are tobacco, spirits (liquid), drugs, essences, motion picture films (this varies greatly) and in certain Scandinavian and South American countries, matches. In Italy, for example, they are very particular about firearms.

When disembarking, you will find your luggage in the landing shed under the initial of your last name. Often however, luggage becomes temporarily lost on the pier because the owner has neglected to attach the necessary labels. Remember too that in all foreign countries a porter will make a wild grab for your luggage. All well and good—but make a note of his number, and keep your eye on him.

And so—bon voyage and a happy landing!

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 13

SOME DO NOT

Many of us are getting *plenty* bored seeing the same exophthalmic specimen occupying your every page, issue after issue. Why not give us a rest and him a leave of absence, please.

Very truly yours,

Grand Rapids, Mich. Vernor H. Eman

. . . BUT SOME DO

Being a reader of your magazine for many moons I have yet to see any comment on the covers (pro or con). This being the only reason for my purchase of the magazine, I wonder how many feel as I do—

The Sound and The Fury being your next best bet—in my mind.

New London, Conn. B. W. Andrus

WHOSE TASTE IS AVERAGE?

When a radio announcer whose principal reputation is one for punctuality—alas—boards a subway for a dance-band broadcast at a certain mid-town hotel and passes the right stop plus three wrong ones—on account of purchasing the hot Esquire of that moment and getting immersed therein entirely—it must be good.

The Xmas issue—per cursory examination—looks like another nice step toward the solution of the big problem—balance of material. Make your ideal an issue of uniform appeal for an average critical taste. There are still those spots—we call it dead air—lacking—not interest—quality. And please—photography. Vanity Fair calls for a stiff competitor. Maybe you can take them with some stuff on a par with the European photo illustrated mags.

Take it away Esquire.

New York City Larry Harding

P.S.—The show went on.

VODKA FOR PALATE AND HEART

Your Frank Shay writes very pleasantly and entertainingly, and even with a certain air of authority, but when he speaks lightly and incorrectly of Vodka, my Russian blood literally oozes.

For, to remark that all the Vodka consumed here is made in America, is absolute blasphemy to us who pride ourselves on being knowledgeful drinkers. I have tasted Vodka made in America and found it tasted like nothing other than distilled corn whiskey. I have tried various spurious imported "Vodkas" and found them to be tasteless liqueurs. Mr Shay—there is only one real Vodka, and that is Russian Vodka, and that has been available in America for something like six months, and I'm ashamed of you, Mr Shay. Don't let your political scruples influence your drinking. And an apology from you quickly, to this crystal-clear, pure-wheat drink of the centuries—relished by drinkers, unappreciated by hesitant amateurs.

And now, in deference to your gracious apology, Mr Shay, I'll pass on to you the subtle Russian American Cocktail, with which Frank Fresnaggoni of the St Moritz won a Cocktail Contest at the Waldorf recently. He mixed 3 parts Russian Vodka, 1 part French Vermouth, 2 dashes Double-Kummel, flavored glass with Angostura. Palate and heart unite!

Please, Mr Shay, don't make another such mistake in substituting just any filmy liquor for real Russian Vodka. And please, Esquire, set your readers straight on this all-important drinking point, lest you lose the authoritative respect which is rightfully yours.

Very truly,

New York City Samm S. Baker

GUS SAYS ETAOIN SHRDLU!

In reading Mr Weaver's list of "Musts" in his catalogue of current plays, a question as to Mr Van Druten's ability arises.

Doesn't Mr Van Druten deserve an extra bit of credit for having two plays of identical material but different titles both enjoying the same success at the same time?

Or could his *The Distant Shore* and *The Distaff Side* be remotely connected?

Yours truly,

Brunswick, Maine Raymond West

TYPICAL CASE HISTORIES

And What to Do about them at this Christmas Season

JOHN ("Forgotten Man") K——, Husband (Type A). Prefers staying home to going places. Doesn't know *what* places. Conversation dull. Thinks men's clothes of engagement days still in style. *Treatment Indicated:* Monthly exposure to the brilliance of Esquire, the magazine for men, which will soon make him think like Einstein, talk like Noel Coward, look like Gable, dress like Wales, act like Casanova.

J. MORTIMER S——, Uncle (rich). Been everywhere, knows everybody. Interested in sports, art, books, stage, movies, sports and anything else you name. But a problem at Christmas, because he has everything you can afford. *Treatment Indicated:* This is the ideal subject for Esquire. A subscription from you will give him a big package of intelligent entertainment monthly about things he knows and likes best.

CHAS. W——, Boy Friend (Types A to M). An unusually fortunate case. Bright enough, money enough, dresses well, knows how and where to order dinner. Keeps up on what interesting people are doing in interesting places. Goes pretty big anywhere. *Treatment Indicated:* Maybe you think no treatment is needed. But that type goes for Esquire *naturally.* No conventional gift will give him half as much pleasure as a subscription to Esquire.

ELMER ("Where is ") B——, Husband (Type B). Presents opposite problem to Type A. Often forgets where home is. Knows all the answers, since 1920. Highly visible and audible, of good disposition and gentle with children, but slightly wild and unsuited to domestication. *Treatment Indicated:* Have Esquire delivered to home address. This keeps him home without coercion, while continued application of Esquire soon effects complete civilization.

HENRY M——, Father. Too busy doing things for the rest of you to do much for himself. Enjoys life but probably gets less than his share of fun. Expects the usual trite tokens such as desk gadgets, ash trays, etc., for Christmas. *Treatment Indicated:* Give him a made surprise this year! A barrel of fun, and enough thoughtful articles every month to give him a balanced ration of solid entertainment—in a 1935 subscription to Esquire.

JACK B——, Son (brother, nephew, boy-friend—Types M to Z). Sophomore "sophisticate." Probably wiser than you think at that, yet still a little callow. But a nice boy—and awfully appreciative of (and flattered by) such a swell gift as Esquire. He'll get valuable extra-curricular education from it that will help him grow up. And best of all, think of the tremendous kick he (and his friends) will get from a magazine made expressly for the kind of men he'd like to be.

Ladies—LOOK! DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING HERE

if it's MEN *you want to please*

● At last a really NEW kind of gift that tickles any man—and does these three things for you too—

(1) Keeps him in good humor for a whole year. (2) Puts new sparkle in his mind, conversation, appearance. (3) And *you'll* have as much credit for out of this present as he will!

But that isn't all. It's renewed every 30 days. Each month a barrel of new fun and entertainment! Each month a reminder of what a smart girl you were! And the special gift rates are only $5 for one subscription—$8 for two—$10 for three. And only three dollars each for additional subscriptions!

Just fill in and mail the coupon and the men you name get Esquire, the Magazine for Men, one each month all next year. And here's what they get in each issue—

As many stories as a fiction magazine. As many cartoons as a cartoon magazine (and 40 pages of full-color drawings *no other publication gives*). As many intelligent articles as a journal of opinion. As much light writing as a humorous magazine. No wonder nearly 200,000 men—the top ranks of society, business and the universities—take Esquire every month.

How much nicer and more unusual—than the tiresome old conventional gifts. Fill in the coupon right now and take advantage of the *special gift rates listed at right!* Write your names and addresses to which Esquire is to be sent. We'll send each man a Christmas gift card in your name.

CLIP or TEAR and MAIL!

Esquire, Dept. E,
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send Esquire, the big (180 pages) brilliant (in headliners per issue) lavishly illustrated (30 color pages) deluxe magazine for men to the names listed below.

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Two Subscriptions—1 year	8.00
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☐ Enclosed is $
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Here is my name to go on gift card

Here is my address

NOTE: The biologists define the human pulse as "the alternate dilatation and contraction of the heart . . . entirely involuntary, depending for control upon nerve centers of the medulla oblongata and the sympathetic nervous system." The journalists do not attempt to define the newspaper pulse . . . they merely take it—in any one of a hundred ways, some of which are reliable.

How Do They Take A Newspaper's Pulse?

The difficulty of taking a newspaper's pulse is not in catching the patient's heart beats, but in the multiplicity of his wrists.

Were a citizen to enter the building known as *Two Thirty West Forty-First Street*, New York, at approximately 10:59 of an evening, he would feel the starting throb of a great newspaper's rotaries . . . but the presses, again, would be only one of the paper's several hearts.

Yet there are several ways of clocking a journalistic pulse. The conventional and good way is by counting reader heads, and when the count increases steadily, the body is generally declared sound.

There's another way: checking the letters a newspaper receives. But writing to the paper is, of course, a constitutional weakness with some and a primitive urge that at one time or another grips almost everybody—from the millions who must unburden their morning thoughts to the esteemed *London Times*, to the Kansas farmer who is something more than puzzled about this here new business of not-raising wheat for profit.

Nevertheless, to an ear trained in interpreting journalistic diastole and systole, both the *quantity* and the *kind* of letters received can tell a revealing tale. How many letters, for example, does a leading morning newspaper receive in a typical morning's mail?

At the risk of tossing terror into the hearts of figure-fearers in the audience, a very small portion of the record of a leading morning paper in a leading world city is on the point of being read . . . (warning!).

* * *

It appears, for instance, that in the first 9 months of 1934, the New York Herald Tribune opened 462,000 odd letters, which, by the way, was ten thousand more than it slit open the entire year previous.

Another point from the records: the Depression had sufficient effect on the letter-writing industry to make the Postal Powers raise the ante from two to three cents, but the yearly flow of the Herald Tribune's mail kept on swelling steadily from 1927 (when it gauged about 1000 a day) to its present figure of nearly half again as much (1400 each morning).

Who are these letter writers? Are they people who count? Are they predominantly men or women? And what's the explanation of the fact that so many thousands of them expect nothing more in return for their letters than the satisfaction of having written them to a particular newspaper?

An inquirer making the rounds of the Herald Tribune offices would get varying answers in every department. He would expect, and correctly, that 9 out of 10 of the 15,000 writers to the editor would be men. But he would be somewhat amazed, perhaps, to hear that of the 12,000 who wrote garden editor J. W. Johnston, better than half would be men. (Including the man who wanted to know about crossing a wild with a sweet potato to produce a frost-proof tuber . . . and the Vermont physician who wanted to know what rose gardens to see in greater New York . . . and the prominent attorney who wondered what shrub rose shades to plant for a continuous and harmoniously blooming hedge).

Interesting, too, is the point that one-third of all the men who write to the paper's service department plead for data on methods of food preparing (a failing apparently common to doctors, dentists and lawyers).

The drama department would probably claim (with a stage sigh) that it gets the lion's share of epistolary publicity. (*Mr Graeza, leading man of Elmer Rice's "Judgment Day", will be guest of honor at dinner by the Pleiades Club Sunday night at the hotel Brevoort. Lady and Sir Ernest Benn, just off the boat, will attend Wednesday evening's "Between Two Worlds", Mr Rice's new play featuring Joseph Schildkraut*) Ah yes . . . Mr Rice.

Hardly surprising would be the fact that a Southern gentleman who wholesales china and glass for a living should write the Herald Tribune's Emily Post for her *Etiquette Rules for Restaurants*. But an eye-brow raiser would be that grape grower who wrote all the way from California for the paper's *Wine Primer for Host and Hostess* . . . and that up state beemaster who fell so far from honeyed grace as to inquire for Elderberry and Orange Preserve recipes. (And you knew, perhaps, that the Herald Tribune Home Institute sells many thousands of booklets of its own making, at prices ranging from ten cents to a quarter.)

There is a point in the record which shows that once, through the emergencies of newspaper make-up, the Herald Tribune's famous ship's position reporting "By Wireless" department was omitted . . . whereupon hundreds of land lubbing watchers shouted howls of lettered protest.

And when, in a similar emergency, Mr Thornton Burgess' "Nature Stories" didn't appear, a bank president (no more, nor less) popped up in the mountain of wailing mail.

* * *

Now all these excessively microscopic examinations of a newspaper's correspondence files are far removed from the essential business of producing a news paper whose editors never hear such trivia and whose business managers only know of it in broad terms of public acceptance.

But they are all pulse feeling points leading to the fact that of the hundreds of thousands who write the Herald Tribune annually, practically all are led to do so by the common factor of a great news-giving organization greatly believed in.

Yet a newspaper—great or otherwise—does not hold and increase its readers merely with "belief ripened into faith."

As a matter of practical personal experience—to satisfy yourself on this point—you might well try a week long dosage of the New York Herald Tribune . . . with the understanding, of course, that such close exposure to one of the great newspapers of these times is almost certain to make you a permanent addict.

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

The Fiend

Continued from page 23

a point he promised to bring newspapers—he brought ten copies of the yellowed journal that had reported the crime and the arrest. Sometimes he obtained medical books that showed in color the red and blue and green ravages of leprosy and skin disease, the mounds of shattered cells, the verminous tissue and brown corrupted blood.

And there was no sewer of the publishing world from which he did not obtain records of all that was gross and vile in man.

Crenshaw could not keep this up indefinitely both because of the expense and because of the exhaustibility of such books. When five years had passed he leaned toward another form of torture. He built up false hopes in the Fiend with protests of his own change of heart and maneuvers for a pardon, and then dashed the hopes to pieces. Or else he pretended to have a pistol with him, or an inflamatory substance that would make the cell a raging Inferno and consume the Fiend in two minutes—once he threw a dummy bottle into the cell and listened in delight to the screams as the Fiend ran back and forth waiting for the explosion. At other times he would pretend grimly that the legislature had passed a new law which provided that the Fiend would be executed in a few hours.

A decade passed. Crenshaw was gray at forty—he was white at fifty when the alternating routine of his fortnightly visits to the graves of his loved ones and to the penitentiary had become the only part of his life—the long days at Radamacher's were only a weary dream. Sometimes he went and sat outside the Fiend's cell, with no word said during the half hour he was allowed to be there. The Fiend too had grown white in twenty years. He was very respectable looking with his horn-rimmed glasses and his white hair. He seemed to have a great respect for Crenshaw and even when the latter, in a renewal of diminishing vitality, promised him one day that on his very next visit he was going to bring a revolver and end the matter, he nodded gravely as if in agreement, said, "I suppose so. Yes, I suppose you're perfectly right," and did not mention the matter to the guards. On the occasion of the next visit he was waiting with his hands on the bars of the cell looking at Crenshaw both hopefully and desperately. At certain tensions and strains death takes on, indeed, the quality of a great adventure as any soldier can testify.

Years passed. Crenshaw was promoted to floor manager at Radamacher's—there were new generations now that did not know of his tragedy and regarded him as an austere nonentity. He came into a little legacy and bought new stones for the graves of his wife and son. He knew he would soon be retired and while a third decade lapsed through the white winters, the short sweet smoky summers, it became more and more plain to him that the time had come to put an end to the Fiend, to avoid any mischance by which the other would survive him.

The moment he fixed upon came at the exact end of thirty years. Crenshaw had long owned the pistol with which it would be accomplished; he had fingered the shells lovingly and calculated the lodgement of each in the Fiend's body, so that death would be sure but lingering—he studied the tales of abdominal wounds in the war news and delighted in the agony that made victims pray to be killed.

After that, what happened to him did not matter.

When the day came he had no trouble in smuggling the pistol into the penitentiary. But to his surprise he found the Fiend scrunched up upon his cot, instead of waiting for him avidly by the bars.

"I'm sick," the Fiend said. "My stomach's been burning me up all morning. They gave me a physic but now it's worse and nobody comes."

Crenshaw fancied momentarily that this was a premonition in the man's bowels of a bullet that would shortly ride ragged through that spot.

"Come up to the bars," he said mildly.

"I can't move."

"Yes you can."

"I'm doubled up. All doubled up."

"Come doubled up then."

With an effort the Fiend moved himself only to fall on his side on the cement floor. He groaned and then lay quiet for a minute, after which, still bent in two, he began to drag himself a foot at a time toward the bars.

Suddenly Crenshaw set off at a run toward the end of the corridor.

"I want the prison doctor," he demanded of the guard. "That man's sick—*sick*, I tell you."

"The doctor has—"

"Get him—get him now!"

The guard hesitated, but Crenshaw had become a tolerated, even privileged person around the prison, and in a moment the guard took down his phone and called the infirmary.

All that afternoon Crenshaw waited in the bare area inside the gates, walking up and down with his hands behind his back. From time to time he went to the front entrance and demanded of the guard:

"Any news?"

"Nothing yet. They'll call me when there's anything."

Late in the afternoon the Warden appeared at the door, looked about and spotted Crenshaw. The latter, all alert, hastened over.

"He's dead," the Warden said. "His appendix burst. They did

Continued on page 114

Gentlemen's Clothes

TO DO FULL HONOR TO EVENINGS
FORMAL OCCASIONS

The sense of being faultlessly dressed is a necessary accompaniment to your enjoyment of formal evening occasions. Formal clothes styled by Tripler are not only correct, but are characterized by distinctive, individual details, and by the highest quality of materials and workmanship. You can expect complete satisfaction from these clothes, tailored for us by HICKEY-FREEMAN. *Our Fall selections of accessories represent the best, and present newer accepted style tendencies.*

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It's a rare pleasure to travel on this train—really an enjoyable part of your California trip There's something about the detailed perfection of the service—the goodness of the meals—the smooth, gliding comfort—that makes it unique

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Ask for the [illegible] story of Union Pacific's 6-car streamliner

The Fiend

Continued from page 173

everything they could "

"Dead" Crenshaw repeated

"I'm sorry to bring you this news. I know how—"

"It's all right" said Crenshaw, and licking his lips, "So he's dead "

The Warden lit a cigarette.

"While you're here Mr Engels, I wonder if you can let me have that pass that was issued to you —I can turn it in to the office That is—I suppose you won't need it any more "

Crenshaw took the blue card from his wallet and handed it over The Warden shook hands with him

"One thing more " Crenshaw demanded as the Warden turned away, "which is the—the window of the infirmary?"

"It's on the interior court, you can't see it from here "

"Oh "

When the Warden had gone Crenshaw still stood there a long time the tears running out down his face He could not collect his thoughts and he began by trying to remember what day it was Saturday—that was it, the day every other week on which he came to see the Fiend

He would not see the Fiend two weeks from now

In a misery of solitude and despair he muttered aloud "So he is dead He has left me " And then with a long sigh of mingled grief and fear, "So now at last I am alone "

He was still saying that to himself as he passed through the outer gate He felt the necessity of turning to the guard there and repeating it "Now you see " he muttered "I really am alone."

His coat caught in the great swing of the outer door and as the guard opened up to release it he heard a reiteration of the words "Now I'm alone—now I'm really alone "

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

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you thirst for power of thought and loveliness of expression, if you long to be tickled by sharp wit and lifted by lyric speech go there and go again Observation profundity courage pity and a fine poet's passion for life sing in the lines. You may be bewildered—there is no plot "little 'story'" but straight into your subconscious will strike a thrilling beauty The cast is all that can be desired notably Bramwell Fletcher Moffatt Johnson and Mary Morris. As for Lillian Gish—anything I ever thought or wrote in derogation of her is hereby masticated and swallowed With this performance she reaches heights untouched by any of her native contemporaries I demand a new deal nominating her the true First Lady of the American Theatre a fitting interpreter of a veritable masterpiece

Tops in an altogether different way France's most captivating charmer frolics through *Conversation Piece*, a frivolous and agreeable trifle-with-music by Noel Coward Attend this not with any pompous expectation of seeing *The New Coward Play*, it is simply a vehicle for Yvonne Printemps, and as such could hardly be improved upon Mlle Printemps as you have undoubtedly read has just received a divorce for "reciprocal adultery", all I have to say is that any man who doesn't believe in reciprocity and who after viewing that charm that personality and those talents does not envy the co-respondent—why he is lacking in taste and a cad, suh! (H'yah Yvonne! *Comment ça va?*)

While we're on the subject of charm let me heartily recommend *The Farmer Takes a Wife* which captures with gentle humor and honest tenderness the era when the Erie Canal was the "whole shebang of the country" It is a quietly glowing piece warming the heart. It abounds too, in excellent acting Jane Walker, for instance is in every way right—a genuine joy Henry Fonda more than justifies his recent rise to serious attention and Herb Williams —do you remember his wistful insanities in vaudeville, when he gargled, "Hark! Hark! It is the cannon's opening ro-war!" and squeaked for the "spot-light!" while endeavoring to extricate his shoes from the piano-pedals? Here he is as a ne'er-do-well dentist, even funnier because his pippings are employed completely legitimately The play is fragrant and nostalgic Don't miss it

Having mentioned charm I mustn't forget the most personable ingenue still allowed us by the movies—and I do wish some law could be enforced to compel her to stay here permanently I refer to entrancing little Jane Wyatt who is a lady an actress and a girl of appeal It is her serenely touching performance which redeems *Lost Horizons* from misfire—hers and those of most of the troupe among whom I particularly remember John Gallaudet and Arthur Pierson Here is a fine idea spoiled by slovenly writing However the fundamental idea and the acting make the evening far from wasted

Concerning the lasting-power of *Jayhawker* I have serious doubts but the emergence of Fred Stone from song-and-dance into splendid character-work is a sharp pleasure to witness. A little more experience in such roles, and he will equal, perhaps better, Will Rogers.

I enjoyed this Civil War history lesson but I fear Sinclair Lewis must get a skilled playwright for his next collaborator Carol Stone, Fred's daughter, has beauty and definite promise

Eva Le Gallienne's revival of

Continued on page 175

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Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 174

Rostand's "*L'Aiglon*" brings a welcome splendor of plush-and-lush back into our somewhat drably realistic theatre. Miss Le Gallienne plays the tragic Eaglet with skill approaching greatness, the Wagram scene—a terror—being the only thing she muffs. She hereby takes her place among my favorite actors Clemence Dane should not have been allowed to translate the text into bad doggerel, the undistinguished language and jigging rhymes keep marring the mood Only a good poet could do justice to this script. Since Miss Dane is only a poetaster, she might have stuck to prose, which she handles somewhat better . . . Ethel Barrymore was stifled and ready as the mother Most of the others were splendid The enterprise has flaws, but is stirring theater, and certainly should be attended

George Abbott's *Ladies' Money* is first-rate melodrama, ingenious in its many tricks, larded with laughs fast-moving and clever It has novelty and stirring episodes and is perfectly cast, with special mention for Eric Linden, Len Doyle, Margaret Callahan and a caterer from the varieties, Helen Lynd whom watch! By the way, I call your attention to the "Who's Who" in the programs of all Courtney Burr shows and some others, nobly amusing wows penned by the demon press-man and walking encyclopedia, Richard Maney

We come, now, to the two big smashes of the season, Broadway of Broadway, swift, loud and irresistible *Personal Appearance* is a lusty bawdy razz on talkie-queens, exposing their characteristics mercilessly to the accompaniment of a belly-laugh every thirty seconds or oftener The star is Gladys George, a luscious looker whose comedy method is infallible, and whose theses and thoses make Mae West seem blowsy and overripe Miss George is what is known as One Gorgeous Thing, and when she appeared in what looked like a tin gown, I was wounded in the rush for can-openers. (H'yah, Gladys? *Wie gehts?*) Seats for *Personal Appearance* are God-knows-how-long in advance

A musical show of which the book makes sense and is studded with swell gags, catchy tunes, very pretty girls Harry Richman slick as ever but not so oily, putting over numbers as no one else can, Linda Watkins revealing not only a new s. a. but hoofing and comic abilities in her first start with a band, Nick Long, Jr shaking his feet, and "Prince" Mike Romanoff making a jackass of himself—well, what more do you want? *Say When* is the name and just try and get your ticket-broker to say when.

Kismet

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established that only by reason of a definite balance in sea water was it possible for the creatures of the sea to maintain not only their given forms, but the duration of their lives. Remove so much as a fraction—the salt, the lime the oxygen or hydrogen of a given quantity of water—and the natures of the forms inhabiting this water proceed to change. One eye instead of two, or a pair of fins removed entirely, a tail or a color discarded In short, only by reason of a continued and given condition or medium such as air, water, earth and moon (no one of these provided by the so-called *Individual*) can any given form remain as it is It follows, in my imagination at least, that either *voluntarily* or *involuntarily* the conditions making any particular form of life possible (air, water, earth) plus all that is known or unknown of the properties of external force must have come about either as mind or a will-less mechanism If voluntarily then at least a planned economy on the part of something If involuntarily, then nature is a non-thinking condition or machine with none-the-less the appearance of thought as we know thought

Yet toward the one or the other, machine or creator, how should the senses of man react? Gratefully or non-gratefully? Worshipfully or indifferently? The true answer, I offer, is that individually or racially, or naturally, if you prefer, we are not permitted to decide that. Other than I have pictured, that is, as part of a totality of will or action, weakly or strongly, dimly or clearly prefigured for each of us, we have no freedom of thought or will We do as the general mind and the various limitations it sets up for itself does and wills to do It may apparently slip into will-less moods of which some of our deeds or lack of them are a reflection Or into storms which are not of our especial or animate creating but block us as integral parts of its larger self In other words, like the forms that, as we have seen are conditioned so are our reactions Joyfully or with irritation, curiously or indifferently, bravely or with fear reverently or the reverse, or with so little as a dim sensory consciousness of pleasure or pain, so we react.

But by a conscious decision on our separate or distinct part?

As I have shown elsewhere—indeed, as any thinking person can see for himself—we have no separateness of thought or action from general thought or action (see my essay *Individuality*) Astounding as it may seem, our reactions as well as the scene or condition to which we react are already arranged We merely respond as we are constructed to respond, and not otherwise

Hence, to be or not to be is not

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Kismet

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for us to decide It is decided by that which unescapably conditions our decision We are a part of something that now—*here*—wills to live or not to live as it chooses—begins and ends whatever it pleases and as it pleases. Expressions we are of a conditioned decision, ourselves not in any way a deciding force or element, except as we represent its decisions and elements.

Not on faith, therefore, but by reason of my knowledge of unity with all mind which sets forth, conditions, lives in and acts through all things I accept, I cannot escape, the evidence of the omnipresent, omnipotent life or existence out of which, I repeat, all things take their rise and for want or presence of which—its intention or willing—they cease, Otherwise there would be no life or death, no suicide or will to live. These are willed by it through us as mechanisms or mediums—never by us as separate, individual mediums And what we do even when we decide to die by our own hands is willed by it through us—never by ourselves alone—never. It is eternal life or mind that sanctions death or life in whatsoever forms either may take.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr Dreiser's first title for this article was* To Be or Not to Be. *It was intended as a refutation of Shakespeare's inquiry through Hamlet, whose soliloquy presupposes that suicide is a matter of personal choice. In Mr Dreiser's philosophy of course, there is no real choice involved—a man may think that he is himself taking his own life, but he is doing nothing of the sort Hence—Kismet*

The Listening Post

Continued from page 152

Wilfred Shadbolt and King Hildebrand. Leslie Rands, Derek Oldham, John Dean and Darrell Fancourt have continued to win admiration for their singing and acting, and has the American stage seen anything lovelier than Marjorie Eyre in the soubrette parts of Phoebe Meryll, or Melissa, or the disturbingly realistic Mad Margaret of "Ruddigore"? Is there a better singing comedienne in this country today than Muriel Dickson? Or a contralto with such a sense of the farcical as Dorothy Gill possesses? Her imitation of a double-bass player in "Patience" (Sullivan's patent burlesque of the dog-house recitative in the Ninth Symphony) is a masterpiece of accurate detail, perhaps the only convincing case on record of a stage performer's apparent command of a musical instrument Eileen Moody deserves a special word also for her portrayal of that lovable dumb-bunny, Rose Maybud

It is rather astonishing to learn that most of these singers are absurdly underpaid, both here and abroad. It would serve the management right if some of them were snapped up by American producers for the musical comedy starring that they deserve.

Radio City Music Hall While Leonidoff was in California, the young art director of Radio City Music Hall, Vincente Minelli, had a chance to do a production of his own, and he made good use of the opportunity His show was called "Coast to Coast," and he managed to achieve something more than a conventional portrayal of the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, the Barbary Coast, and other geographical spots suggested by the title. Minelli's eye for color and his instinct for the legitimately fantastic would make any of his work worth seeing, regardless of its dramatic value Leonidoff himself came back a week later with a lively stage production called "Tempo" using all the resources of the unique show-place It becomes more and more evident that the present staff of Radio City Music Hall is amply able to provide entertainment worthy of the equipment at its command There are ways of dramatizing music, both humorously and seriously, that have not yet been realized, but these modern showmen are unquestionably on their way to something significant

Within the Gates Sean O Casey's play, which has caused much discussion among the critics and lovers of the drama, leans heavily upon incidental music for its curiously stylized effects The composer in the background is Milton Lusk, with some practical and artistic help from A Lehman Engel Mr Lusk is the man who years ago wrote a hit song "Waning" for "The Spring Chicken," starring Richard Carle His music for the Irish allegory is of a very different type. Its most effective moments are when an off-stage chorus sings in the primitive harmony known as organum, which is really a melody harmonized with itself in a different key. There is a more conventional sentimental tune introduced as a solo But why does Lillian Gish, with her rich and expressive speaking voice, lose it all when she starts to sing? Why not sing as you speak, Miss Gish?

Men of Aran Among recent films the most important musically was "Man of Aran" not only because of an instrumental background which closely followed its moods, but chiefly because of a prologue supplied in its early performances by Henry Cowell and the actual characters of the grimly realistic motion picture Mr Cowell is the American composer who has caused a raised eyebrow or two by his habit of playing the piano with the flat of the hand, the fist, the elbow and the entire forearm as the spirit dictated His music may never be generally accepted, but it is individual and It is sincere He was a real addition to "Men of Aran" while he lasted Unfortunately the film itself could not quite compete in sophisticated New York with Mae West and Mickey Mouse

Werner Janssen Broadway has long known the slogan "Janssen wants to see you" Now Broadway wants to see Janssen In this case it is the son of the restaurateur who has finally overcome parental objections and other handicaps to establish himself as one of the outstanding orchestral conductors of the world He may prove to be the white hope of the Philharmonic Society which has been gloomily facing the fact that no one seems able to fill Carnegie Hall except Toscanini

Janssen is a regular American, and apparently unconscious of the ballyhoo that has attended his debut as a conductor His manner on the stage is entirely self-effacing and for his opening program he chose music that was completely removed from the realm of the show-off, including compositions by two Chicagoans, John Alden Carpenter and Leo Sowerby It is too early to make predictions about Werner Janssen but he obviously has the right idea about music

Confidential Notes The dinner for the Savoyards at the Lotos Club . . . Walter Damrosch and Billy Phelps outdoing themselves in speech and Jimmy Flagg a happy master of ceremonies . . . Woody Charske, fresh from a transcontinental trip in the streamline train of the Union Pacific, presiding with the steadiness of a railroad engineer . . . John Dean's recitation about "Albert and the Lion," and Robert Wilson and Kathleen Frances stealing the show with their singing . . . Cecil Leeson's New York recital on the saxophone ignored by most of the critics but deeply impressive to his listeners And his highly successful appearance before the Dutch Treat Club a little later repeating his hit once more at a smoker of the University Glee Club . . . F P A's harmonica playing "Oh Leave Me Not to Pine" at a very English tea-party . . . The impromptu speeches of George Gershwin, Rudy Vallee and Lawrence Tibbett at a radio dinner . . . Paul Whiteman's informal testimony in Washington concerning educational broadcasting That's enough

FLASH! Immediately after this department's exposé of Thurber's pictures of musical instruments *The New Yorker* published a perfectly correct drawing of a double bass player, though cautiously viewed from the three-quarter rear while Esquire came out with a bass viol beyond even Thurber's imagination

A Portrait of Jafsie

Continued from page 91

reversing the route in the evening This he did every working day until cold weather set in To this day he cherishes his rowing ability something fierce. Since the momentous spring two years ago nothing in the reporters' behavior incensed him so much as their assertion that once he took a rowboat around City Island in search of the kidnapper and fell into the water as he rowed

He says that he rowed on that occasion for his exercise only, following the custom of many years and not looking for the kidnapper and that he did not fall into the water but merely slipped on some stairs after he had landed

In 1932 it was given out by the press that for years Dr Condon had been active in fostering sports and other welfare of inmates in various prisons Sing Sing among others This was an error Dr Condon had never been busy along such lines though the Lord knows his activities had been many

He lectured here, there and everywhere He coached aspirants for teachers' positions He served as examiner in a host of institutions of learning He lectured during the summer to the grown-ups, with this credo "I find my lecture work during vacation an excellent diversion It is excellent play" Later in his career near his school he organized the Edwin Gould Kiddie Korner so named after a local philanthropist designed to help during the summer those of his pupils who could not go away to the country and were deficient in a subject or two Everybody called him either "Doctor" or "Jack" the abbreviation of his three initials into Jafsie did not come until the Lindbergh case.

He was ever busy securing for his pupils jobs, political pull, scholarships His pet occupation was to push his boys into West Point, at which pastime he in time became extremely adept His proudest moment was when he got a cadetship for his newsboy Murphy a member of his Kiddie Korner

He exhorted the young ones

A commander maps out his campaign over surface in space A man maps out his days in time Make sure that every hour is utilized by having something scheduled for every hour

He retired on September 8 1930 at the age of seventy an honored and well-beloved man stating that in his forty-six years as school teacher he had been absent from his duty only a brief matter of nineteen hours and this not because of an illness of his own or a tired feeling but because of a death in the family In P S 12 as he retired there were cheers there were tears and naturally patriotic speeches

An ordinary mortal when he retires—well, he retires But we deal here with Dr Condon who all his life has been as busy as a centipede with fleas—a humorous, sentimental, high-minded gentle-

Continued on page 178

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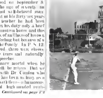

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A Portrait of Jafsie

Continued from page 177

pedo with well-meaning fleas of his own creation. It would have been practically inconceivable for Dr. Condon to retire in the way of an ordinary mortal.

He retired by going over to Fordham University, mostly to its Woolworth Building classrooms, to lecture on law—that's where his evening training of the 1900's finally came in handy. He lectured well, keeping his listeners attentive and amused by his side-comments on sports, politics and various headlines of the day. He also lectured spasmodically to girls in New Rochelle and Yonkers, to clerks and business men of the Knights of Columbus, and to sundry other audiences. As he rode in the Bronx trolleys he propounded to motormen and fellow-passengers deep dreams on manhood and virtue. He coached and examined and umpired. He became a fast friend with Al Reich, the ex-prizefighter, spending much time in his company.

Their friendship blossomed in City Island where the ex-pugilist worked his new trade of garage mechanic. But Dr. Condon had known of him before as he had of most any man in the American ring. When later there were rumors that Al Reich was Dr. Condon's bodyguard, the good Doctor only laughed but said nothing. Most recently his other cronies are in the habit of saying that it is really the Doctor who is Al's bodyguard, a fatherly relationship, that is. Al is forty-four years old.

At the time of his retirement Dr. Condon moved to his present abode in Decatur Avenue near East 201st Street, a tree-shaded frame house like his previous addresses. It testifies to his dislike of modern apartments. In this house, after his working hours he kept himself busy by doing puzzles, solving rebuses, playing anagrams, also deciding problems of baseball for the pilgrims (even famous pros came here for his judgment) and writing letters of recommendation for job-seekers. He also wrote letters to newspapers.

In such letters to the editors he commented on whatever topic of the time caught his active fancy, and he signed these epistles with such transparent pseudonyms as *I. M. Kresam, P. A. Triot* and *J. U. Stice.*

Some editors, notably those of the *Home News*, printed the letters just as he wrote them. One of his letters to the editor contained a phrase: "*The other day when I was tired after a long journey through the snow in the Canadian woods* . . ." It was actually the first time that he admitted being tired, but when questioned by a member of the *Home News* staff, he chuckled, saying that he had not even been in Canada, not lately anyway.

"Why did you put it in there, Doc?" "Oh, but it added zest to the letter." "Poetic license, sort of?" "Call it that, my boy, call it that."

It was his letter-writing as well as his patriotism, that led to his part in the Lindbergh affair.

His original offer of an additional thousand dollars for the ransom from his own savings and of his intermediary services was in reality a letter to the editor of the *Home News*. Dr. Condon was accustomed to write such letters on many an outstanding event of the day, and what could have been more outstandingly shocking than the kidnapping, especially to a man who had devoted his whole life to work among children and, moreover, resided in the Bronx, that land of perambulators. The editor of the *Home News* saw the news value of the letter and printed it as a news item. As to the patriotic note, read Dr. Condon's words as published in the Bronx paper of March 8, 1932:

"*I offer all that I can scrape together so that . . . Col. Lindbergh may know that the American people are grateful for the honor that he bestowed upon them by his pluck and daring.*"

It was not exactly true that one thousand dollars was all he could scrape together. Dr. Condon was and is far better off than that. But it was not out of any stinginess that he offered a paltry grand. To his close friends in the Bronx he explained this as a decidedly clever maneuver in psychology. Surely, he reasoned, the criminals would be touched by such a sacrifice on the part of a poor school teacher. They'd say, through tears of repentance: "Here, Doc, we don't want your thousand. We don't want any ransom from Lindbergh either. Here is the baby, Doc, you sure touched our calloused hearts." Or, moved by this spectacle of this elderly hand so fearlessly and kindly outstretched to them, they would at least get in touch with him and open ransom negotiations. The rest is history. Whether or not moved, they did open negotiations quickly, convincing not only Dr. Condon but Col. Lindbergh as well that they were the real kidnappers.

His relationship with the Lindberghs the good doctor began by displaying the same winning quality of kindliness. When first introduced to Mrs. Lindbergh he said in his gentlest: "There-there, now, now. What are you crying for? I'm going to bring your baby back."

Mrs. Lindbergh continued to cry. The Colonel just then remembered that there was some food waiting for the Doctor in the dining-room downstairs. The Doctor seized this opportunity to try his well known humor.

"Look at the Colonel here," he exclaimed jovially. "I think he's jealous of an old fellow like me."

Whereupon Mrs. Lindbergh stopped crying and smiled the first smile, claimed the Doctor, in the week since the kidnapping.

Too, the Doctor tried Faith. He stayed in Hopewell overnight, and his bed (so he later told his Bronx cronies) was prepared by the Colonel personally in the baby's nursery. To quote the touching description by a close friend of the Doctor: "Alone in the room, Dr. Condon knelt beside the baby's crib and with his right hand resting on the pillow upon which the little head had lain, took a most solemn oath that he never would rest until he had done everything within his power to bring about the return of the child, and he prayed for guidance in the harrowing task which he had elected for himself."

In the ransom negotiations with mysterious "John," Dr. Condon tried bargaining, which he called Psychology. Whatever he called it, he did succeed in paring down the sum by twenty thousand dollars. However, through displaying considerable courage in those night meetings at lonely spots, he took no undue chances but carried a weapon with him. The newspapers said it was an old blunderbuss of a museum piece but such was not the case. It was a modern silver-plated revolver which the Doctor affectionately christened *Silver Willie.*

He never fired it, though, according to his friends. But at least once he threatened reporters by slapping his coat pocket where he said the revolver was. He chased them off his lawn saying as how he didn't know but that they might be the kidnappers and that, by golly, they almost got it (meaning they almost got a shot or two from his revolver). He loved to lead the reporters and news-photographers on a series of wild-goose chases, keeping up an air of mystery, grumbling and threatening all the time. Once, when a Hearstian's hollow question aroused his particular displeasure, he swung at the reporter in a manner resembling a baseball player's gesture in throwing out a ball, then returned to an inner room and boasted to his cronies: "I certainly had that big fellow on the spot. I certainly scared him stiff." You may call all these manifestations a pack of eccentricities, but the Doctor and his Bronx followers will not agree with you. They say it is humor. If you don't appreciate it, the joke is on you, not on the Doctor.

He also puzzled the newspapermen and detectives by stopping in the midst of important interviews and other huddles to hail a little girl walking down the street, inquire minutely how she felt after her recent illness and give her a coin with detailed instructions about sharing it with her siblings and playmates. Or he would pause to autograph slips of paper for a gang of little boys. Or spot a familiar face in the crowd around him, identify it as that of a former pupil or neighbor and go into endless questions about his—whether he was still working at his woodturning—about Sister Mamie—whether she was still teaching in P. S. 179—as well as about all other members of the family. He would irritate district attorneys and others by his refusal to drop everything at their least say-so and run to their offices for conferences. If he had a previous engagement to lecture to the Knights of Columbus, why, lecture he must, and he would see the D. A. afterward. As ever, his schedule was sacred. But he wouldn't write or speak on the Lindbergh case, though newspapers and newsreels have offered him thousands of dollars for such articles and talks.

The Lindberghs and their personal representatives were practically the only non-Bronxites who appreciated him and stood by him even at the time when certain ugly rumors were bruited about the Doctor. In May, 1932, when the baby's body was found, the Lindberghs sent a warm letter to the Doctor praising his courage and cooperation and thus actually absolving him of any suspicion whatever. Col. Henry Breckinridge, Col. Lindbergh's counsel, said in that terrible month of May: "Dr. Condon is the one bright spot I have met in more than two months. It is too bad that half the people in the country are not just like him." He and Mrs. Breckinridge made frequent social calls in Dr. Condon's house. On one occasion, another representative of Col. Lindbergh said of Dr. Condon that he was one of the greatest minds and personalities the talker had ever met. "It seems strange," he remarked, "that in a case in which we are dealing with desperate criminals a purist should be the one who must deal with them."

The Doctor, too, appreciated his own courage and purity. When his friends pleaded with him to take it easier, pointing to his advanced age and the danger from the kidnappers, he declaimed:

Be on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van
The fittest place that man can die
Is where he dies for man.

He was hurt by the failure of the kidnappers to return the baby after he gave them the Colonel's fifty thousand dollars. But he insisted to his friends that he was not fooled by the kidnappers—oh, no. After the baby's body was found he intimated that by using Psychology he would yet be able to find "John" and extract repentance from him and his fellows. After Hauptmann's arrest, Dr. Condon steadfastly contended that it was no task at all to identify him as the receiver of the ransom, but that it would be far more important to get a tearful confession from him. He believes that given sufficient time and opportunity to exercise Psychology upon Hauptmann, face to face, with no one interfering or taking notes, he can get such a confession

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Pop Goes the Wassail

Continued from page 37

your name with that much "private conspicuousness" why, really, it puts you in the box-holder, pew-owner class. Indeed, with a couple of lobsters and some bright eyes, booked to go through as Gabbyneck keeps leaving her re-nest. Well, what more do you want?

Do I hear, "Oysters on the half shell for one—three dozen of 'em" in emulation of the late Mr Brady? Hardly. Nature would hesitate to repeat that stomach, and nobody today would surround himself with Champagne to the extent that Jim the Begemmed did and yet do none of the surrounding. No, his physical culture system was too over-oystered to be practical. Champagne is simpler, less paunch-loading, more deft. And buckets are refillable till Reims runs dry. So instead of piling bushels of bivalves, all that's necessary is a hint to the old [illegible] to re-supply itself with a fresh one.

Wonderfully understanding, these receptacles. And so loyal. During Prohibition they were about the only friends we had left. Thanks to them and their willingness to play-act in a charitable cause, we were vouchsafed the Gala Illusion: we could "drink Champagne" and be Bad People even when the stuff at the bottom was Rag-Picker's Seidlitz, for the *bucket* was genuine anyhow. And by thinking no evil, concentrating on Service, and trusting in Kriss Kringle—why, first thing you knew, buckety, buckety, down the stuff would get, practically gaily.

Unfortunately, with the ending of the Poison Era the American drinking public emerged from its shade-drawn hide-outs all confused—bucket conscious, yet hazy as to what the bucket was all about, or what wines went with it.

For example, there was drama at the *Waldorf*, one evening when the young occupant of a tuxedo, feeding his Flame, ordered claret in a big way and felt aggrieved at its arrival "plain so," with no fixings.

"What's the idea, bringing me wine not iced?" he snorted. And expressed his opinion of the Service in terms other than those of endearment.

Tactful explanations—the waiters, the captains, the head waiter's—to the effect that claret was claret, proved unavailing. Finally the head wine steward, Mr Holland, was brought into the picture. Room-temperature yet firm, Mr Holland made it clear that not while the *Waldorf* stood would there be a bottle of claret served iced. And the young man got no bucket.

Severe, perhaps. But people concerned with fine wines worship jealous gods.

Certainly very little tolerance is connected with the production of Champagne—a natural wine only as regards the grapes it is pressed from and the fact that its bubbles are self-made, for Nature's spontaneity is managed the way a jockey handles a race-horse. From the cork down, and from the ground up, and in vast tunnel-cellars deep below sunlight, everything about Champagne is disciplined, regulated, controlled officially, scientifically and by plain ordinary care.

In the first place, the Champagne District, delimited by the French Government, is protected against the competition of "champagnized" wines produced elsewhere. Thus when you are down in Carcassonne and make the acquaintance of a local bubbly called Blanquette de Limoux (and what a help I found that to enjoying Carcassonne!), you notice that there's no label attempt to masquerade as Champagne, and the taste is different. It's got the same *whee*, but less foxy than Champagne's. For Champagne is not disguised as a rose-petal, and no grapes grown outside the authentic area have ever stolen the trick.

This District, located less than a hundred miles east of Paris, just beyond Château-Thierry, is country in a state of undulation similar to that of a bed-sheet being agitated before being pulled tight. And what's underneath is chalk, convenient for the tunneling of cellars and chemically what the grapes need, but no bonanza of fertility, even with a top soil of sand and sulphurous ash. As is true of most of the "great wine" regions of the world, it's mean ground to deal with, and here the cultivation, done by peasant farmers possessing but an acre or two apiece, is all hand work, of a kind which makes Millet's toilers seem like dilettantes. The stone marker with owner's name, identifying each little holding, commemorates the trouble that some family has lavished on those damn grapes in the course of a few generations. Hoeing started under the Romans, in the third century A. D., and only wars have interrupted it.

The little joker is the weather. Only once in three or four years is the crop up to the required quality standard, and only in those "vintage" years do the wine companies buy in quantity: the off years—that is, most of the time—come under the head of general experience.

The prize performer in the game of making Champagne was an eighteenth-century monk named Dom Pérignon, who for forty-five years was curator of the cellars of a monastery at Hautvillers, just north of the Marne. This estimable old boy (see monument to him, showing him glass in hand), was the genius who first thought of cork as a bottle stopper. And having thus made wine containers completely air-tight, he made a discovery: namely, that in the spring, bottles of wine which somehow hadn't completely fin-

Continued on page 181

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Pop Goes the Wassail

Continued from page 180

ished their fermentation during the previous autumn (and that happened sometimes in this northerly clime) would acquire new activity and burst unless care was taken. By experimenting, year after year, he found out the correct point at which fermentation should be put to sleep in the autumn and how to manage the spring fever. Result: a natural sparkling wine.

His subsequent experiments showed that you got better results by mixing types of wine from different localities. And that also is the present practice: the wines from slopes overlooking the Vesle (south of Reims) are mixed with those of the Epernay section of the Marne, and with wines from the famous "Slope of the Whites" south of the Marne—the latter locality supplying the only white grapes to this white wine, which is made at least three-fourths of dark grapes. In general the wines from the dark grapes supply the body, and the whites the special bouquet. But the blending, taking in perhaps many vineyards with many individualities, is where the skill of the Champagne "houses" comes in: the tasters working out combinations that poppa ought to like.

One of these keen-sensed wizards presiding in the bowels of the earth under Reims confessed to me that he distrusted onion soup as an obbligato to tasting.

"It makes even an indifferent wine taste good," said he. "And so does cheese. Therefore, to be cautious, I use only bread with my tasting."

Blended and bottled, the wines are stacked in the cellars (which have just the right coolness) till spring starts working in them and the pressure under the clamped corks rises to one hundred pounds to the square inch. The bottles are then put nose-down in racks so that the sediment created in them deposits itself near the base of the cork. Meanwhile, from time to time they are shaken and twisted, two bottles at a time, the men operating at the racks like Swiss bell-ringers. After which the bottles are "chilled" to make sure all loose particles are out of the way; with a clever bit of manipulation the cork is removed, allowing the wine to blow out its collected impurities; then, except in the case of Brut, a sugared dose of flavoring essence made from older wines (house secret) is put in. Whereupon the final corking is done and the bottles are stacked according to the special tastes of different markets. You'll see piles of "Peru" and piles of "Sweden" (both pretty sweet) and so on.

America—and here's the odd thing—likes Champagne to be a bit sweet, but prefers it *called dry*. So they give us "Extra Dry," which we buy ten times as much of as we do of Brut, which is virtually the natural wine.

As to serving it, the French prefer Champagne at about Reims cellar temperature, which is higher than bucket temperature. And the temperatures favored in Chicago seem positively alarming to them. "Such a North Pole iciness, *mon dieu*!" But then the French aren't accustomed to our ice water.

For dinner purposes, if Champagne is saved as the last and gayest wine, then a slightly sweetish type is preferable, because an actually dry one (not merely named dry) hardly goes with dessert. The really swagger thing is to serve Champagne twice: a Brut or other non-sweet at the beginning, then a red wine, such as still Burgundy or claret, with the roast, and finally a sweeter Champagne. Or even Champagne entirely throughout the meal, with nothing between you and it.

Vintage years, wines of which still exist (though in private homes Champagne doesn't keep as it does in Reims and Epernay): 1880, 1884, 1889, 1892, 1893, 1899, 1900, 1904, 1906, 1911, 1915 (fine quality crop, but inadequately handled because of war), 1921, 1926, 1928, 1929, 1933, 1934 (for future reference).

As to good houses, there are many; individual taste is the real chooser. But I'd like to mention (without getting any money for it, unfortunately) Charles de Cazanove, Veuve Clicquot, Delbeck, Heidsieck Monopole, Charles Heidsieck, Moët & Chandon, Piper Heidsieck, G. H. Mumm & Co. (very large), Pommery & Greno (largest), Pol Roger, Lanson, Bollinger, E. Mercier, Ruinart, Louis Roederer, Doyen.

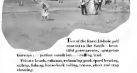
With these to toy with, one can make quite a start at doing the right thing by this Spring Fervor which puts the Springtide in us despite the fact that it contains only 12% alcohol.

But I'm sore about Champagne. I know a Frenchman who has in the course of a lifetime consumed forty thousand bottles of it. And that is unjust!

The Correct Champagne Glass

Champagne is a sparkling wine, to be sipped, not gulped. The [illegible] bubbles which add an active piquancy to its appeal should not be allowed to escape, as happens when served in the saucer or so-called "champagne glass" (broad, saucer-shaped) now generally but erroneously in use in America. No less unsuitable is the goblet with hollow stem, as this type conducts the heat of the hand to the wine.

For full appreciation of champagne, the correct traditional glass is the flute, illustrated here. This slender tumbler, seven inches high, conserves bouquet, and up through it the bubbles make their way in whirligigs of fascination, rather than the [illegible] rush.



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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 145

Even the man who "refuses to comment" delivers an opinion by implication.

The most characteristic motion picture form developed in these times, they will find, was the musical. Lush, extravagant, preposterous, and over-produced. The musical avoided comment on life by dealing with the lives of stage people. For a couple of years Hollywood held up this wall of sound to help the spectators of America escape reality. But at last the facts of life began to seep through; a few faint whispers were heard between the concerted clickings of a thousand pairs of high heels.

The cinema represents the last strata of entertainment-reaction. Problems are reflected first in novels, then on the stage. Quite a while later they creep into pictures. It may be now that Hollywood pictures have begun to show a few natural marks of the depression, that the country has progressed into another phase.

Not that Hollywood is making "problem pictures." The few self-conscious problem pictures like "Our Daily Bread" and "Little Man What Now?" were merely soft-hearted attempts to capitalize on the depression. But when ordinary Hollywood products embody the natural attitude of a people who have passed through the depression, we may say that movies begin to reflect our times.

Take, for instance, a gag out of a quickie called "The Gay Bride." The picture itself is a melodramatic farce which tries to bring the bootlegging gangster up to date. Quite incidentally, toward the end of the story, a garage-helper is introduced. We get only a few flashes of him, as a simple-hearted wrench-toter in a greasy sweater. When the bad man raids the garage he leaves the wrench-toter locked in a closet. Soon the hero releases him. "Why those so-and-so's!" blurts the wrench-toter. "They took everything I had in my pockets! My two dollars and thirty-five cents and my Phi Beta Kappa key!"

Just a gag, and perhaps not a very new gag. Yet the casual way it is inserted into an ordinary script, with the assumption that a vast audience will now understand the laugh on the scholar who (as a matter of course) is laboring in a garage, may indicate what I mean.

There are much heftier indications of the seepage of the collegiate problem into the motion picture. The football hero who finds nothing but the life of a hobo awaiting him outside the scholastic portals seems to be the favorite symbol this month. To me, there is something sickly and sad in a picture like "College Rhythm." It is like a horrible wish-fulfillment dream. The very gaiety of the picture, the sublimely foolish good humor produces this revulsion in me. The revulsion is not constant but is a sporadic feeling, dispelled by the major part of the entertainment. But I'm one of those guys who can't understand the good-humor of a crowd in a subway jam. When six elbows are in my ribs, four varieties of breath are in my face, and my whole body is lost to me to become a will-less part of a mass of humanity cut off in chunks by the train door, nothing so infuriates me as the good humor of the crowd. So at moments I get that sort of feeling when I watch a picture like "College Rhythm." The tale is of a college football hero who becomes a bum, drifts into the town where his former classmate and underdog is now running a swank department store, and crawls on his belly to get a job in the store. The swell headed manager has run his father's store into debt by making it too swanky, his dad comes back and revives the store by staging musicals in the aisles, and running a vast fantastically collegiate sale with the football hero as the new manager.

One can't help getting, from this picture, the feeling of a nostalgia for that good old college pep, a desire to transfer the carefree hero-days of school into the sad, sad world of business. If a Hollywood motion picture can ever have anything to say, this one says that youth, good-humor, zest, college spirit are enough to save the nation.

And crooner Lanny Ross puts the whole spirit of the thing into words when he sings,

"Rah rah rah for moonbeams,
Sis boom bah for love——!"

Of course the above example is not to be taken too seriously. I leave myself wide open there, making such deductions from a picture built largely around the antics of Joe Penner and his duck, Goo-goo. But consider it as a build-up for the next college-graduate problem picture, "Gentlemen Are Born." I shall have to outline the plot of "Gentlemen Are Born" as it represents an almost unique attempt, in Hollywood, to deal with things as they are. So we have four boys getting out of college, coming to the city to make their way. The son of a wealthy broker gets a $20 a week job in his father's office. The football hero sinks to fighting $10 matches in Brooklyn. The other two boys share a $5 a week room until one of them gets an $18 a week job, on which he marries, while his pal keeps after a newspaper editor until he gets on as a space writer and finally as a $25 a week reporter. The reporter (Franchot Tone) is in love with the broker's daughter. But when her father takes the window leap she tells the reporter goodbye, for to marry a department store owner and thus take care of her mother and dazed brother (who has now lost his faith, his father and his $20 a week). The football hero meanwhile falls in love with a librarian who supports him and then gets canned for marrying him and having a husband. So the football hero crawls on his belly to the stuffed shirt ex-classmate who now runs the department store (see "College Rhythm") and gets a job as truck-driver. He almost gets involved in delivery thefts, gets fired, goes into misery, and is trying to pawn his football-emblem when he is mistaken for a stick up man and is shot to death. Meanwhile the $18 a week married couple have had a baby (through a Caesarian) and are perfectly happy and delighted with themselves in spite of being deeply in debt. The only outbreak in the whole show comes from the reporter Franchot Tone when he sees the dead football hero in the morgue. "All he wanted was something to eat! What's it all about! What's it all for!" But he goes to call on his friends with the baby, and there the stockbroker's daughter returns to him, averring that she didn't marry the stuffed shirt department store menace but decided that her mother and brother could take care of themselves, for once in their lives. She has come back to the penurious reporter. And they'll marry and have children and slave and save so that if they're lucky they may have enough, in twenty years, to send a son to college.

In spite of the fact that it includes all the clichés (brokers must jump out of windows, reporters must always be on the spot), "Gentlemen Are Born" is fairly brave, for a movie. It lets the nice clean football player die. It lets the kids go without work for a few weeks. But again, what amazed me, was the vast good-humor of the piece. The youngsters were as bright and bouncing in the last closeup as in the first. They made a few speeches about having learned that the world was not a flower-garden, and Franchot Tone had his one fine outburst, but were they downhearted? No!

My experience has been that only a few brokers jumped out of windows, the rest remained to be slowly stifled. It is not the football player who got shot that is representative, but the football player who had to go on living after he failed to get a nickel for his little gilt fob.

And yet the very existence of a movie like "Gentlemen Are Born" is evidence of the vitality of that foolish, stubborn good-humor of our people. Perhaps the non-committal attitude of the movie is the truest presentation of our times. There is not a breath of resentment, save for the reporter's peevish outburst; there is no thought toward changes that will alleviate these conditions. That's the sad thing about such pictures. But Messrs. Lasky, Goldwyn, Cohen are not producing propaganda.

It is, perhaps, a large infringement on Johnny (Stage-door) Weaver's territory to speak of Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream" in this column. But Stage-door is at the moment confined to haunting the back doors of that gaudy alley, Broadway, and Mr. Reinhardt's dream will probably hover over the country at large for another six months, or until a certain bright new house around Sixth Avenue has a vacancy. Besides, the production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" originated in Hollywood, and the director is at the moment engaged in turning the spectacle into a movie, so I may be within my rights.

From a director's point of view the production fulfills everything that has ever been claimed for Reinhardt, and a great deal has been claimed. The show is billed as "Max Reinhardt's Midsummer Night's Dream," Will Shakespeare isn't even mentioned on most of the advertising sheets. And this is not without reason. Max Reinhardt has contributed as much as Shakespeare to the enjoyment of the spectator. The words wizard, magician, miracle-man have been applied to Reinhardt until they seemed to lose all meaning, but a viewing of the woodland in this production gives them back their meaning. The stage seems to have an infinite depth, the air is truly misty, and the faeries are truly creatures of enchantment. Reinhardt has made the poetry and the buffoonery of the play so visible that one scarcely listens for the words.

The motion picture should be a classic, for the photographic possibilities of the woodland scene, even as it is presented on the stage, are infinitely exciting.

A Cup of Coffee

Continued from page 33

dreaming perhaps, tipped his plate against the unseen chest of a red-faced old fellow. The floury brown stuff trickled grimly down the bum's ragged clothes, the more watery matter tragically oozing into his loosely suspendered pants. He closed his fist and smashed it into the ugly offender's mouth, and a lot of arms and legs ensued momentarily until the battlers were pried apart. Blood came out between the tall man's teeth.

The man who should have had a letter from the Commissioner, on his feet, vociferated loudly, championing the ugly faced stew-spiller. "He run right into him. I seen him! That old guy's aways a makin' trouble. Somebody oughta pipe him down. Ain't you seen him deliberately knock that guy's stew?" He turned to the first pair of eyes he saw for corroboration. They happened to belong to Burbridge R. Ford.

"I—I . . ." Suddenly a feeling of terrible disgust permeated the fiber of his whole being. He rose impulsively and pushed his way to the door. "Let me out of here!" he growled, pushing these innocent men. They stepped aside meekly as all imposed upon people step aside when pushed brusquely enough.

He walked and walked and walked. It had become an obsession. Days were kaleidoscopic fantasies of New York shops, streets, windows, buildings. Today the sky overhead was leaden, the atmosphere steel grey.

He turned off Fourteenth Street, down Third Avenue. You could reach out and almost touch the thick dark ceiling. The wind seemed to brush ice lightly across his face.

He sauntered dreamily along the shadow of the Elevated. The trains overhead crashed by on the fragile wooden structure noisily, but he did not hear. Burbridge studied the barometers and revolvers and ancient watches in pawnshops as though he were soon to be in need of such things. On every block were faces, inevitably unshaven, of the battered tramps who loitered wearily on errands of indifference. The wind died down suddenly and the air seemed to become warmer.

At Cooper Square he noticed a large white ash beginning to sift down. He held out his hand. A flake struck his palm and melted. Snow. It took his mind off coffee. How beautiful. The mysterious, silent, frozen flower-petals of winter . . . white magic from fairy tales. The dabs of ice-flakes struck his coat and stuck there. What difference did coffee make, anyway? A wind came up from the ground fiercely and his eyebrows became frizzly white.

Burbridge turned off Third Avenue at Cooper Square. In the face of the sudden storm ladies and gentlemen and bums alike scurried for shelter. The slanting snow drifted down harder, in immense sheets, obscuring the towering city.

He crossed to the Wanamaker side. The wind began to blow harder, and the snow thinned to biting, powdery drifts and flurries. His face prickled with the soft needles. People snuggled closer into doorways as the wind sharpened and sang. A taxi skidded up to the curb and a furred lady hurried into it. The cab disappeared like a ghost, suddenly, through the thick white curtain.

The tops of the buildings vanished in the sifting fog. He stepped from his shelter and moved his body into the thick storm, making his way down Broadway. His feet were aimless. What difference? The crystalline spectacle followed him wherever he went. Glancing up he was surprised to be confronted with the Washington Monument. The gale whipped the snow about crazily in the twisted paths of Washington Square, as though Gargantua were manipulating a gigantic bellows. Some snow clung triumphantly to the

Continued on page 184

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A Cup of Coffee

Continued from page 183

few spare trees in the park. Huge prehistoric mammals waddled through the white-plastered arch, turned, hurried around the loop, and dashed away again to their uptown destinations. He wondered how the bus drivers could see in the storm.

Pulling his coat collar more snugly about his face, Burbridge sat down on a bench. A few shapes made their way through the paths hastily. A young woman shook her head at his mild insanity. Soon the snow piled thickly on his shoulders. It really wasn't very cold. This was the winter of the fairies and the fables, Grimm, ice palaces, Siegfried, Wagner's music, old tales like white storms and endless trees sagging with the weight of immense drifts. Andersen, pines with glass needles—icicles. Ice. Diamonds. Painted trees and cloudy quartz. Beowulf, giant of the North. Heaven's frozen tears. Perhaps...

The day, tired early with winter's first storm, had decided to give itself up to evening. The street lamps went on and gleamed feebly. He felt insignificant. What did one man matter? Coffee used to be important. What was man against the great processional of nature ... rose-painted clouds, etchings scratched with her ineffable needle, towers in the sky ... the white jewelry of winter transforming into one breathless painting the whole world itself. Man seeking the secret of his own microscopic ego, floundering selfishly across his own little time-space, kicking, bulling blithely and blindly. These cosmic thoughts were interrupted by a maid in a neat apron and cap who said, "Your coffee, sir," while the gentleman at breakfast studied the chart of commodity prices in the back of the New York Times.

The whipping snow at last with the darkness had died to a slow soft sifting, and the air became warmer. The amber lamps lit the passing flakes momentarily into glistening gems. The earth was a lithograph in black and white. Now and then a bundled shape passed quickly along the white path.

All Things Come of Age

Continued from page 43

snout and then lay still in the very middle of it, panting. There he fell asleep.

When he awoke it was late in the evening and the sun had set. He felt very hungry. By now, his paroxysm of fear and the weasel's staring eyes were only a vague memory. He wanted to suck his mother and satisfy his hunger. He backed out of his lair in the grass to look for her. He would find her in the burrow where she always fed him in the evening.

He ran back to the burrow as fast as he could, the little white button of his tail hopping as he ran in the twilight like a ball of cotton carried on the wind. He dived eagerly into the burrow and searched for her. The burrow was empty. He came out again, sat on his haunches and raised his ears, smelling and listening. In the distance, frogs were croaking in a marsh. A curlew called on the wing. A multitude of other birds, about to perch for the night, were warbling. He dropped his forelegs and hopped about, smelling the ground, now and again thrusting forward one ear and then another, listening. All round the mouth of the burrow, among the thrown out earth, that was pebbled with round droppings, he could smell her, but the smell was old and faint. He went farther from the hole, nosing the ground, in search of a fresher scent.

At last he found one, the track on which she had danced before the weasel. He followed it carefully, round and round, until he came to her, over near the clump of briars. She was lying on her side, already stiff in death. Her udder was towards him and he was on the point of thrusting at the nearest teat with his snout, when he drew back slightly, astonished at the unusual odour which her body exuded. He crouched, with his head close into his neck. Then he thrust forward his head once more timidly, and gently smelt her, all along her body. Just beneath her ear the smell was very strange and terrifying. There was a little hole there and the rim of the hole was clotted with dried blood. As soon as he sniffed the blood, the paroxysm of fear returned. He leaped backwards, sat up on his hind legs, stared at the corpse, squealed and fled to his burrow. He lay in the innermost corner of it, panting.

For a long time he lay there, his head pressed hard against the cold earth. Then again, hunger began to gnaw at his bowels. His hunger gradually became stronger than his fear, driving out the memory of the horrid, clotted blood, around the hole beneath his mother's ear. He forgot his mother. His hunger grew fierce, drowning memory. He crawled out of the burrow.

Night had now fallen and the moon was out, gilding the grassy slope with a fairy light. Several rabbits from neighbouring burrows were grazing in the moonlight. Two little ones, about his own age, were chasing one another. He hopped over to them and began to nibble at the grass.

Dew was now falling on the grass, making it juicy and sweet, just like his mother's milk. When he had eaten his fill, he joined in the dance of the other little rabbits. Now he was no longer afraid and he had completely forgotten his mother. He was one of the herd.

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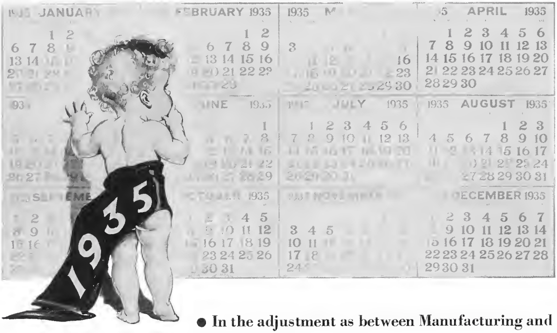

● **In the adjustment as between Manufacturing and Selling, it is interesting to consider that Selling has its *work-hours* and *cost-scales* too. There is this appealing difference: In the latter case, you are dealing with a force which *you* can command at will. Your judgment alone is the ruling factor.**

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